

UMP LIT": BOOKS FOR WOMEN DEPICT A HARSH NEW MATING SYSTEM

The Atlantic Monthly

DECEMBER 1999

On the Rez

by IAN FRAZIER

MODERN TALES OF
ORDINARY LIFE AND
EXTRAORDINARY VALOR
IN THE HARD LAND
OF THE OGLALA SIOUX

*****5-DIGIT 94301

#UNZ0555B096 1#302604 4B 136

RON K UNZ JAN 05 2
BALA 158567

555 BRYANT ST 371
PALO ALTO CA 94301-1704

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



SEE AMERICAN BALLET THEATRE'S *LE CORSAIRE* ON *DANCE IN AMERICA/GREAT PERFORMANCES*, DEC. 20, ON PBS

Major corporate funding for the *Great Performances* series is provided by The Chase Manhattan Corporation and Global Banking from The Chase Manhattan Bank. Additional support for this program provided by the National Endowment for the Arts, The Rudolf Nureyev Dance Foundation, The LuEsther T. Mertz Charitable Trust, and PBS. AD ©1999 MOVADO GROUP, INC.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



PUSHING THE ARTFORM



New Museum Concerto™.
Solid stainless steel set with diamonds.
Mother of pearl or black dial.
Sapphire crystal. \$1,990.
Black dial without diamonds. \$695.

On December 20, Movado invites you to enjoy the premiere of the Thirteen-WNET New York production of American Ballet Theatre's *Le Corsaire* on *Dance In America/Great Performances*.

A spectacle of pashas and pirates, high seas treachery and undying love. This is the story of *Le Corsaire*.

Never before have so many ABT principal dancers shared the same stage...Ethan Stiefel as Conrad... Julie Kent as Medora...Paloma Herrera as Gulnare... Angel Corella as Ali, the Slave...with Vladimir Malakhov as Lankendem...and Joaquin de Luz as Birbanto.

Movado is proud to be a corporate underwriter of this quality PBS program, dedicated to the memory of the legendary Rudolf Nureyev. Check local listings for date and time on PBS stations nationwide.

If you enjoy this magnificent PBS presentation of *Le Corsaire*, see the ballet staged live during ABT's Spring Season at the Metropolitan Opera House.

MOVADO WATCHES ARE EXHIBITED IN THE PERMANENT COLLECTIONS OF MUSEUMS WORLDWIDE

MOVADO
THE STORE

ROCKEFELLER CENTER
NEW YORK, NY

THE MALL AT SHORT HILLS
SHORT HILLS, NJ

THE WESTCHESTER
WHITE PLAINS, NY

ROOSEVELT FIELD MALL
GARDEN CITY, NY

THE VENETIAN
LAS VEGAS, NV

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





FIND PRODUCT

ALTAVISTA SHOPPING

Hi8 camcorder

Search

Features: Shock-resistant

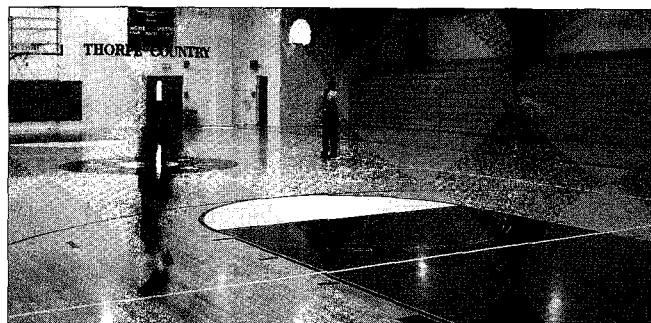
CAPITAL BANK

altavista: smart is beautiful

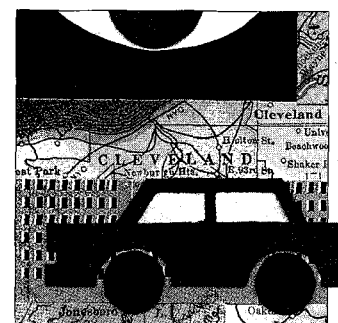
altavista.com



Page 97



Page 53



Page 26

REPORTS

22 Notes & Comment: Streamlining My Life

America seems to be filled with companies that offer time-saving services. But the parts of your life they want to organize may not be the ones you want to give up.

by Alex Beam

26 Urban Affairs: Divided We Sprawl

People flee the central cities—causing even more people to flee the central cities. No wonder suburbs can't cope with sprawl. The solution is something called metropolitanism, the authors say. We must embrace the idea that cities and suburbs are related rather than antithetical, and make up a single social and economic reality

by Bruce Katz and
Jennifer Bradley

53 On the Rez

The author of *Great Plains* describes the time he has spent on the Pine Ridge Reservation, in South Dakota, and the Oglala Sioux Indians he has come to know. Do not call this place bleak: it is poor, yes, and permeated by tragic memories. But it is also a place that still produces heroes. One recent hero was an athlete who died just before she turned eighteen. "Words fail me," the author writes, "when I try to say how much I admire her."

by Ian Frazier

86 The Health-Care Economy Is Nothing to Fear

America's health-care costs, it is said, are in a "runaway" state; the health-care sector is abysmally unproductive, eating up wealth and hurting competitiveness. But hold on, the author argues: that indictment is completely wrong.

by Charles R. Morris



106 Movies:

Gone With the Wind and Hollywood's Racial Politics

David O. Selznick's classic movie opened sixty years ago this month. Documents from the studio's archives reveal behind-the-scenes debates over how African-Americans should be depicted in the movie—and how the movie's black actors should be treated in real life.

by Leonard J. Leff

115 Food:

Smoky Scotch

"I wanted to walk through a bog and steep myself in the smoke of a peat fire." Our correspondent visits the distilleries of Islay, in Scotland.

by Corby Kummer

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

6 77 North Washington Street/Contributors

8 Letters

18 The December Almanac

131 The Puzzler by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

132 Word Watch by Anne H. Soukhanov

Cover art by Wilson McLean

FICTION & POETRY

94 Fog A poem by Greg Pape

97 Assistance A short story by Roxana Robinson

100 Young Apple Tree, December A poem by Gail Mazur

BOOKS

120 The Plight of the High-Status Woman Getting dumped is the defining theme of a new popular genre. by Barbara Dafoe Whitehead

124 A Third Way for the Third World Development as Freedom, by Amartya Sen by Akash Kapur

129 Brief Reviews by Phoebe-Lou Adams

ARTS & LEISURE

46 Travel: The Near North Iceland has its eye on the millennium—it's just not the millennium everyone else has an eye on. by Cullen Murphy

AltaVista Shopping.com has a purpose on the Internet. And that's to give you a smarter way to shop.

Let's say you urgently need a camcorder—we can solve that right away. But you can also compare camcorders side by side, and even compare the very features you are interested in.

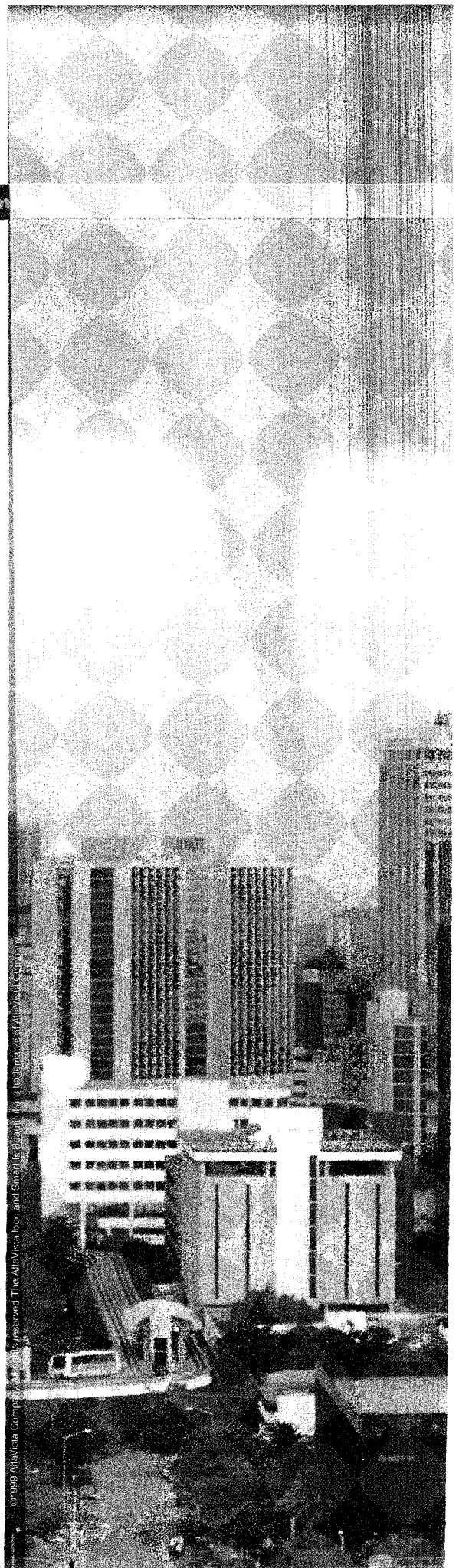
We will tell you where to find the best price. And we can direct you to both online sites and local stores. For your shopping enlightenment we have reviews of products by both consumer editors and shoppers such as yourself.

As you can see we have put a tremendous amount of thought into helping you make the right decision. And that's because we are fanatics about giving you answers. In this case, answers about shopping for everything from electronics to music.

AltaVista Shopping.com is here for you, crisis or no crisis. Stop by. Shop smarter.

smart is beautiful

altavista.com
shopping.com





77 NORTH WASHINGTON STREET

IAN Frazier, the author of this month's cover story, displays a quintessentially American impulse: he is drawn toward the West. He has moved to Montana from New York three times during the past twenty years, to live for extended periods. After the second of those migrations Frazier produced his best-selling book *Great Plains* (1989), a warm and idiosyncratic travelogue that achieved instant status as an American classic. His most recent migration lasted from 1995 until just a few months ago. The product this time is a book about life among the Oglala Sioux, *On the Rez*, from which our cover story has been drawn.

What impelled Frazier toward the Sioux? Part of the answer involves a friendship, begun in New York, with a man named Le War Lance, who moved back to the reservation. Another part involves something broader. "*Great Plains* was a pretty romantic book, full of writing about all those empty vistas," Frazier says. "I realized that there was a very different way of looking at this part of the world. The idea of the pristine continent is a complete fantasy, and yet we keep playing it over and over again. I went so far with the 'empty vista' view that I had

to snap back and look at it from another direction. Because, of course, the people who came and started writing about that pristine continent were being watched from the beginning by other people, who were saying, 'Here they come.'"

Frazier, who is forty-eight, grew up in Hudson, Ohio; he traced the skeins of his background and the contours of his upbringing in the book *Family* (1994). For two decades, starting in the mid-1970s, he was a writer primarily for *The New Yorker*. His humor and reporting have been appearing in *The Atlantic Monthly* since 1981. Frazier now lives in Montclair, New Jersey—but is still looking west.

Depending on the weather, the 780-mile trip from Frazier's sometime base

in Missoula, Montana, to the Pine Ridge reservation, in South Dakota, could take as long as three days. (Unimpeded by blizzards, Frazier set a personal land-speed record of thirteen and a half hours.) From time to time Frazier took advantage of his location to venture in the other direction—to Alaska, and thence across the Bering Sea into Siberia. Siberia will be the subject of his next book. —THE EDITORS



Oglala Chief Red Cloud's grave

CONTRIBUTORS

Phoebe-Lou Adams (Brief Reviews) has been on the staff of *The Atlantic Monthly* for fifty-five years. She has written Brief Reviews, under a variety of column titles, since 1952.

Alex Beam ("Streamlining My Life") is a columnist for *The Boston Globe* and the author of two novels, *Fellow Travelers* (1987) and *The Americans Are Coming!* (1991).

Ian Frazier ("On the Rez") received the inaugural Thurber Prize for American Humor, in 1997. His article in this issue of *The Atlantic* is drawn from his latest book, *On the Rez*, to be published by Farrar, Straus & Giroux next month.

Akash Kapur ("A Third Way for the Third World") is a research student at Oxford University's Centre for Socio-Legal Studies and a contributing editor of *Transition*, an international review of politics, culture, and ethnicity.

Bruce Katz ("Divided We Sprawl") is a senior fellow at the Brookings Institution and the director of its Center on Urban and Metropolitan Policy. **Jennifer Bradley** is a senior analyst at the Brookings Institution's Center on Urban and Metropolitan Policy.

Corby Kummer ("Smoky Scotch") is a senior editor of *The Atlantic*.

Leonard J. Leff ("Gone With the Wind and Hollywood's Racial Politics") has written for *Film Comment*, *Opera News*, and other magazines.

Gail Mazur ("Young Apple Tree, December") is a writer in residence in the Emerson College M.F.A. program. She is the author of four books of poetry, including *The Common* (1995) and *They Can't Take That Away From Me*, to be published in 2001.

Wilson McLean (cover art) was born in Scotland and lives on Long Island. A painter and an illustrator, he has been the recipient of four gold medals from the Society

of Illustrators, a gold medal from the New York Art Directors Club, and a Clio award.

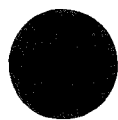
Charles R. Morris ("The Health-Care Economy Is Nothing to Fear") is the author of several books, the most recent being *Money, Greed, and Risk* (1999).

Cullen Murphy ("The Near North") is *The Atlantic*'s managing editor. His most recent book is *The Word According to Eve: Women and the Bible in Ancient Times and Our Own* (1998).

Greg Pape ("Fog"), a professor of English at the University of Montana, is the author of *Storm Pattern* (1992) and *Sunflower Facing the Sun* (1992).

Roxana Robinson ("Assistance") is the author of *Georgia O'Keeffe: A Life* (1989) and the novels *Summer Light* (1988) and *This Is My Daughter* (1998).

Barbara Dafoe Whitehead ("The Plight of the High-Status Woman") is at work on a study of the courtship patterns of young adults for the National Marriage Project, at Rutgers University.



How do you measure success?

I



now have the freedom to invest how I want,
when I want, with the people I want.

Introducing **i choice**.SM A dynamic new way to invest.

With new **i choice** from Morgan Stanley Dean Witter, I have more ways to invest than ever before. I can invest online. I can invest with the help of my professionally trained Financial Advisor. Even over the phone. Or at any one of more than 450 locations. All with the support of some of the most respected analysts and strategists in the business. So I never lose my competitive edge. I call it financial freedom. Morgan Stanley calls it **i choice**. Freedom is good, wouldn't you say?

MORGAN STANLEY DEAN WITTER
Success. One investor at a time.

1-877-937-MSDW msdw.com

Morgan Stanley Dean Witter is a service mark of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter & Co. Services are offered through Dean Witter Reynolds Inc. and Morgan Stanley Dean Witter Online. Members SIPC. *i* and *i choice* are service marks of Morgan Stanley Dean Witter & Co. © 1999 Dean Witter Reynolds Inc.



Editor

WILLIAM WHITWORTH

Managing Editor

CULLEN MURPHY

Senior Editors

JACK BEATTY, C. MICHAEL CURTIS,
CORBY KUMMER, BARBARA WALLRAFF

Art Director

ROBIN GILMORE-BARNES
JUDY GARLAN (on leave)

Assistant Managing Editor

MARTHA SPAULDING

Associate Editors

PETER DAVISON (poetry), AMY MEEKER,
SUE PARILLA, YVONNE ROIZHAUSEN,
WEN STEPHENSON (new media)

Staff Writer

PHOEBE-LOU ADAMS

Staff Editors

DAVID BARBER, LESLIE CAULDWELL, AVRIL CORNEL,
CHRISTINE CUCCIO, KATHRYN FRAUNFELDER,
GINA HAHN, HILARY MCCLELLLEN, LUCIE PRINZ,
DANIEL SMITH

Art Staff

DOMINICA PONTRELLO, Associate Art Director
GILLIAN KAHN, Art Assistant
GABRIELA HERNANDEZ, Designer

New Media

KATIE BACON, KATIE BOLICK, PAUL CABANA,
SAGE STOSSEL, ERIC WESTBY

Editorial Administration

CYNTHIA LINGLEY, Operations Manager
JOHN HOLKEBOER, MICHAEL KUBIT, LINDA MCGOVERN,
ROBERT MOELLER, MURIEL MONTEIRO,
ELIZABETH ZACK

Information Technology

SCOTT GUNN (director), NEIL CURRI, DANIEL FULTON

Correspondents

STEPHEN BUDIAISKY, ROBERT D. KAPLAN,
WILLIAM LANGEWIESCHE, CHARLES C. MANN,
ERIC SCHLOSSER, BENJAMIN SCHWARZ,
ELLEN RUPPEL SHELL

Contributing Editors

ROY BLOUNT JR., FRANCIS DAVIS,
GREGG EASTERBROOK, JAMES FALLOWS,
SEYMOUR M. HERSH, WENDY KAMINER,
TRACY KIDDER, JAMES ALAN MCPHERSON,
JACK MILES, CONOR CRUISE O'BRIEN,
THOMAS POWERS, WILLIAM SCHNEIDER

Submissions & Correspondence

The Atlantic Monthly considers unsolicited
manuscripts, fiction or nonfiction, and
mail for the Letters column.

Correspondence should be sent to

The Atlantic Monthly
77 North Washington Street
Boston, MA 02114

Letters can also be sent via
the Internet to our e-mail address:
Letters@theatlantic.com

Manuscripts will not be returned,
nor will queries be answered, unless they are
accompanied by a postage-paid return
envelope of sufficient size. Please do not send
manuscripts by e-mail.

LETTERS

Dow 36,000

In "Dow 36,000" (September *Atlantic*), James K. Glassman and Kevin A. Hassett proclaim a new theory of the stock market that would support a tripling of the Dow from its current levels. Their method—deriving a stock's value from its projected cash flows—has been thoroughly presented in textbooks for the past thirty or forty years. Data indicating that stocks have significantly outperformed bonds over long periods have also been available and regularly updated over the past thirty or forty years. The only new thing in the authors' theory is the unsupported assertion that the risk premium demanded by investors in stock was historically "irrationally" large and is becoming "rationally" smaller.

Readers who want a more coherent explanation of the historical equity risk premium should refer to "Myopic Loss Aversion and the Equity Premium Puzzle" (Working Paper No. 4369, National Bureau of Economic Research, May, 1993). The authors, Shlomo Benartzi and Richard Thaler, work with the same data but with a more robust theory of rational investment decision-making. They argue that the historical equity risk premium results from two factors: investors are more dissatisfied by a loss of 20 percent than satisfied by a gain of 20 percent; and for all practical purposes investment results are evaluated and acted on at least annually.

This is true whether an individual or an institution is doing the investing. Academics can look back at twenty-year periods and ignore intervening fluctuations. Managers of actual wealth are evaluated or evaluate themselves in the short run. As Keynes said, "The long run is a misleading guide to current affairs. In the long run we are all dead." The large equity risk premium is therefore not irrational but rather the result of rational human decision-making behavior designed to cope with real uncertainty.

The positive U.S. stock market experience over the past twenty years may lead some to conclude that real uncertainty no longer exists. However, the Glassman and

Hassett story fails to explain the recent Japanese stock-market experience. Edward Chancellor writes in his recent book, *Devil Take the Hindmost*, "As 1989 drew to a close, the Nikkei index was approaching the 40,000 mark, up 27 percent on the year, and nearly 500 percent on the decade. The price-earnings ratio of the stock market was at 80 times historic earnings. . . . Shares yielded a measly 0.38 percent in dividends. . . . Nomura Securities was forecasting that the Nikkei would reach 80,000 by 1995." As we know, ten years later the Nikkei is at less than half its peak value after having fallen to about a third of its peak value. Such is the nature of stock-market risk even over relatively long periods. Decision-makers ignore this kind of risk (perhaps better called "uncertainty") at their peril.

Irwin E. Jones
Sarasota, Fla.

As an investor, I was interested to read James Glassman and Kevin Hassett's assessment that equity prices will triple to attain their "perfectly reasonable price." If the value of my portfolio triples, I will spend more. Who wouldn't? Higher consumption is a corollary of the authors' premise that we are richer than we think.

The effect of a tripling of the Dow Jones Industrial Average would increase the wealth of investors by \$30 trillion. This is a huge sum, equal to three times the worth, accumulated over 200 years, of all U.S. equities in 1997. Economists believe that for every \$100 increase in wealth, spending on consumption increases by \$3.00 each year. If owners of stock who are now feeling wealthy experienced a tripling of the value of their portfolios, spending might increase by more than three percent of the new wealth created. However, if we assume that spending on consumption would rise by only three percent, a \$30 trillion increase in wealth would cause consumption to rise by \$900 billion each year.

Since we cannot pay for groceries or BMWs with shares of stock, investors would need that \$900 billion in cash. As Glassman and Hassett point out, the divi-

More connected.

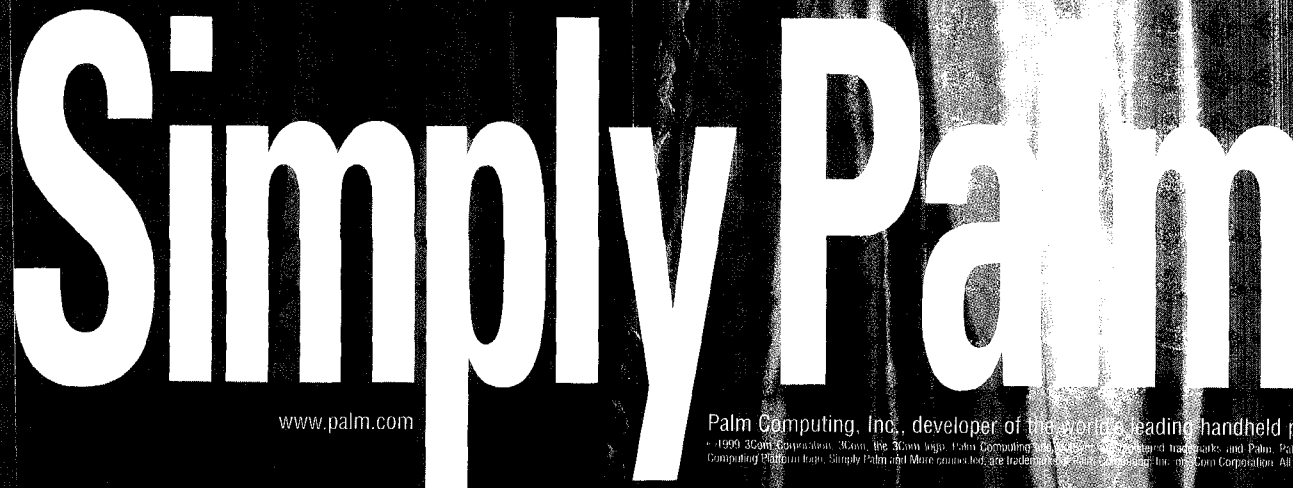
My favorite weavers and embroiderers, all my friends from preschool

Haute couture showings, Monday, 9:00 am, lunch w/Mary, 1:00 pm

Preliminary ideas for spring-summer patterns: levels

Meet with architects, re: new studio plans; plant bulbs before they

Synchronize and back up my Palm V™ organizer with my
With just one touch.



Simply Palm

www.palm.com

Palm Computing, Inc., developer of the world's leading handheld platform.
 © 1999 3Com Corporation. "Palm," the 3Com logo, Palm Computing and Palm OS are registered trademarks, and Palm, Palm Computing, Palm OS logo, Simply Palm and More choices too, are trademarks of Palm Computing, Inc. or 3Com Corporation. All rights reserved.

www.palm.com

Palm Computing, Inc., developer of the world's leading handheld platform

© 1999 3Com Corporation. 3Com, the 3Com logo, Palm Computing and Palm OS are registered trademarks and Palm, Palm V, the Palm logo, Palm OS logo, Simply Palm and More comes too, are trademarks of Palm Computing, Inc. or 3Com Corporation. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chairman
DAVID G. BRADLEY

President and Group Publisher
JOHN FOX SULLIVAN

Executive Vice President and Publisher
WILLIAM D. HOLIBER

Advertising

DONNA PALMER, Vice President and Associate Publisher
MATTHEW BARBA, Eastern Advertising Manager

Managers: CAROL BROWN,
ERIK CARLSON, JENNIFER HOADLEY,
JENNIFER IZZO, MOLLY JOHNSON, ALAN MORRIS,
STEVE PESZEK, CHRISTOPHER SCHUBA
Assistants: JOLENE EDGAR, KELLY THOMAS

Marketing

LEE WILCOX, Senior Vice President
CARY SILVERS, Research Director
NANCY BEUSCHEL, TASHA HICKS

Circulation

HOWARD KATZ, Vice President
ADAM R. COHEN, Subscription Director
STEVEN CAPONE, KIM COX, ALLISON FLEMING

Production & Special Projects

JAN MORRIS, Director
BEN AUBURN,
JOHN KEFFERSTAN, SUSAN KOZAK,
AMY SWAN, JENNIFER YOUNKER

Finance

TOM PECK, Vice President
AIMEE CLAUDIO, YULIA GOVOSRUSHKO,
PHILIP STEFANIDES

Public Relations

EMMA CLURMAN, Senior Vice President
GRAHAM JAMES, Manager

Publishing Operations

BRYAN OTTE, Director
KATHLEEN O'LEARY, Manager

General Counsel

MARK ROTENSTREICH

Human Resources

JEFF ZOMPER, Vice President

Atlantic Unbound

The Atlantic Monthly's digital edition
can be found on the Web at www.theatlantic.com.

Advertising Offices

The Atlantic Monthly
450 West 33rd Street
New York, NY 10001
(212) 716-6800

Subscriptions & Reprints

Please direct all subscription queries and orders to
Atlantic Subscription Processing Center
Box 52661
Boulder, CO 80322

Reprint requests (100+) should be made to
Reprint Management Services
(717) 399-1900

The **Atlantic Monthly**

dend yield on equities at Dow Jones 36,000 would be minuscule; similarly, corporate stock buy-backs would become insignificant as a percentage of total market valuation. To finance this enormous increase in consumption investors would need to liquidate \$900 billion worth of stock each year; other investors would need to buy \$900 billion worth of additional stock each year. This would amount to an increase in money invested in the stock market of \$270 *per month* for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

Before we can take Glassman and Hassett seriously, they need to explain how a tripling of stock prices will be financed and accommodated by the rest of the economy.

Jonathan P. Schwartz
Belmont, Mass.

James Glassman and Kevin Hassett have provided an interesting analysis of stock valuations. However, they have overlooked several critical factors, including purchasing power. The "perfectly reasonable price" of any asset is limited by the buying power of available investors. Dow 36,000 is reasonable only if investors are able to triple their after-tax, after-living-expenses pool of cash to pay the higher prices. This could be hard to achieve without sparking significant inflation in wages and disposable income (which the Federal Reserve would oppose with higher interest rates, to the detriment of corporate earnings).

Alternatively, investors could liquidate homes or other assets to bid stocks up to their "perfectly reasonable price." But as a practical matter, few people would be willing to trade a nice home for a shack just to help create a "rational" stock market. There are, as always, other factors to consider.

John R. Wooden
Beaverton, Oreg.

The theories advanced in "Dow 36,000" are interesting but not very instructive. The discounted cash-flow analysis is a valuable tool for evaluating individual undertakings when projected expenses, revenues, and economic life can be estimated with some degree of precision. Securities markets, on the other hand, are fraught with uncertainties that make such an assessment highly dubious. For example, during 1998 the Standard and Poor's 500 Index rose by more than 30 percent despite an actual decline in reported earnings of more than eight percent. Which price was closer to the right one?

Yes, in the long run stocks have been less risky than bonds. But in the long run we will all be dead. As the authors note, someone who invested on the eve of the 1929 crash had to wait more than fifteen years to recover the cost—a period that could well exceed an investor's life expectancy. This is an extreme case, but other recovery periods have spanned several years.

In the final analysis the right price for any security is what people are willing to pay, and as in many other human activities moods can swing between ebullience and despair. Experience demonstrates that investors would do well to approach with extreme caution any appraisal that exceeds current values by 200 percent. Even if the appraisal is hypothetically sound, a more prudent course would be to use conventional yardsticks.

Gordon W. Neal
Huntington Beach, Calif.

James K. Glassman and Kevin A. Hassett reply:

Irwin Jones rightly points out that the calculation of a present value of dividends has been done often before and the data on the relatively low risk of stocks is well known. We do not claim otherwise, and cite the relevant work extensively. What is new in our theory is an explanation for higher stock prices that draws on the two. People are learning about the true modest riskiness of stocks and are bidding prices up accordingly. Mr. Jones adds that our claims about the decline in the risk premium are unsubstantiated. We disagree. Our article contains a lengthy discussion of the risk premium's history that draws on our own calculations, which use stock-market data going back to the 1800s.

Jonathan Schwartz and John Wooden argue that a tripling of the Dow would require enormous inflows of cash, and they wonder where the money could possibly come from. Mr. Schwartz adds that the consumption stimulated by a big stock-market increase might strain economic resources. We disagree. If one night everyone read our article and believed it, the first trades the next morning would bring the Dow up to 36,000. No inflow of cash would be required. We agree that consumers might try to spend more if they suddenly felt wealthier, but resources would not be strained, because prices for the goods they wanted to consume would rise in response.

Gordon Neal makes the excellent point that the market's price today is a great mea-

sure of what a share should be worth, and that one should be suspicious of claims that the market has so dramatically mispriced any asset. We have a great deal of faith in markets, and discuss the apparent contradiction at length in Chapter 7 of our book, *Dow 36,000*. The chapter begins with a Warren Buffett quotation that summarizes our views quite well: "Observing correctly that the market was *frequently* efficient, they went on to conclude incorrectly that it was *always* efficient. The difference between these propositions is night and day." There are undoubtedly times when recognizing what is going on ahead of everyone else is very profitable. Today is such a time.

Slave Redemption

I read with great interest "The False Promise of Slave Redemption," by Richard Minter (July *Atlantic*). Though the article properly highlights the existence of slavery in my country (a practice still denied, despite extensive documentation, by the regime's apologists), it focuses on the propriety of slave redemption. I am saddened that a respected journal such as *The Atlantic Monthly* has chosen to address the greatest human-rights tragedy since the Holocaust by questioning the efforts of the very few people—such as Christian Solidarity International and the Colorado schoolchildren—who are responding to it at all.

Minter states in his article, "A number of Dinka leaders, along with Macram Gassis, one of Sudan's eleven Catholic bishops, strongly support slave redemption." He implies that I am the only bishop who does so. That is mistaken. Cesare Mazzolari, the bishop of Rumbek, for instance, has also redeemed slaves.

The Dinka are not the sole ethnic group being enslaved. The Nuba, the Shilluk, and the Fur tribes—that is, all those that border the northern Arab tribes—are enslaved as well. My diocese, in Darfur and Kordofan, is on the front line between the Arabs and the Africans, and slave taking is most common there. The slave markets are located in various centers in this region. The "peace camps" established by the regime—where the slaves are kept and forcible Arabization and Islamization occurs—are also located in this region. It is painfully naive to expect that if the redeemers went away, the peace camps and slave markets would also disappear. The regime is committed to the destruction of my people.

Minter does not acknowledge that splinter groups and independent groups, however well intentioned, are the main cause of confusion. These groups often go to southern Sudan without coordination with the local authorities. They do not properly work with and coordinate with the Church leadership. (The Church is the only reality that works at the grassroots level. Through its priests and catechists the Church is in a position to verify who is a slave, where and when he or she was abducted, and who the abductor was.) Not one of the people mentioned in Minter's article contacted our personnel on the ground or even, out of courtesy, any of the bishops who have a base in Nairobi.

Minter complains, "Some seek to make CSI the sole redeemer." This is because CSI constantly works with Church personnel in the field as well as with local leaders. CSI is dedicated to avoiding the kind of problems Minter identifies.

Minter asserts that "slave redemption has spurred raids." I believe this is mistaken. Rather, the regime has shifted its tactics from the terror bombing of civilians to the increased use of such raids in its campaign to destroy the indigenous people. We must not forget that the root cause of slavery is the war that has become a holy war—"jihad," as declared by the radical Islamic regime of Khartoum.

Are there risks in paying money for the redemption of our children and women? Yes. But after ten years of inaction by the world community despite the extreme suffering of my people, I believe they are risks worth taking.

Macram Max Gassis
Bishop, Diocese of El Obeid
Nairobi, Kenya

Richard Minter fails to investigate the only program of slave emancipation—that of Switzerland's Christian Solidarity International—that has the support of the local population and the army that defends it, and that has been at the center of the international controversy he pretends to explore. He did not speak with even one redeemed slave.

As part of their own efforts to prevent scams, the most senior civil authorities in the region have said that no one but CSI should operate the slave-redemption program. Minter, however, went to Sudan with Jim Jacobson, of Christian Freedom International (whose behavior, in my view, invites corruption and bids up the price of

IN BRITAIN, there is a tradition of modesty at the very top.

Thus, a tremor ran round at Macallan when it was suggested that a *pictorial representation* of their malt whisky bottle should appear in an advertisement.

It smacked too much of the 'hard sell'.

Their Publicity Advisers, however, assured them that there is occasionally a need for this sort of thing.

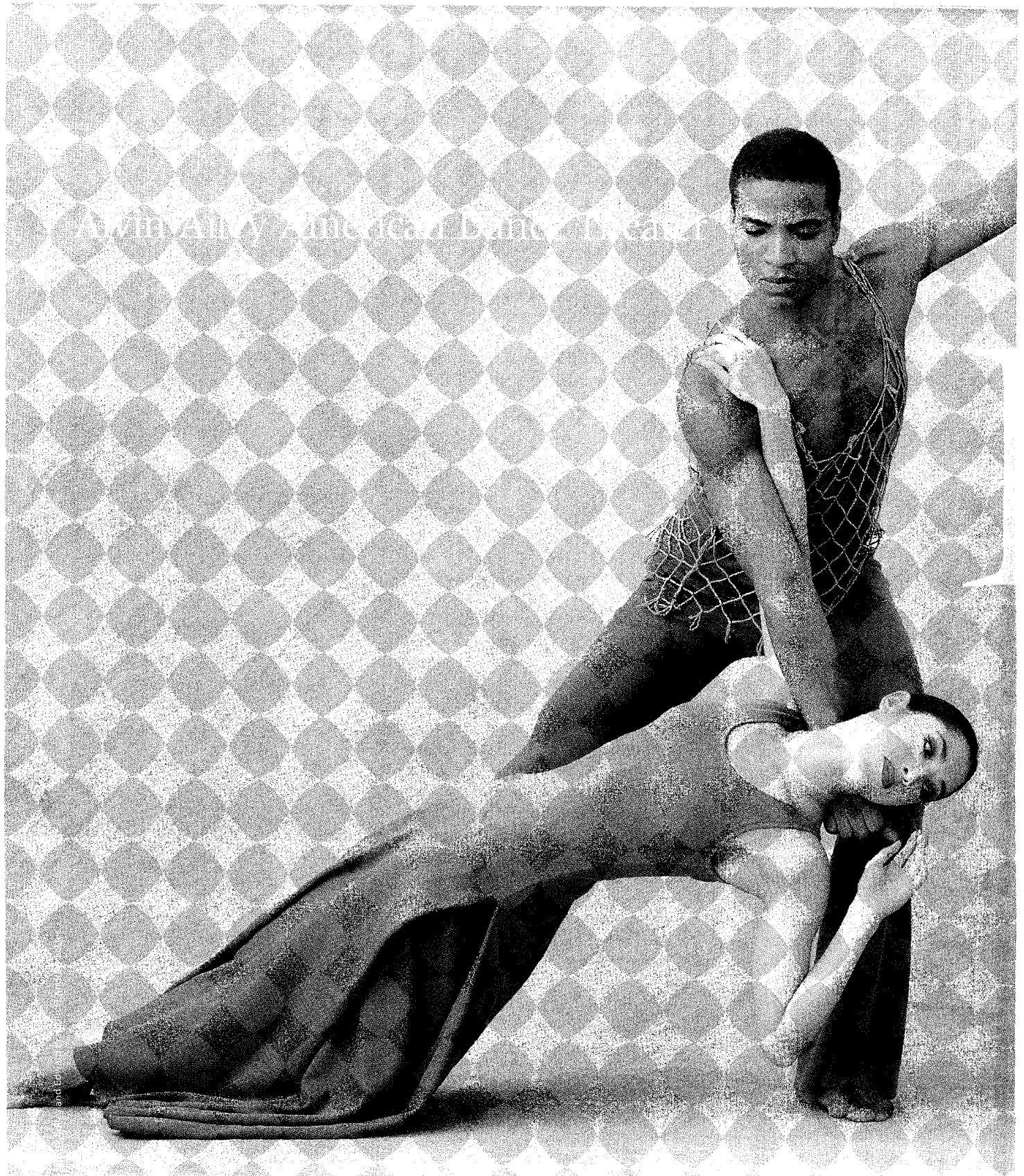
So, with some misgiving, they have consented to a small scraperboard reproduction being displayed.



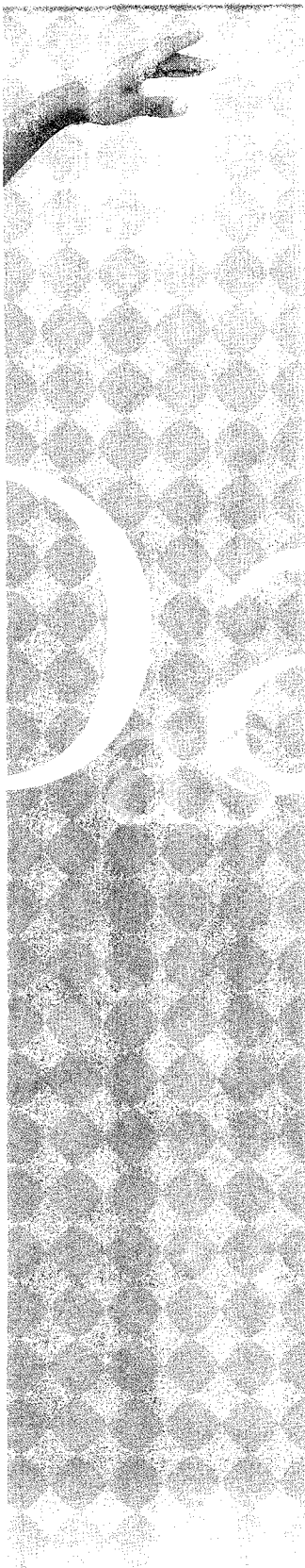
"One sip is worth one thousand pictures."

**THE MACALLAN.
THE MALT.**

THE MACALLAN® Scotch Whisky. 43% alc./vol.
Sole U.S. importer Rémy Amérique, Inc., New York, N.Y.
© 1999 The Macallan Distillers Ltd.



© 1995 Philip Morris Management Corp.



Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater points the way, with all the energy and excitement of modern dance at its best.

Once a small group of dancers in New York, Ailey has exploded into an internationally-renowned company that's one of America's greatest cultural ambassadors. And wherever they go, they bring the power of dance with them, providing hope and inspiration to an estimated 19 million people in 68 countries over the past four decades.

revelation

Taking the stage in over 25 communities large and small — from Fort Worth, Texas to Chicago, Illinois to Washington, D.C. and beyond — they bring new dreams and revelations to places where the power of dance is rarely seen. The people of Philip Morris Companies Inc. support Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater as we embark on our fifth decade of arts support — an ongoing commitment to visionary individuals and pioneering organizations who enhance the quality of our world.

Alvin Ailey American Dance Theater

New York Season at City Center

December 1, 1999–January 2, 2000

For tickets, call (212) 581-1212

For more information and tour dates,
call (212) 767-0590 x150 or visit www.alvinailey.org

Working to make a difference.

PHILIP MORRIS COMPANIES INC.

KRAFT FOODS, INC. MILLER BREWING COMPANY PHILIP MORRIS CAPITAL CORPORATION

PHILIP MORRIS INTERNATIONAL INC. PHILIP MORRIS U.S.A.

www.philipmorris.com

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

slaves), and then used this as proof that slave redemption must be a bad idea.

On their stop in Kenya, Minter watched as Jacobson flashed \$4,000 at a group of minor bureaucrats, announcing that he wanted to buy the freedom of slaves. Two corrupt officials then insisted on accompanying the Americans inside south Sudan, where they tried to trick poor Jacobson and part him from his money. This was prevented when the local south Sudanese commissioner, Alev Akechak Jok, told the Americans that there were no slaves in the area to be redeemed. When the men from Kenya tried to go behind Jok's back and sell Jacobson local children who were actually free village kids, Jok begged Jacobson to leave and not partake in a scam.

Minter paints Jok as a brave opponent of slave redemption. This is not true. Jok is a supporter of CSI's emancipation program and was one of forty-seven local officials, including the Catholic bishop of the area, who signed a statement asking that CSI's emancipation efforts continue.

Minter argues that buying the freedom of slaves inevitably brings on more slave raids and higher prices. This is clearly not the case. The Southern People's Liberation Army reports that "fewer raids have occurred and many fewer people have been captured and enslaved in the course of this year [1999, when CSI bought the freedom of an extraordinarily high number of slaves] than in 1998." This is owing to the increasing success of the villagers and the SPLA in defending the villages. Minter's model is wrong: the ability of the Africans to defend themselves overrides any other factor in slaving statistics. This is not a peacetime market where cash bids up price; the slave raiders are not entrepreneurs—they are holy warriors.

The Atlantic has done a terrible thing. The only hope that many in southern Sudan have for the return of their women and children is CSI's program, which my organization supports. You have damaged that hope. In addition, *The Atlantic* has demonstrated that the American media care little for the real tragedy in Sudan: slavery and genocide propagated by a fundamentalist regime. Surely the primary concern here should be not the possibility of flaws in slave-redemption efforts but rather the West's failure to address modern-day black slavery and genocide in Sudan.

Charles Jacobs

*President, American Anti-Slavery Group
Boston, Mass.*

Richard Minter replies:

I share the goal of the letter writers—ending modern-day slavery and religious persecution. But buying people out of slavery, a process called "redemption," has unintended consequences, because redeemers buy back slaves for as much as \$100 per person, whereas the market price is \$15. Western donations seem to be fueling the slave trade, not ending it.

On such matters as whether redemptions have spurred raids and whether problems with redemptions would be curtailed if only one group were involved, surely reasonable people can differ. During my extensive reporting across southern Sudan many villagers (including escaped slaves) told me that the raids had worsened every year and that the raiders were motivated by money. As for the role of "splinter groups," I have no desire to wade into disputes between rival nonprofits. The problem of perverse incentives is a function not of the people or groups involved but of the practice itself.

Regarding Charles Jacobs's claim that I did not investigate CSI's program: I went to great lengths to interview defenders of redemption, including CSI's representatives, and to include their points of view. I also sought the views of representatives of the Sudanese bishops in Nairobi, but was unable to secure an interview.

My article does not portray Alev Akechak Jok as a "bold opponent" of slave buy-backs but describes an incident I witnessed in which Jok was clearly uncomfortable with a transaction he feared was fraudulent. I never saw the document bearing Jok's signature to which Mr. Jacobs refers.

Mr. Jacobs is also mistaken in declaring that I did not interview redeemed slaves. I did, though the point of my piece was not to document their experience but to examine the efficacy of buy-backs and to propose alternative solutions.

Messrs. Gassis and Jacobs both decry the world's inaction. But tens of thousands of Americans have donated money for slave buy-backs. The question is: Are their dollars making things better or worse in Sudan?

Generation X

As a Generation Xer (a term I hate) and also a teacher, I'd like to comment on Ted Halstead's article "A Politics for Generation X" (August *Atlantic*), particularly Halstead's notion that the problems of education in this country stem from, among

other things, Democrats who have "refused to challenge the teachers' unions." This is one of the most common and most erroneous perceptions of the problems of public education.

Although Halstead is right that the Republicans' support of voucher programs is tantamount to abandoning the nation's public schools, he is far from the mark when he says that giving in to teachers' unions causes public education's woes. Surely Halstead has in mind the idea that universities have weak education programs and that often the word "tenure" translates for teachers into "lifetime employment." However, neither problem is the fault of teachers' unions. On the contrary, unions support a strengthening of standards in education programs on university campuses. Why wouldn't they? A rise in standards would lead to higher-quality teachers to whom membership in unions could be extended.

Furthermore, tenure is merely due process, and although many poor teachers benefit from the misapplication of tenure, the fault lies not with teachers' unions that support tenure but with administrators who are lax in challenging individual teachers who are not meeting standards. Any school administration has the right to supervise any teacher and, if it deems necessary, to begin a process of evaluation that, if ample evidence exists, leads to the removal of a substandard teacher. The most powerful union in the world could not prevent this under current tenure laws.

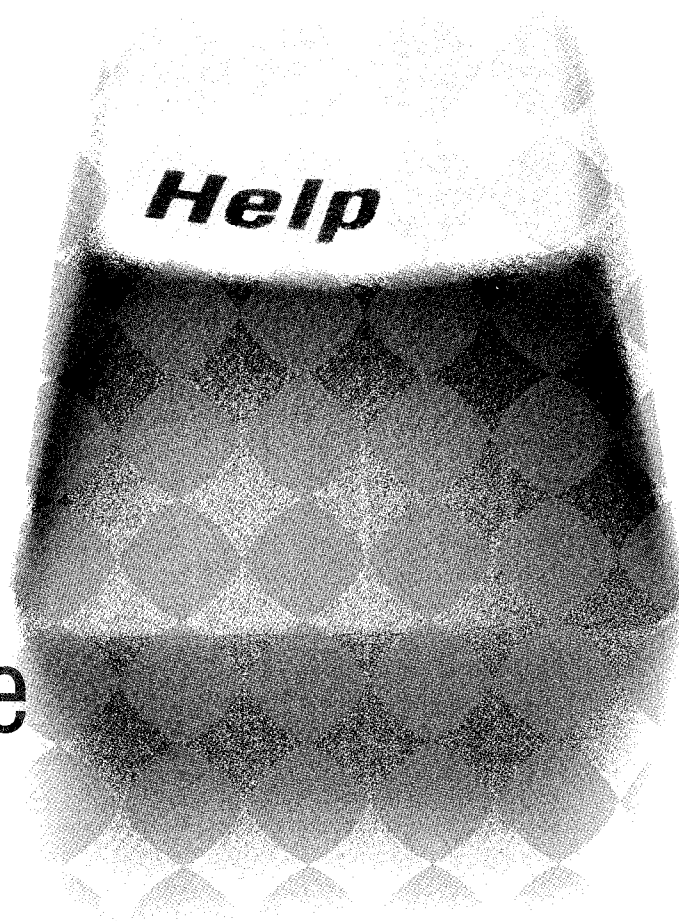
Michael H. DeVito
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Ted Halstead replies:

Michael DeVito claims that teachers' unions support a strengthening of standards in education programs on university campuses, but he fails to mention that these same unions oppose performance measures to evaluate teachers once they are on the job. For instance, a recent education summit attended by twenty-four governors, thirty-four leading corporate executives, and twenty-one state education superintendents resulted in a call to link pay increases for public school teachers to improvements in the performance of their students. The two leading teachers' unions—the National Education Association and the American Federation of Teachers—stood out by virtue of their resistance to the idea.

Although it would be a mistake to lay all the blame for the woes of our public education system at the feet of the teach-

Online Financial Planning.



Introducing Online Advice and Planning from American Express.

The American Express website now gives you customized financial planning at the press of a button. Our exclusive online planning tools help you map out strategies to achieve your financial goals, focusing on important issues like retirement planning, estate planning, tax planning and insurance. It's the secure, do-it-yourself way to plan for your future. And for more complex issues, we have over 9,000 financial advisors ready to assist you. With American Express, over 100 years of investment experience is available whenever you are to help you do more.

1 800 GET ADVICE americanexpress.com



American Express Financial Advisors Inc. Member NASD and SIPC.

American Express Company is separate from American Express Financial Advisors Inc. and is not a broker-dealer. ©1999 American Express Financial Corporation. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers' unions, it would be refreshing to see the unions embrace such commonsense reforms.

Livestock Grazing

After reading your article "Winning the War for the West," by Perri Knize (July *Atlantic*), I think the record needs to be set straight in one area. I was responsible for the management of the Hart Mountain National Antelope Refuge for the period 1989–1994, when livestock grazing was removed from the refuge.

Prior to this decision we were very interested in the livestock grazing and antelope question, and conducted a study to evaluate it. For three years we made monthly flights over the refuge and noted the location of every observed antelope on maps. More than 10,000 locations were noted. We then compared these maps with grazing-utilization maps (maps showing the location and intensity of livestock grazing on the refuge). We found little antelope use of areas grazed by livestock.

We also completed a number of studies on desert trout and songbirds and found that grazing over the past century had devastated habitat for these species, which resulted in dramatic declines in their numbers. Contrary to Knize's assertion that our management change was "misguided," it was in fact exactly what was needed to manage the refuge for its intended purpose: as a home for the beasts of the land and the birds of the sky.

Barry Reiswig
National Elk Refuge
Jackson, Wyo.

Perri Knize casts overdue light on the conservationists, ranchers, and land managers who are trying to find ways to fit livestock into western ecosystems.

Grazing's friends and foes include many extremists, and they generally get the ink. Fortunately, the West is a bigger place than the extremists' sandbox, and there are bigger people, too. It was particularly gratifying to see Knize's nod to Dan Dagget, the author of the book *Beyond Rangeland Conflict*. As the former director of the conservation organization that sponsored and raised the money to publish Dagget's book, and took the resulting guff from the Cattle Free in '93–minded crowd, I saw Dagget's transformation from anti-grazing zealot into open-minded advocate for those few

ranchers who had worked out ways to manage livestock so as not to harm, and often to help, the lands they used.

Knize's article, like Dagget's book, spotlights a very inconvenient fact for the hard edge of the environmentalist movement: there are many areas of public lands in the West where livestock fit, or can be managed to fit, just fine as part of a healthy ecosystem. If there's a weakness in Knize's article, it is her understatement of the key inconvenient fact for the sagebrush-rebel crowd: there are many areas of public lands in the West where livestock really don't, and probably can't, fit into a healthy ecosystem. Our grazing policies need to take shape from the land's limits, but they should also make room for those ranchers—and it's not all of them—who are genuine stewards of the land.

Thomas C. Jensen
Washington, D.C.

Advice & Consent

Alan Wolfe ("The Mystique of Betty Friedan," September *Atlantic*) has totally missed the answer to why *The Feminine Mystique* had such appeal for educated middle-class housewives of that era. Wolfe attacks Friedan's academic sources, but the sources' many faults are irrelevant to the validity of Friedan's thesis. (Oddly, although she, like Wolfe, was highly critical of Margaret Mead and Sigmund Freud, she gets no praise from Wolfe for her "premature" wisdom.)

If Wolfe wants to understand Friedan's thesis, he should father (or adopt) two to four very young children. His wife should be the sole and full-time breadwinner, just starting out in her career. Wolfe's only source of funds should be the allowance his wife gives him, based on what they can afford as young marrieds.

He will stay with the children all day every day of the year. His wife will leave for work before 7:00 and often get home after 8:00, if not later. They will have only one car, which she needs for work. She will be worn out and in need of lots of soothing when she gets home. She will sometimes have to travel for days or weeks. He will do the child care, shopping, and housework. They will move every few years, as her career requires, so he and the kids, far from all their relatives, will repeatedly lose their familiar surroundings, friends, and acquaintances.

Each morning he'll think to himself, "Being a full-time father to my children and a husband to a good wife who works so hard to support us all, I am the luckiest man in the world. Think of all the unfortunates in this world. Compared with them, how can I complain of anything? I am at my peak of fulfillment right now. I am so glad I went to a Seven Brothers college—and I know I have done my alma mater proud. Still, what is wrong with me? Why do I feel so miserable? I must be an awful spoiled brat not to be a happy, satisfied person."

When his wife finishes the breakfast he made, he will dress everyone and walk off with the kids, pushing a stroller, to greet the checkout lady at the market. It's the social high point of his day! He'll drag home and store the groceries. He'll change and calm the kids, who are crying from hunger, fatigue, boredom, sibling rivalry, being wet, or whatever. Then he'll start to clean up the apartment.

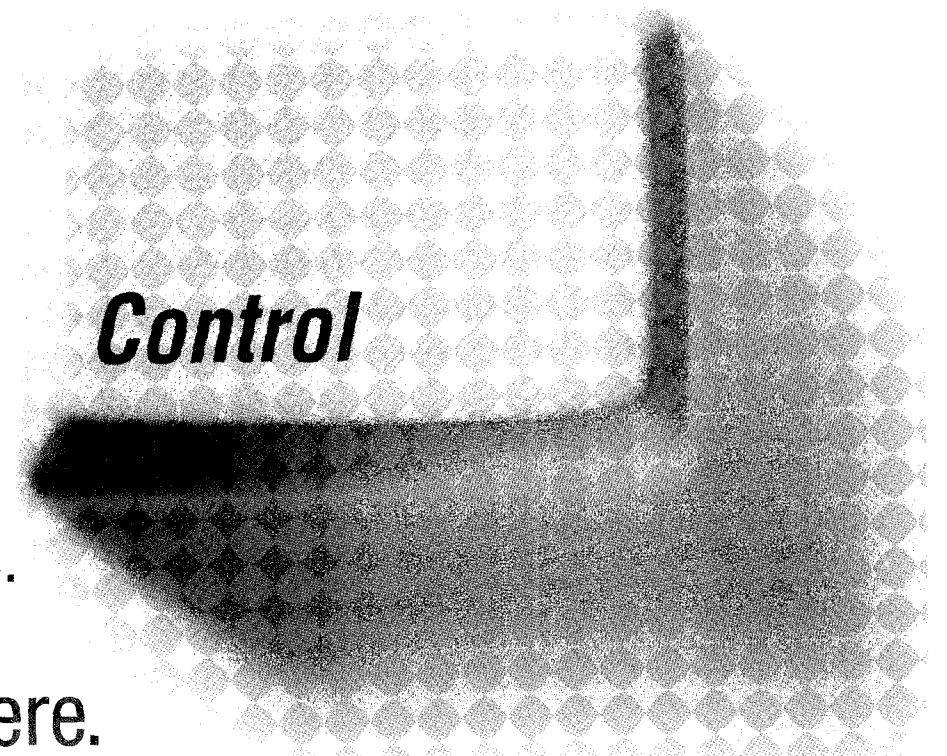
After years of this will Wolfe feel that his life somehow lacks something important? Let him reread Friedan. Will he know what Friedan is talking about? Yes.

Miriam Lewin
Cos Cob, Conn.

Thank you for the wonderful article by Garry Wills on Abraham Lincoln's Second Inaugural Address ("Lincoln's Greatest Speech?," September *Atlantic*). Wills placed those familiar words in a historical perspective that made them even more meaningful and powerful. I appreciated the lesson in the art of classical rhetoric and being compelled to look up a few unfamiliar words ("minatory," "anaphora"), but am most grateful for the careful critical analysis of both the art and the history of the address.

I have been trying to think how Mr. Lincoln's plea for "restoring the proper practical relations" might resonate in places like Bosnia, Rwanda, the Middle East, and South Africa today. The process of individual and collective accountability and justice seems necessary for closure before a state or a person can even think of "practical relations." It is true that we will never know how Reconstruction would have gone under Lincoln's leadership, but perhaps if the United States had recognized this human need at the end of the Civil War and taken steps to make reparations, we would not still be suffering the consequences of our "great national sin."

Linda L. Lane
Westville, Ind.



Control

Financial Advice.
Anytime.
Anywhere.

In Person, Online,
or by Phone.

American Express now gives you more ways to control your financial future. You can work with one of our 9,000 financial advisors for in-depth advice and planning. With our online equity evaluation and asset allocation tools you can balance and track your portfolio. And our exceptional 24/7 customer service center is always ready to assist you by phone. Any way you choose, American Express has financial planning expertise available whenever you are to help you do more.

1 800 GET ADVICE americanexpress.com



American Express Financial Advisors Inc. Member NASD and SIPC.

American Express Company is separate from American Express Financial Advisors Inc. and is not a broker-dealer. © 1999 American Express Financial Corporation. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE DECEMBER ALMANAC

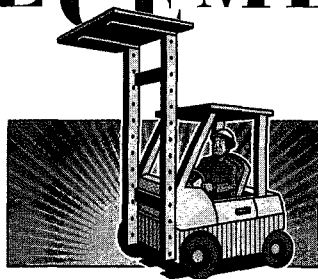
Government

Two large-scale hand-overs of territory take place this month. The last U.S. troops leave the Panama Canal Zone on December 31, ending nearly a century of American involvement. The transfer was negotiated in 1977; it will leave Panama with sole responsibility for operating the Canal, which generates some \$500 million in tolls annually. It may also leave an unresolved question, concerning who will clean up the remaining exploded ordnance from U.S. military exercises. American personnel say that some 8,000 acres may be a problem, because they are in the jungle or cannot be cleared using environmentally sound methods. Meanwhile, across the globe, Macao, which has been under Portuguese administration since the 16th century, will have reverted to China on December 20. The exchange, agreed on in 1987, ends colonial rule in East Asia. As in Hong Kong, existing legal, administrative, and economic systems will be left in place for 50 years; Macao's casinos and dog-racing tracks will operate during that time.



The Skies

December 3: The waning crescent Moon lies just above Venus in the southeastern sky before dawn, with the bright star Spica to the planet's right. 5: This morning the Moon is just above Mercury; the planet is about as high as it ever appears in the northern temperate latitudes. 14: The Geminid meteor shower peaks in the early morning hours. 22: Full Moon, also known this month as the Yule or Ashes Fire Moon. Because the Moon is at perigee—its closest approach to Earth—extreme high and low tides are expected. Also today, at 2:45 A.M. EST, the Winter Solstice.

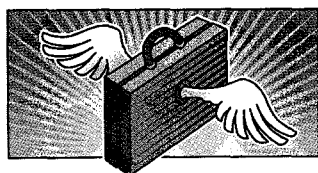


Health & Safety

December 1: By today all industrial truck and forklift operators, except those in agriculture, must have completed a safety training program. The course was mandated by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration, in the hope of reducing accidents. Each year nearly 95,000 employees are injured, at least 100 fatally, in incidents involving industrial trucks and forklifts. The course consists of both classroom instruction and hands-on training; a refresher course is required at least every three years, and more often if an operator has an accident or a near miss. OSHA officials believe that the new requirement could prevent nearly 10,000 injuries a year.

Demographics

Holiday travelers should beware: more luggage carried by airlines is delayed, damaged, lost, or pilfered in December than in any other month. Some 200,000 of the more than two million bags that suffer mishaps each year do so in December, when volume is highest and weather is apt to cause delays. Airline officials attribute most baggage problems to late check-ins, tightly scheduled connecting flights, mistakes by ticket agents, and mangled or obscured tags. Help may be on the way, in the form of "smart" tags that send identifying data and receive updated information through radio waves, and that can tolerate higher levels of damage. They are being tested in Europe as part of



anti-terrorist bag-matching policies; because they are expensive, widespread implementation may be slow. In the meantime, travelers wishing to recoup their losses might visit the Unclaimed Baggage Center, in Scottsboro, Alabama, where items gleaned from unidentified luggage are sold. Some things that have turned up there: a Barbie doll containing \$500 in cash, a live rattlesnake, and a \$250,000 guidance system for an F-16 fighter jet.



Q&A

Why do people tend to be oblivious of their own bad breath?

The constant exhalation of breath through the nose is thought to desensitize us to foul odors in the mouth—much as constant exposure to garbage desensitizes sanitation workers to its smell. This theory has some empirical support, in the form of a 1995 study headed by Mel Rosenberg, a professor at Tel Aviv University's School of Dental Medicine and the editor of the International Society for Breath Odor Research newsletter. Rosenberg found that most subjects were unable accurately to rate the odors from their mouths, tongues, and saliva—but could assess the odors from saliva samples accurately when the samples were removed several minutes before evaluation. Technology may offer some hope. Several years ago the Oral Checker went on sale in Japan; it tests for various gases common in halitosis, giving ratings of "sweet," "so-so," "pretty rough," and "rancid." And Rosenberg is working on a test of his own, whereby when saliva is applied to a strip of paper, a color change indicates room for improvement; he hopes to market it under the name OK2KS.

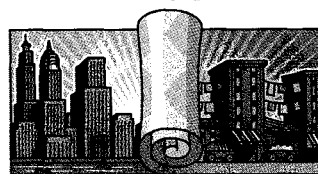


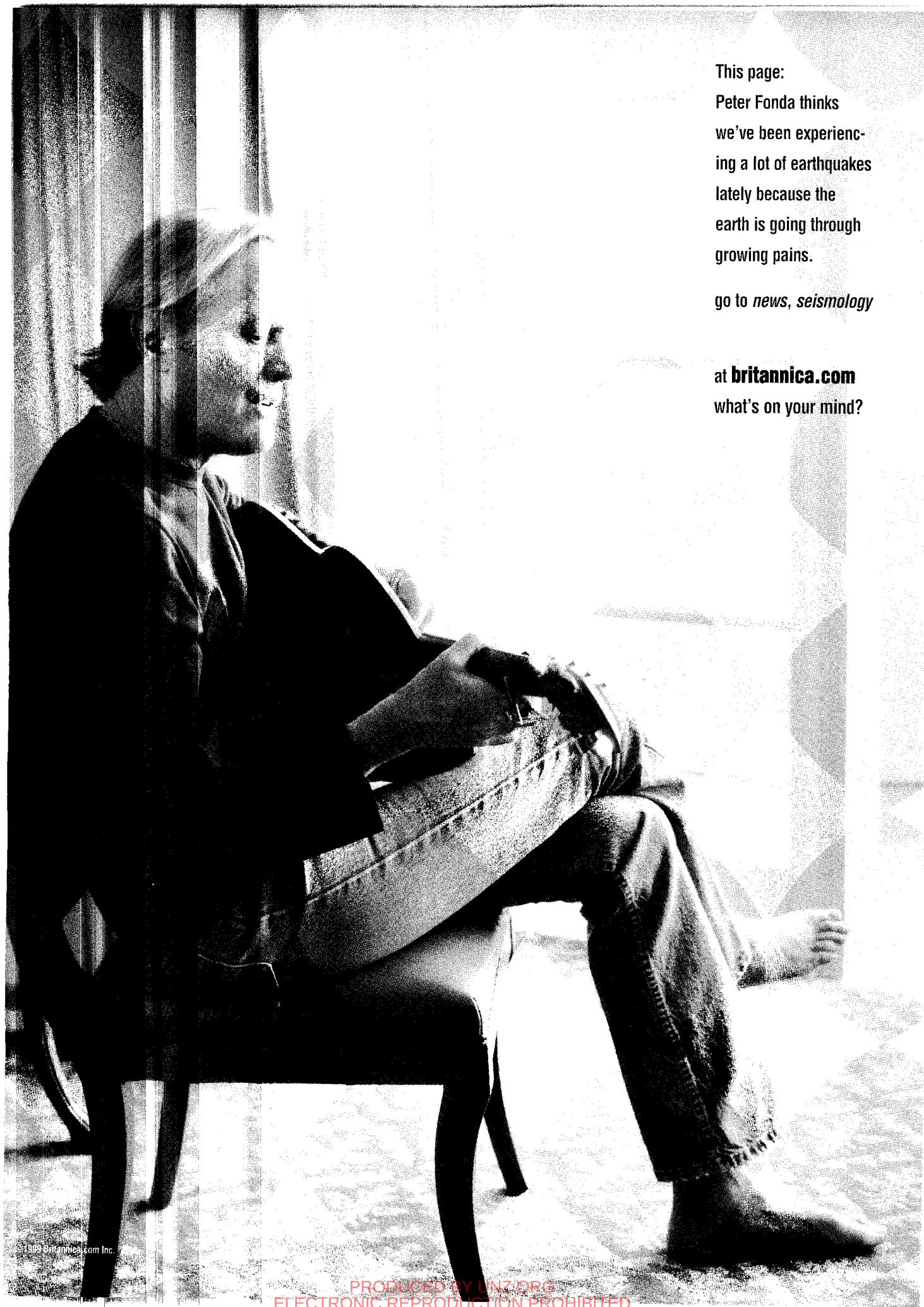
Arts & Letters

This New Year's Eve may be a cause of consternation, not celebration, among some VCR owners who are fond of taping shows for later viewing: the timers in some older models may have Y2K problems. A possible remedy has been suggested by sources ranging from the President's Council on Year 2000 Conversion Hotline to *The Old Farmer's Almanac*: set the year in the machine's clock to 72. Because 1972 had the same correspondence between dates and days of the week that 2000 will have, many believe this step may fool machines into recording accurately. The Consumer Electronic Manufacturers Association says that it probably won't work, because VCRs did not exist in 1972. Still, for viewers unwilling to adjust their own timetables, it may be worth a try.

100 Years Ago

Jacob A. Riis, writing in the December, 1899, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "New York is the youngest of the world's great cities, barely yet out of its knickerbockers. It may be that the dawning century will see it as the greatest of them all. The task that is set it, the problem it has to solve and which it may not shirk, is the problem of civilization, of human progress, of a people's fitness for self-government. . . . We shall solve it by the world-old formula of human sympathy, of humane touch. . . . When we have learned to smile and weep with the poor, we shall have mastered our problem. Then the slum will have lost its grip."





This page:
Peter Fonda thinks
we've been experienc-
ing a lot of earthquakes
lately because the
earth is going through
growing pains.

go to *news, seismology*

at **britannica.com**
what's on your mind?

This page:
Seal is thinking that
whether it was the
Big Bang or "God
spoke," the universe
was definitely created
by some kind of loud
sound. He's also
liking the weather in
LA right now.

go to *science, religion*
go to *weather*

at **britannica.com**
what's on your mind?

what's on your mind?

Visit britannica.com for free to find out about anything at all. Then we'll donate a dollar to one of six charities. You'll also be eligible to win an incredible trip to someplace truly inspiring.

think about it

one click and you can help save children from drug addiction.

think about it

one click and you can help make sure the holocaust never happens again.

think about it

one click and you can help save an entire species.

britannica.com 

No purchase necessary. Subject to Official Rules. To receive Official Rules, mail SASE by 12/10/99 to Britannica.com Rules, PO Box 602, Sayreville, NJ 08871-0602 (or check on-line). WA & VT residents may omit return postage. Sweepstakes begins 12:00am ET 10/25/99 & ends 11:59pm ET 12/31/99. To enter online, go to www.britannica.com, complete online registration form, & click to submit. You can also enter sweepstakes by mailing SASE including your name, address, city, state/Province, ZIP/Postal code, phone & email address (if any) to Britannica.com Sweepstakes Entry, PO Box 4105, Grand Rapids, MN 55730-4105, postmarked by 1/3/00 & received by 1/10/00. Odds of winning depend on number of entries received. Prizes: (5) Grand Prizes: Trip for winner & guest to choice destination with maximum expense of \$20,000 US dollars. Destination subject to Sponsors approval. Estimated retail value of grand prize is \$20,000 US dollars. Total value of all prizes: \$100,000 US dollars. All other expenses relating to acceptance of grand prize are responsibility of winner & guest. Certain travel restrictions may apply & travel is subject to availability at time of reservations. Winners must sign Affidavit of Eligibility & Liability/Publicity Release within 14 days. Winner & guest, or parent or guardian of guest, if guest is a minor, must each complete travel release prior to departure. Trip must be taken within one year of acceptance. No substitution, transfer, or assignment of prizes permitted, except that Sponsor reserves the right to substitute a prize of equal or greater value. International travel will require a valid passport provided by the winner. Any tax on prize is the sole responsibility of the winners. All prizes will be awarded. Limit 1 prize per person, household or email address. Winners notified by mail. Entrants release all parties from all claims/liability regarding participation/acceptance/use of a prize. Limit 1 entry per person, household or email address. Open only to legal residents of the US & Canada, 18 years or older at time of entry. Void in Quebec & PR & where prohibited by law. Canadian winners are required to correctly answer a skill-testing question administered by mail. For winners list, mail SASE to Britannica.com Winners, PO Box 714, Sayreville, NJ 08871-0714. All other published rules and conditions apply.

©1999 Britannica.com Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Streamlining My Life

It's not so hard to get help these days, but it's hard to get the help you want

IN the community where I live, I continually get invitations to take advantage of time-saving services. For instance, a company called Peapod, based in Skokie, Illinois, and allied with supermarkets across the country, would let me shop for groceries over the Internet. Several nearby companies want to ferry restaurant meals to my front door, saving me the inconvenience of eating out. Just recently I received a colorful brochure from a company called Streamline.com, which takes the family-helpmeet concept to its logical extreme. Streamline promises to handle virtually all the logistics of my daily life.

"Let Streamline lend an expert hand," I read. "Let us do your grocery shopping. Make the bottle returns. Drop off the dry cleaning. Rent the videos. Lug the bags of pet food. And much more." They'll also pick up packages, get my film processed, and even buy firewood. The flyer includes a fill-in-the-blanks calculator to demonstrate that I waste about five hours a week performing the chores that Streamline will do for just \$30 a month.

"At stake is your time," the company warns. Streamline suggests that I can use my recovered five hours "to make a home-cooked meal, bake cupcakes, or get some exercise." But it is more likely that I would use the time to watch sports on television, evade garden work, or explore new arenas of conflict with my spouse of many years.

My generation's frenetic busyness is the great market opportunity of our time. Intelligent men and women don't read newspapers—they won't even sit still for thirty minutes of television

news—because they are so busy. Leave the house for a nice meal? Who can spare the time? Social theorists observe in hectoring tones that we parents are too harried, and that our children are mortally overscheduled. Right around the time that Streamline approached me, President Bill Clinton com-

plained in a speech that today's parents spend twenty-two fewer hours a week with their families than their mothers and fathers did. A service like Streamline must be the answer. If only we could contract out the drudgery. If only we had more time...

Part of me bows to the accumulated expertise of the social engineers who have targeted my ZIP code with their \$30 cure for social anomie. But—could they possibly have it

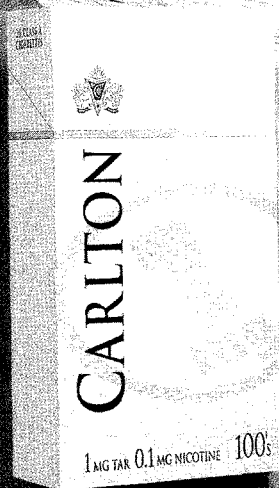
backwards? I like shopping for groceries. I'm a flinty trader in the supermarket aisles and am notorious for bringing home "deals": ten boxes of what Calvin & Hobbes used to call Chocolate Frosted Sugar Bombs at \$1.10 per (which of course no one will eat). Where I live, many families hire a minivan service to drive their children to school. But I enjoy driving my boys to school (although we all agree that they would be better advised to walk, preferably through sheet rain or blinding snowstorms); I can talk with them in the car. I don't even mind going to the video store. Would the Streamline drone have spotted the 1966 surfing classic *The Endless Summer* on the documentary shelf? I don't think so.



by Alex Beam

Illustration by J. D. King

ISN'T IT TIME YOU
STARTED THINKING
ABOUT NUMBER ONE?



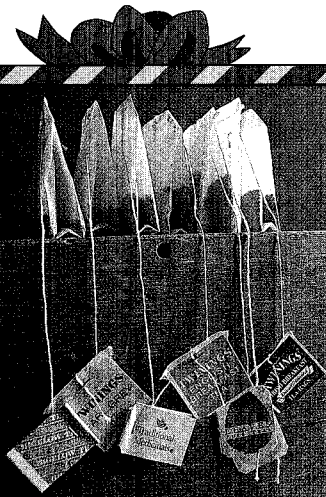
THINK CARLTON.
WITH 1 MG. TAR, IT'S THE ULTRA ULTRA LIGHT.

1 mg. "tar", 0.1 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method. Actual tar and nicotine deliveries will vary based on how you hold and smoke your cigarette. It is not our intention to suggest that a 1 mg. "tar" cigarette is safer than other cigarettes. For more information, contact www.bwtarnic.com

www.brownandwilliamson.com

**SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Quitting Smoking
Now Greatly Reduces Serious Risks to Your Health.**

Presenting... The Atlantic Monthly's Gift Guide



alltea.com

Your Online Tea Market

Choose from a wide selection of specialty brands including David Rio, Golden Moon, Leaves Pure Teas, Twinings, Traditional Medicinals, and others.

Celebrate tea at
www.alltea.com

We also accept special orders.



BABY JOGGER®

BABY JOGGER®
www.babyjogger.com

The Baby Jogger Company has provided fun for families since 1984. The bicycle-style wheels provide a smooth ride for little ones and are easy to maneuver on any terrain. This is an excellent stroller for runners, walkers, and hikers. Call for a free brochure: 800-241-1848.

BOOK

sense™

*Independent Bookstores for
Independent Minds*

BOOK SENSE
888-BOOKSENSE

Be independent! Give Book Sense gift certificates redeemable nationwide. For the bookstore nearest you call 888-BOOKSENSE.

CRIMSON CHRISTMAS

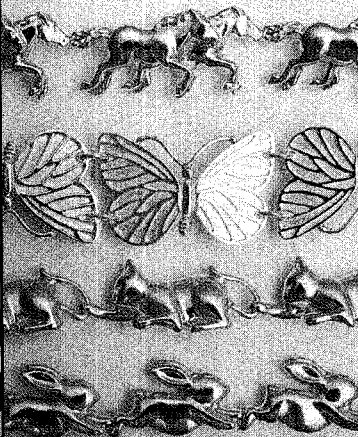


Long-stemmed roses. Snapdragons. White Asiatic Lilies. A collection of holiday feelings in one elegant vase.

Visit 1800flowers.com or call 1-800-FLOWERS to see and hear more about all our wonderful flowers and gifts. Use code 22A to learn about our special holiday offers.

**1-800-
flowers.com**

DALLAS PRIDGEN JEWELRY
One at a time, by hand
www.dallaspridgenjewelry.com



Sterling \$165 14k \$595

800-477-1856

Unconditionally guaranteed
P.O. Box 147, Chapel Hill, NC 27514

MRS. BEASLEY'S DUET TOWER



Scrumptious goodies wrapped in gingham ribbons and ornaments.

Brownie bars. Chocolate chip cookies. Teacakes. All so delicious and plenty to share. Visit 1800flowers.com or call 1-800-FLOWERS to see and hear more about all our wonderful gifts and flowers. Use code 22M to learn about our special holiday offers.

**1-800-
flowers.com**

Connect directly with these advertisers online in the Atlantic store at www.theatlantic.com/store

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

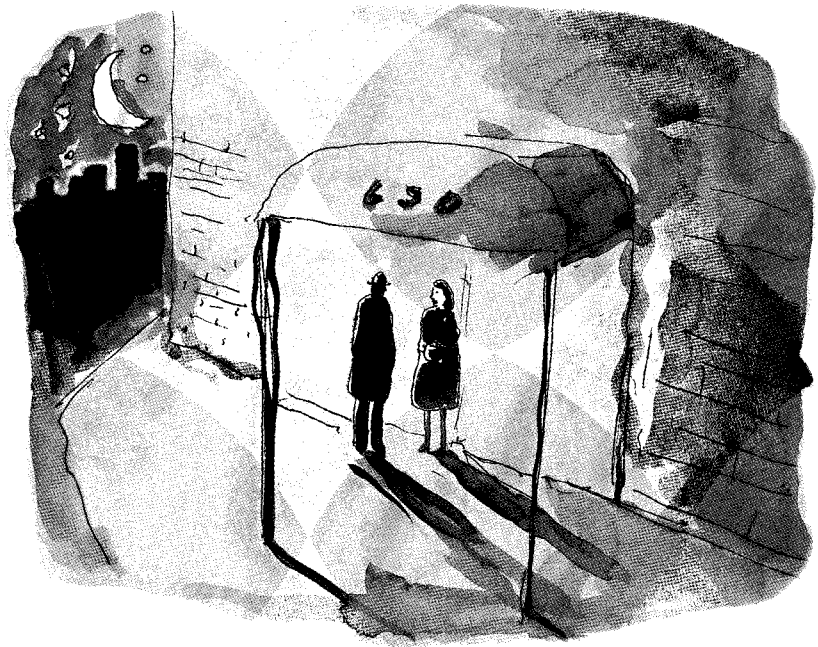
Why don't these people offer me a service I need? Maybe they would be interested in attending my employer's periodic pep rallies ("quarterly updates"), where the managers urge us to work harder for the same pay. Streamline could come to my house and listen to my mother-in-law's one-of-a-kind travel stories: "The plane was three hours late, and then the gate agent had no idea how to rebook us. Ginny didn't have her driver's license . . ." Sounds like a job for Streamline!

There are plenty of other tasks they could perform. They could assume my protracted battles with American Express and Visa, the former over late payments, and the latter over mysterious "finance charges" that have been erupting on my billing statements like staph infections. I could perhaps throw a Streamline recruit into the trenches against the gas company, which disapproves of my innovative partial-payment plan.

What about a cultural briefing function? Aside from being long and loud, Mahler's Eighth Symphony has a grandeur that I find elusive. A Streamliner could doubtless straighten me out here. It's so fashionable to reread (hah!) Emerson or Proust; perhaps Streamline could do this for me. How about an Eisenhower-style one-page digest of all those magazines stacking up next to the armchair? I have time for *Yankee* and *Runner's World*. After that I'm pooped.

Streamline's youthful staffers could keep me apprised of the most recent migrants from black hip-hop patois into common usage. Like most of the subourgeoisie, I pepper my speech with gritty urbanisms, such as "down," "chill," and "hang." But now that I no longer live in California, I have no idea what's approaching on the word front. I know I should be using—in fact, I *have* used—the hip salutation "word up," but I'm not sure what it means. Streamline could be of assistance here.

So, yes, streamline, by all means, but don't trespass on my furtive pleasures. Let Streamline listen to "hold" music on the software help line, field charity solicitations at dinnertime, or read those tedious e-mailed jokes that circle the Internet like orbiting space garbage. That would free up all the time I need to hunt down specials in the cereal aisles, or to gab with my sons' soccer coach while waiting for a molasses-paced postal clerk. ☞

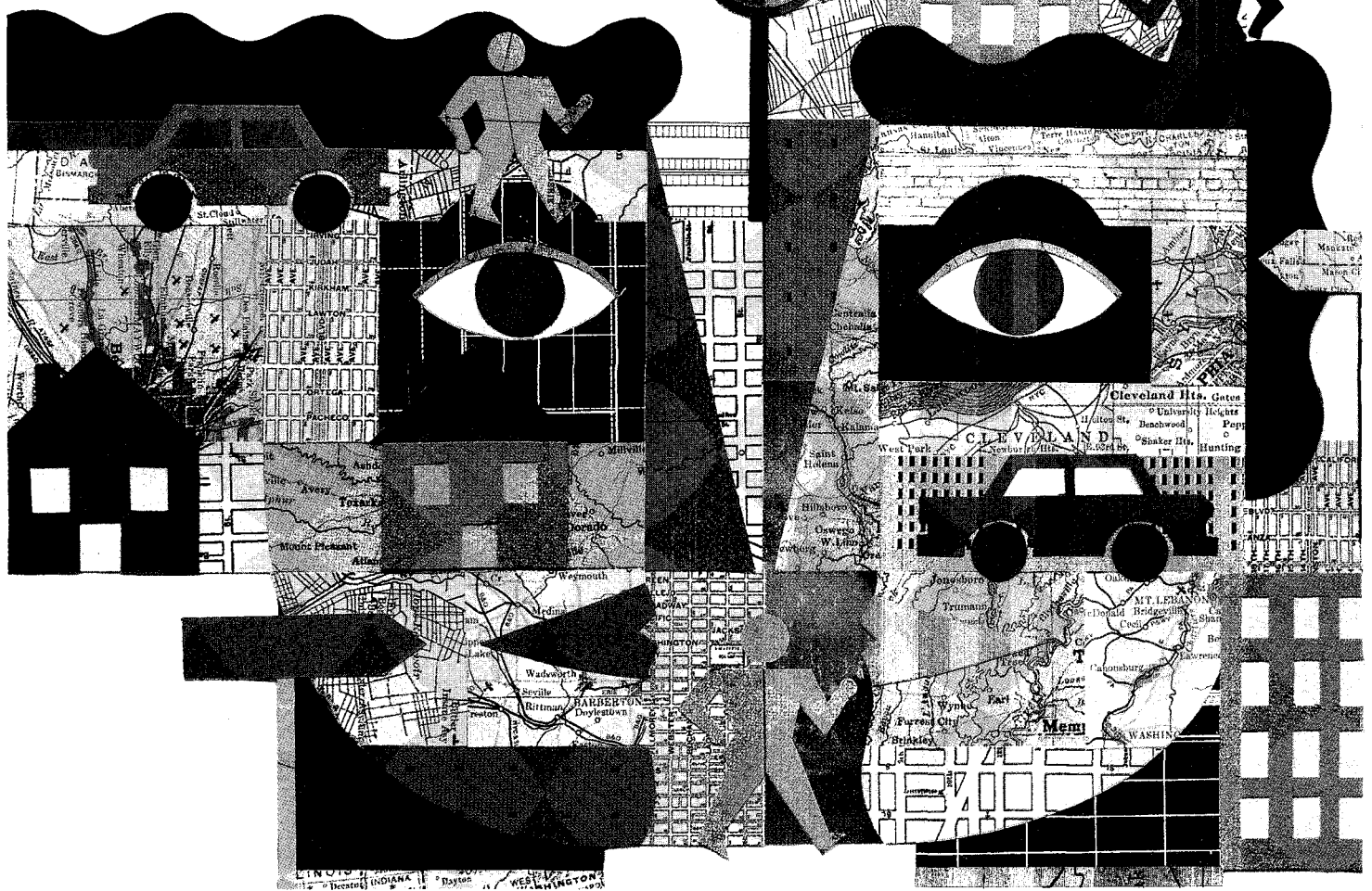


"Would you like to come up for some willful exploitation of third world coffee farmers?"

Every time you consider making a cup of coffee, give some thought to the plight of the small farmers who produce it. For if you buy an ordinary brand of coffee, you're inadvertently maintaining a system which keeps those small farmers poor while lining the pockets of powerful middlemen. By choosing Equal Exchange coffee, you can help to make a change. We believe in trading directly with small farming cooperatives at mutually agreed-upon prices with a fixed minimum rate. So if the coffee market declines, the farmers are still guaranteed a fair price. Of course your decision to buy Equal Exchange need not be completely altruistic. For we take as much pride in refining the taste of our gourmet coffees as we do in helping the farmers who produce them. For more information about Equal Exchange or to order our line of gourmet and organic coffee directly, call 781 830 0303 x281.



www.equalexchange.com



Divided We Sprawl

A call for a reinvention of the American city and suburb that would exploit the infrastructure of the one and mitigate the "frantic privacy" of the other

BY many accounts Baltimore is a comeback city. It has a beautiful piece of calculated nostalgia in the Camden Yards baseball stadium, which draws tens of thousands of visitors throughout the spring and summer. It has a lively waterfront district, the Inner Harbor, with charming shops and hot snacks for sale every hundred yards or so. But although it may

**by Bruce Katz and
Jennifer Bradley**

function well as a kind of urban theme park (and there are plenty of cities that would love to achieve that distinction), as a city it is struggling. For twenty years Baltimore has hemorrhaged residents: more than 140,000 have left since 1980. Meanwhile, the surrounding suburbs have steadily grown. The population of Howard County, a thirty-minute drive from the city, has

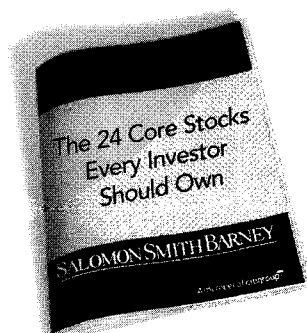
doubled since 1980, from 118,600 to 236,000. The people who have stayed in Baltimore are some of the neediest in the area. The city has 13 percent of Maryland's population but 56 percent of its welfare caseload. Only about a quarter of the students who enroll in a public high school in the city graduate in four years.

And Baltimore is not unique. The image of America's cities has improved greatly over the past few years, thanks to shiny new downtowns dotted with vast convention centers, luxury hotels, and impressive office towers, but these acres of concrete and faux marble hide a reality that is in many cases grim. St. Louis, Cleveland, Philadelphia, and Washington, D.C., lost population throughout the 1990s. These cities are also losing their status as the most powerful economies in their regions. Washington started the 1990s with a respectable 33 percent of the area's jobs. Seven years later it had only 24 percent. The rate of popula-

What are the 24 core stocks every investor should own?

*Find out which U.S. companies we believe
form the foundation of a successful portfolio.*

They're leaders in their field. They have high-quality goods and services. And they consistently grow their earnings. We believe these 24 companies make outstanding long-term holdings. In our special report, you'll learn:



- The 24 stocks that form our current U.S. Core Holdings list
- Which stocks are the best performers within the technology/communications sector
- The best stocks within the healthcare industry
- The 5 criteria we use to evaluate companies on the U.S. Core Holdings list

Call 1 800 EARNS IT, ext. 1394.

*Call 1-800-327-6748 ext. 1394 for your free copy of
"The 24 Core Stocks Every Investor Should Own."*

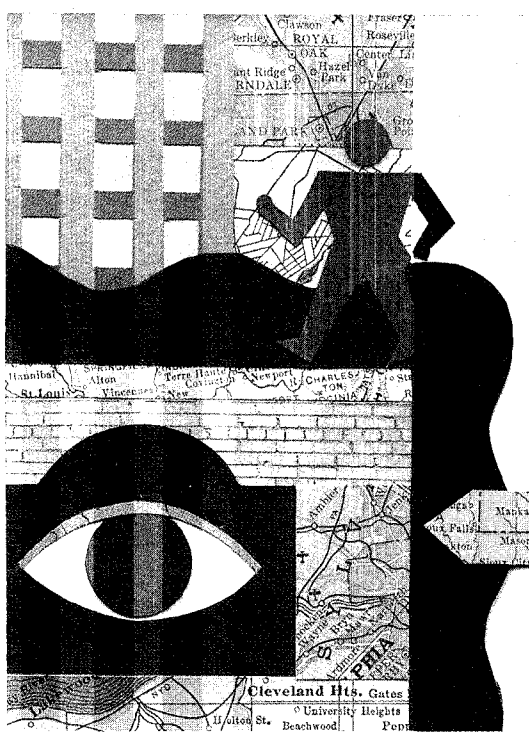
SALOMON SMITH BARNEY
success is earnedSM

www.smithbarney.com

A member of **citigroup**

© 1999 Salomon Smith Barney Inc. Member SIPC. Salomon Smith Barney and "success is earned" are service marks of Salomon Smith Barney Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The policies that made it easier for people to flee the cities and move to the suburbs are causing problems for suburbanites, too.

tion growth in the nation's suburbs was more than twice that in central cities—9.6 percent versus 4.2 percent—from 1990 to 1997. In just one year—1996—2.7 million people left a central city for a suburb. A paltry 800,000 made the opposite move. In the major urbanized areas of Ohio 90 percent of the new jobs created from 1994 to 1997 were in the suburbs. The central business districts of Ohio's seven largest cities had a net gain of only 19,510 jobs from 1994 to 1997; their suburbs gained 186,000. The 1990s have been the decade of decentralization for people and jobs in the United States.

Not even cities that are growing—southern and western boom cities—are keeping pace with their suburbs. Denver has gained about 31,000 people in the 1990s (after having lost residents during the 1980s), but the counties that make up the Denver metropolitan area have gained 284,000 people—about nine times as many. In Atlanta and Houston

central-city growth is far outmatched by growth in outlying counties. And these cities, too, are losing their share of the jobs in their respective regions. In 1980, 40 percent of the jobs in the Atlanta region were in the city itself; by 1996 only 24 percent were.

Meanwhile, the poor have been left behind in the cities. Urban poverty rates are twice as high as suburban poverty rates, and the implementation of welfare reform appears to be a special problem for cities. Although welfare caseloads are shrinking in most cities, in general they are not shrinking as quickly as they are in the states and in the nation as a whole. Often cities have a disproportionate share of their states' welfare recipients. Philadelphia County, for example, is home to 12 percent of all Pennsylvanians but 47 percent of all Pennsylvanians on welfare. Orleans Parish, in which the city of New Orleans is located, has 11 percent of Louisiana's population but 29 percent of its welfare recipients. This hardly adds up to an urban renaissance.

Cities—both the lucky, booming ones and the disfavored, depleted ones—are losing ground for two reasons. First, they push out people who have choices. Urban crime rates have fallen, but they are still generally higher than suburban rates. Some urban school systems are improving, but in most of the nation's twenty biggest urban school districts fewer than half of high school freshmen graduate after four years. City mayors have cut taxes, but urban tax rates (and insurance rates, too) are often higher than suburban ones. Second, suburbs pull people in. This is not a secret. What is less well known—in fact, is just beginning to be understood—is how federal, state, and local policies on spending, taxes, and regulation boost the allure of the suburbs and put the cities at a systematic, relentless disadvantage. People are not exactly duped into living in detached houses amid lush lawns, peaceful streets, and good schools. Still, it is undeniable that government policies make suburbs somewhat more attractive and affordable than they might otherwise be, and make cities less so.

Federal mortgage-interest and property-tax deductions give people a subtle incentive to buy bigger houses on bigger lots, which almost by definition are found in the suburbs. States also spend more money building new roads—which make new housing developments and

strip malls not only accessible but financially feasible—than they do repairing existing roads. Environmental regulations make building offices and factories on abandoned urban industrial sites complicated and time-consuming, and thus render untouched suburban land particularly appealing.

Together these policies have set the rules of the development game. They send a clear signal to employers, householders, builders, and political leaders: build out on open, un-urbanized, in some cases untouched land, and bypass older areas. These policies were never imagined as a coherent whole. No individual or committee or agency wrote the rules of development as such. No one stopped to consider how these rules, taken together, would affect the places where people live and work. The rules are simply the implacable results of seemingly disparate policies, each with unintended consequences.

When the policies that made it easier for people to flee the cities and move to the suburbs hurt only urban neighborhoods, the people who chose or had to stay behind suffered. Now, however, these policies, together with the problems of decay and decline in the cities and rapid suburban development, are causing problems for suburbanites, too—most notoriously the problem known as sprawl.

Thus much of the unhappiness of the cities is also the unhappiness of the suburbs. The familiar image of a beleaguered urban core surrounded by suburban prosperity is giving way to something more realistic and powerful: metropolitan areas in which urban and suburban communities lose out as a result of voracious growth in undeveloped areas and slower growth or absolute decline in older places. The idea that cities and suburbs are related, rather than antithetical, and make up a single social and economic reality, is called metropolitanism.

METROPOLITANISM describes not only where but also in some sense how Americans live—and it does this in a way that the city-suburb dichotomy does not. People work in one municipality, live in another, go to church or the doctor's office or the movies in yet another, and all these different places are somehow interdependent. Newspaper city desks have been replaced by the staffs of metro sections. Labor and housing markets are area-wide. Morning traf-

OLYMPUS
Focus On Life

OLYMPUS

i ZOOM 75

CAREFUL.
THIS EYE
MAY BECOME
JEALOUS.



That's the beautifully designed, technologically advanced, all-weather *i* ZOOM 75.

Some eyes have all the fun. Especially the ones behind this 28-75mm zoom lens. Not only does the ultra-compact *i* Zoom 75 have all-weather construction, it's also jam-packed with features. Like five intelligent variable-power flash options, including fill-in and red-eye reduction. Precision optics. And high-quality glass aspherical lens elements. So, it's easy to see why one of your eyes could start to feel a little, well, left out.

DROP-IN FILM LOADING • THREE PICTURE SIZES • DATE IMPRINTING • INDEX PRINT FOR SIMPLE REORDERING

In USA call 1-800-6-CAMERA or write Olympus America Inc., 2 Corporate Center Drive, Melville, NY 11747. In Canada: Carsen Group, Inc., Toronto. <http://www.olympus.com>

fic reports describe pileups and traffic jams that stretch across a metropolitan area. Opera companies and baseball teams pull people from throughout a region. Air or water pollution affects an entire region, because pollutants, carbon monoxide, and runoff recognize no city or suburban or county boundaries. The way people talk about where they live reflects a subconscious recognition of metropolitan realities. Strangers on airplanes say to each other, "I'm from the Washington [or Houston or Los Angeles or Chicago or Detroit] area." They know that where they live makes sense only in relation to other places nearby, and to the big city in the middle. Metropolitanism is a way of talking and thinking about all these connections.

*The aging of the U. S.
population will soon
make it clear that
suburban sprawl is of
no benefit to people
who cannot drive.*

The old city-versus-suburb view is outdated and untenable. We can no longer talk about "the suburbs" as an undifferentiated band of prosperous, safe, and white communities. There are two kinds of suburbs: those that are declining and those that are growing. Declining suburbs, which are usually older and frequently either adjacent to the city or clustered in one unfortunate corner of the metropolitan area, are starting to look more and more like central cities: they have crumbling tax bases, increasing numbers of poor children in their schools, deserted commercial districts, and fewer and fewer jobs. For such suburbs to distance themselves from cities makes about as much sense as two drowning people trying to strangle each other.

Growing suburbs are gaining, sort of. They are choking on development, and in many cases local governments cannot keep providing the services that residents need or demand. Loudoun County, a boom suburb in northern Virginia,

epitomizes this kind of place. The county school board predicts that it will have to build twenty-three new schools by 2005 to accommodate new students. In February of this year the board proposed that the next six new schools be basic boxes for learning, with low ceilings, small classrooms, and few windows. "We cannot ask the voters to keep voting for these enormous bonds," a county official told *The Washington Post* earlier this year, referring to a \$47.7 million bond issue in 1988 for the construction of three new schools. "Nor can we continue to raise taxes every single year to pay for school construction." Predictably, parents complained about the cutbacks in amenities—after all, they had moved there for the schools. "I just think they have to maintain their standards," a disgruntled parent told *The Washington Post*. But these suburbs cannot maintain their standards. There are simply too many new people who need too much new, expensive infrastructure yesterday—not just schools but also sewer and water lines, libraries, fire stations, and roads.

Whether they moved to these places for rural tranquillity, lovely views, and open space, or for good schools, or for the chance to buy a nice house, or just because they wanted to get away from urban hassles, residents of growing suburbs sense that frantic, unchecked growth is undermining what they value and want to keep. The old paradigm of cities and suburbs as opposites, or partisans in a pitched battle, doesn't explain the relationship between these gaining suburbs and their declining older cousins a few exits back on the highway.

Suburbs are not the enemies of cities, and cities are not the enemies of suburbs. That is the first principle of metropolitanism. Cities and suburbs have a common enemy—namely, sprawl. The cycle described above, of draining the center while flooding the edges, is familiar to almost anyone who has driven from one edge of a metropolitan area to another. It is endlessly repeatable, at least potentially: the center just gets bigger, and the edges move out. Metropolitanism is a way of thinking that might break this cycle.

Alas, the city-suburb dichotomy is alive and well in law and in policy. The result is a tangle of regulations and programs that are excellent at throwing growth out to the edges of metropolitan areas and ineffectual at bringing it back

to or sustaining it in the metropolitan core. One reason the problem of growth has not been solved is that the city-versus-suburb analysis doesn't properly describe it. The metropolitan reality requires different kinds of policies—ones that take connections and the varying impact of growth into account.

THE metropolitanist policy agenda has four basic elements: changing the rules of the development game, pooling resources, giving people access to all parts of a metropolitan area, and reforming governance. These are interlocking aspects of how to create good places to live; they are closely related and can be hard to distinguish. To understand the cascade of consequences that policies can have, consider the policy chain reaction that would begin if the rules of the development game were changed to fit the metropolitanist paradigm. Those rules are mainly the policies that guide transportation investments, land use, and governance decisions, all of which are themselves entangled. Start at one end of the knot: transportation. Major highways, built by federal and state dollars, act as magnets for new development. This has been clear ever since the 1950s, when the interstate-highway system made the suburbs widely accessible and hugely popular. A metropolitanist viewpoint recognizes that these highways will probably pull lots of investment and resources away from the metropolitan core. New development, spawned by highways, will necessitate expensive state-funded infrastructure, such as sewer systems, water pipes, and new side roads. Meanwhile, existing roads, pipes, and sewers, which already cost taxpayers plenty of money, are either not used to the fullest or starved of funds for repair.

A metropolitanist transportation policy might eschew a new beltway and instead direct federal transportation dollars to public transit, which draws development toward rail stations rather than smearing it along a highway, or to repairing existing roads rather than building new ones. That is what Governor Parris Glendening, of Maryland, and Governor Christine Todd Whitman, of New Jersey, have proposed for their states, and what elected officials are working on or have accomplished in the metropolitan areas of Boston, Chattanooga, and Portland, Oregon.

(Continued on page 38)

Arts & ENTERTAINMENT

PREVIEW

DECEMBER
1999

FILM

Silver Screen

Gilbert and Sullivan

DANCE

Balanchine's

Nutcracker

THEATER

Freudian Farce

at Steppenwolf

POPULAR

MUSIC

Allison's

Burning Blues

JAZZ

A Millennial

Marsalis



A SPECIAL ADVERTISING SECTION PRESENTED BY

Jeep

PRODUCED BY LINDA ORZ

ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

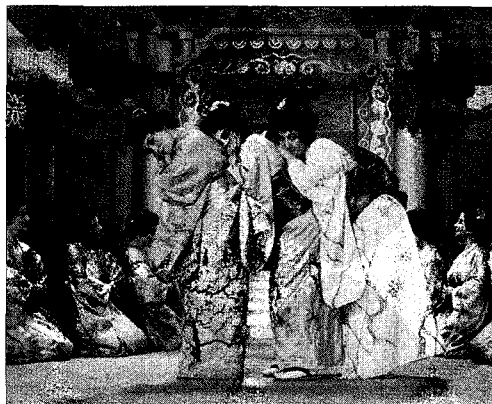
Film

BY ELLA TAYLOR

MODEL OF A MODERN MAJOR MOVIE

In his wonderful new film about Gilbert and Sullivan, the English director Mike Leigh has at last freed himself to write dialogue for the upper classes that doesn't make them sound like buffoons. *Topsy-Turvy* opens at a moment of crisis in the volatile relationship between the two gifted men who reigned supreme over *fin de siècle* British light opera. In the wake of poor notices for *Princess Ida*, Gilbert (Jim Broadbent), an impossibly demanding stuffed shirt, is in full denial of the rut into which his lyrics have fallen, while the more liberal Sullivan (played with open-hearted radiance by Allan Corduner) wants out in order to live hard and compose a grand opera. Leigh has said that he likes to plant a visual treat for his audiences in every film he makes. From its first pomp to its last circumstance, *Topsy-Turvy* is one long treat, as the story unfolds of how this unpromising impasse led to the mounting of the pair's best-loved operetta, *The Mikado*. Leigh's alternately sardonic and tender direction generates a lived-in density that makes you feel you're dropping in on a world that existed before you arrived and will continue once you've gone. *Topsy-Turvy*

humanizes both men and all those whose lives intersect with theirs as the creative process—a crazed blend of egotism, self-sacrifice, lunacy, and overwork—lumpers toward opening night. Broadbent and Corduner's stellar syn-

Opera-ting instructions: *Topsy-Turvy*'s Mikado

chronicity is supported by an outstanding ensemble, including Lesley Manville as Gilbert's timid, endlessly loyal wife; Martin Savage as the drug-addicted comic lead George Grossmith; and Timothy Spall as the hypersensitive chief baritone Richard Temple.

BLOOD FROM A STONE

Docudramas about poverty, whether inspirational or laden with doom, frequently subscribe to the principle that suffering somehow ennoble the victim. The truculent young heroine of Luc and Jean-Pierre Dardenne's prize-winning *Rosetta*, an impoverished transient trying to support herself and her intractably alcoholic mother in a Belgian trailer park, brooks no pity from anyone, least of all herself. Played with almost frightening directness by the sweet-faced Emilie Dequenne (who won Best Actress at Cannes this year), *Rosetta* is a furious loner with a monomaniacal drive to earn her own living and approximate a normal existence. Her life is an endless swim against the tide of her circumstances—so much so that even when she lands a job



On the fence: Dequenne

in a waffle-making establishment, she has to make terrible choices in order to keep it. Perhaps because they've built their careers making documentaries (the extraordinary 1996 *La Promesse*, about the plight of African immigrants in Belgium, was their first fiction feature), the Dardenne brothers understand that for people like *Rosetta* there's no end of story. Shot with a handheld camera, mostly in tight closeup, the movie tracks *Rosetta* as doggedly as she fights her ceaseless lonely battles. Her decisions are shocking, and the film ends with no tidy victory or defeat, only a tentative hope for a meager future.

SWEET TALK

As Woody Allen cottoned on to himself at last? After a fashion. It's no stretch to imagine why the director would create a movie around a man who invokes his own artistic genius to rationalize his caddish behavior toward the people in his life, especially women. In *Sweet and Lowdown* a gratifyingly lightened-up Sean Penn plays Emmet Ray, a born loser with an unappetizing sideline (he pimps to pay the rent) and hobby (he likes nothing better than shooting rats at the dump). He also happens to be an inspired jazz guitarist, second only to the great Django Reinhardt, the very mention of whose name causes Emmet to faint. The lone port in the storm of his drunken life is Hattie (played by the appealing young British actress Samantha Morton), a mute waif with huge eyes and a

bottomless capacity for sandwiches. Eyeing the main chance with infallibly poor judgment, Emmet dumps the loyal Hattie for Blanche (Uma Thurman), a glamorous journalist to whom, as everyone else knows, he is wildly unsuited. Emmet's crazy life unfolds entertainingly as a series of conflicting apocryphal stories, told in pseudo-documentary form by Allen and other real-life jazz aficionados. Bathed in the golden light of nostalgia for the 1920s by the Chinese cinematographer Zhao Fei, the movie is affectionate toward its subject, with a bracing overlay of wry self-recognition on Allen's part—up to a point. As in so many of Allen's recent movies, the weak-willed hero's one true love looks and acts just this side of underage, while the mature woman he hooks up with is a pretentious fraud slumming for kicks.

Ella Taylor is a film critic for LA Weekly.

Sweeties:
Samantha Morton
and
Sean Penn

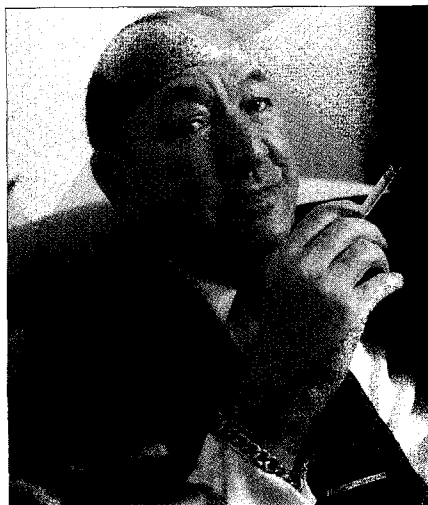


Dance and Theater

BY NANCY DALVA AND JOHN ISEL

WING TIPS

Few productions celebrating the centenary of Noel Coward's birth point up the complexities of his legacy as much as the revival of *Waiting in the Wings*. His end-of-career, critically pasted play opens on Broadway December 16, the one-hundredth anniversary of the birth of the erudite Brit. In the late 1920s and 1930s few could have seen any complexity in a legacy established by such sophisticated comedies as *The Vortex* (1924), *Hay Fever* (1925), and *Private Lives* (1930); by Coward's performances in dozens of plays, films, revues, and musicals; and by such slap-happy satiric songs as "Mad Dogs and Englishmen" and "Mrs. Worthington." The critic Kenneth Tynan assured read-

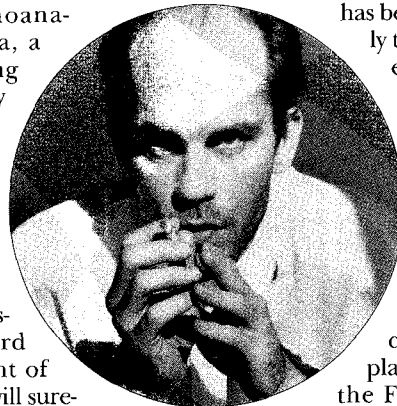


Coward in repose

ers in 1961 that "even the youngest of us will know in fifty years' time what we meant by a 'very Noel Coward sort of person,'" but for Generations X, Y, and Z that prediction has proved false. Fleeting fame, exacerbated by theater's ephemeral nature, was a sensitive issue for Coward. As the postwar English theater turned to a host of "angry young men" in the 1950s, Coward, ever the elitist, insisted on entertaining the troops. His answer to *Waiting for Godot* was *Waiting in the Wings* (1960), set in a home for retired stage divas. It has Coward's typically crisp repartee and vainglorious, grandstanding characters, but reveals a morbid fascination with what happens to legends once the parade has passed by. This month's revival features a top-drawer cast, including Lauren Bacall. The pathos promises to be palpable. —J.I.

STAGE DORA

In *Hysteria*, Terry Johnson's comedy about an imagined last day in the life of Sigmund Freud, the dottering, cancer-struck, morphine-addled psychoanalyst promises Jessica, a young woman seeking treatment, "I shall try to help. But you will please remember you are in my study, not some boulevard farce." Throw in a visit from the surrealist Salvador Dali, a naked lady in the closet, and some standard door-slamming sleight of hand, and audiences will surely forget Freud's advice. Few farces of late have proved as forceful as Johnson's, in both London and Los Angeles. Now the play hits the heartland at Chicago's Steppenwolf The-



Being John Malkovich

atre (December 5-January 22, 312-335-1650), in a production directed by John Malkovich, a founding ensemble member. It's true that Freudian theory has become so contested lately that a concept like penis envy ("Why would anyone envy a squidgy, single-minded proboscis that thinks it's God's special gift to those without?" one character asks) and a book like *Jokes and Their Relation to the Unconscious* are ripe for comic send-up. But the playwright recognizes that the Freudian cliché that a cigar isn't just a cigar makes for powerful theatrical possibilities. After all, on the stage, the fun-house mirror of the arts, nothing is ever exactly as it seems. —J.I.

PLUM PUDDING

The most popular ballet of the twentieth century was a nineteenth-century flop. In 1892 *The Nutcracker* bombed in St. Petersburg, with one first-night critic filing the following gloomy prediction about the Imperial Russian Ballet: "This may soon and easily lead to the ruin of our ballet troupe." Another griped, "The production of such spectacles on our stage is an insult of sorts." It was in a version of this production that George Balanchine danced the Nutcracker Prince at the age of fifteen, and his own pellucid version of the tale for New York City Ballet (November 26-January 2, New York State Theater, 212-870-5570) shows how keenly felt, even in his adult years, were the pleasures and desires of his childhood. (It also shows that he knew he had to give his dancers a lot to do to keep them interested. Even people who are sick of *The Nutcracker* will go to see young ballerinas make debuts in the various tricky variations.) In 1954 Balanchine first served up this perennial

holiday lesson in dreams come true that is also a kind of moral tract for adults. The story was at one time my idea of a perfect evening: It's snowing. You get to go out after dark to a party, while your bratty little brother (who, everyone knows, has wronged you) stays home. At the festivities—an evening of magical entertainments at which you are the guest of honor, recognized for your true heart and valorous conduct—your parents, disguised as the Sugar Plum Fairy and her Cavalier, dance together with perfect decorum, revealing the sublime dazzlement and promise that await you in grown-up, married love. You ride off with your Nutcracker, now transformed into a Prince. Reader, that was my first ballet, and Maria Tallchief was my Sugar Plum. It was a magical beginning then, and for many children, in many places, no matter the version, it is still. —N.D.

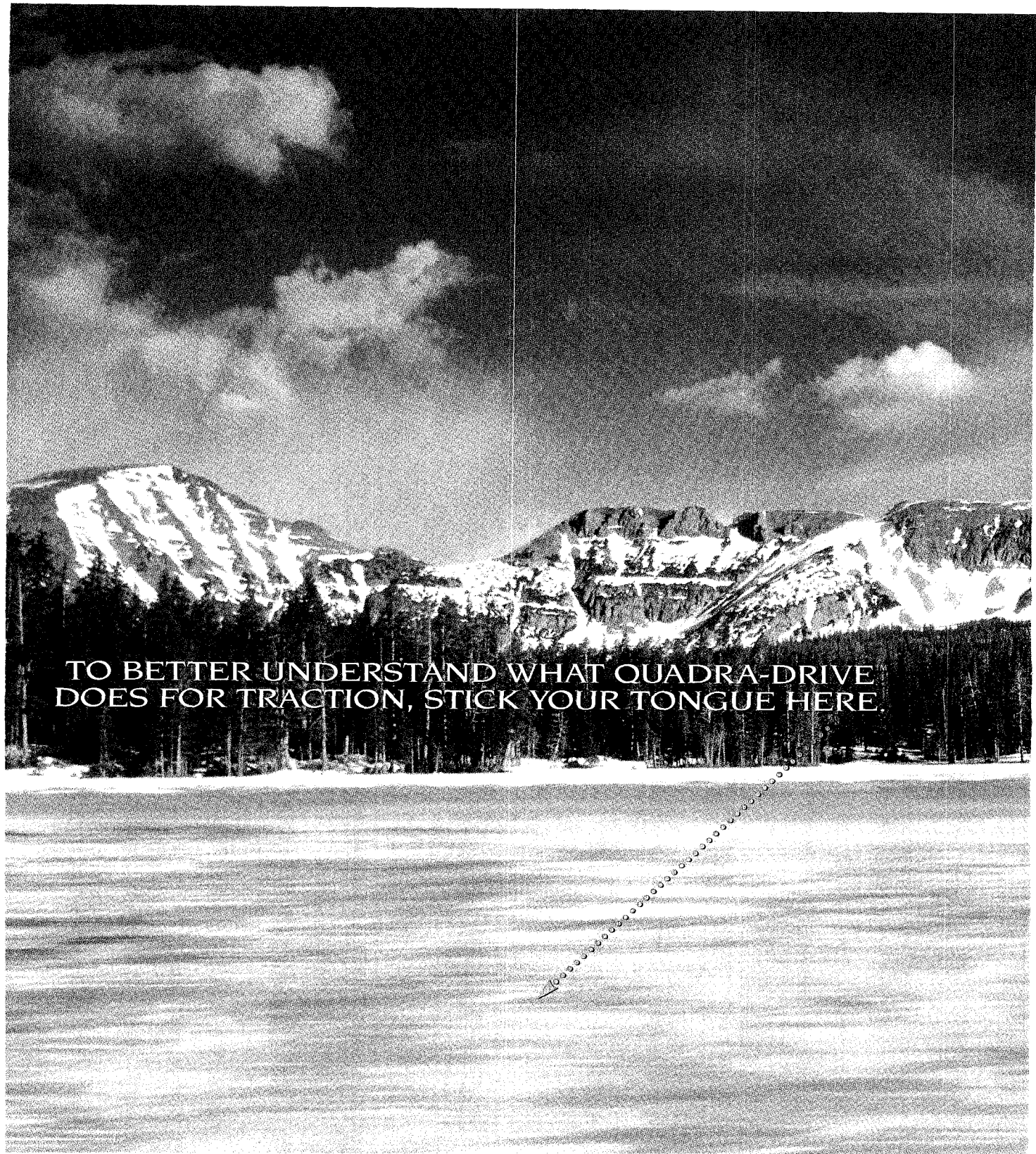


A perfect evening

Nancy Dalva's essays appear in the magazine twice. John Isel is the editor-in-chief of Stagebill.

BRIGITTE LACOMBE

PAUL KOLNIK



TO BETTER UNDERSTAND WHAT QUADRA-DRIVE
DOES FOR TRACTION, STICK YOUR TONGUE HERE.

JEEP® GRAND CHEROKEE

In a Jeep Grand Cherokee, your chances of getting stuck are as remote as the areas you're likely to travel. The reason is Quadra-Drive,* our most advanced four-wheel drive system ever. It automatically seeks out the

wheel with the most traction, then transfers power to it to keep you moving on even the most slippery of surfaces. And, unlike other four-wheel drive systems Quadra-Drive works both rear-to-front and side-to-side for maximum capability all the time. So you can take this 4x4 places where others might be spinning their

*Optional. Jeep is a registered trademark of DaimlerChrysler.



wheels. In addition, Grand Cherokee features a quick-response steering system to handle the twists and turns of just about any surface with ease.

So if you want the sport utility vehicle that's as capable at low temperatures as it is at high altitudes, look into Grand Cherokee at our Web site, www.jeep.com.

Or just simply call us at 1-800-925-JEEP. Either way, you're bound to become very attached to it.

Jeep

T H E R E ' S O N L Y O N E

Popular Music and Jazz

BY BOB BLUMENTHAL AND CHARLES M. YOUNG

RED HOT AND BLUES

Some people burn and some people don't. That isn't fair, but that's the way it is, and a lot of music criticism is simply distinguishing artists who burn from artists who wish they burned. So let's make this simple: Luther Allison burned, and the evidence is there for all with ears to hear on the two-CD *Live in Chicago* (Alligator), a triumphant homecoming concert in 1995. Born in 1939, in Arkansas, Allison was a bluesman of the second generation, old enough to learn in person from Muddy Waters, but a little young to be truly a peer. Achieving national popularity in the late sixties, he saw his career fade as the seventies moved on to funk, punk, and disco. He emigrated to Paris in 1983, and became a major star in Europe while receding into near-anonymity in America—a fate he had nearly reversed in the time between this concert and his death from lung cancer, in 1997. Allison could play devastating blues solos and rollicking slide guitar, and could carry on amazing call-and-response with the audience while his guitar offered stinging and sometimes hilarious punctuation. Also a first-rate songwriter, he sang about men-are-from-Mars-and-women-are-from-Venus issues in refreshingly concrete terms without sacrificing any wit or subtlety. Mostly, though, his appeal was the burn, a wildly infectious enthusiasm that Allison sustained through fast songs and slow, through concerts that lasted well over two hours, as documented here. This was music meant to be played live, with plenty of moths around the flame, and it's highly recommended for anyone in the throes of millennium blues. —C.M.Y.

Burning down the house

Bob Blumenthal is a jazz critic for The Boston Globe. Charles M. Young reviews music for Playboy, Allmusic.com, and other publications.

TRUMPETING THE TURN OF THE CENTURY

It has been the season of Marsalis since May, when Wynton Marsalis began releasing his "Swinging Into the 21st" CD series (Columbia/Sony Classical). These eight volumes confirm that the trumpeter and composer is the most ambitious and industrious of contemporary musicians. Although his fealty to Jelly Roll Morton's complex scores is generally effective on *Mr. Jelly Lord*, calculated arranging touches often inhibit *Marsalis Plays Monk*. The string quartet "At the Octoroon Balls" is more facile than compelling, and *Reel Time* contains an unused film score that, standing alone, is a hodgepodge. Where Marsalis has put his energy and charisma to best use is in maintaining his talented septet of a decade ago and building the larger, equally simpatico Lincoln Center Jazz

Orchestra around it, ensuring a company to interpret his more jazz-centered compositions in the manner of his idol Duke Ellington's ensemble. Numerous Ducal echoes, and more-personal opportunities for the musicians to shine,

enhance the orchestral suite *Big Train*, whereas the music for the ballet *Sweet Release* is less homage-bound and a more compact forum for Marsalis and his featured trombonist, Wycliffe Gordon. Perhaps the most heartfelt album is the eighth, *The Marciac Suite*, featuring longtime collaborators

such as the saxophonists Wessell Anderson and Victor Goines. Thanks to a marketing grinch, though, anyone who wants *Marciac* for Christmas must send in the seven coupons found in the earlier volumes. (*Marciac* is scheduled for wider release in the spring.) —B.B.



Marsalis and his metal muse

WASTE PRODUCT

Just when you think you've heard all the great punk names, along comes Little Jimmy Urine, the lead vocalist of Mindless Self Indulgence, whose debut album, *Frankenstein Girls Will Seem Strangely Sexy* (Elektra), will confirm the fears of all who worry about decadence in popular culture. In attitude and image Mindless Self Indulgence borrows

a lot from great (David Bowie) and not-so-great (Sigue Sigue Sputnik) androgynous glam acts of past decades, endorsing "ultra sex" as the goal of life while expressing contempt for pretty much everything else. Not that Lit-

tle Jimmy is bereft of introspection in his critique of the world. He appears to be genuinely baffled by the question "If I'm so wonderful, why am I so messed up?" in "Kill the Rock." In a year or two Little Jimmy will likely be psychologizing about his problems or dead in a motel room, so the time to get into these guys is now,

while they are still gleefully tromping taboos. Musically there's more substance here than the band would probably admit. The arrangements are tight and fast and grating and disorienting, as Little Jimmy rants about "Cocaine and Toupees," never venturing far from the lower chakras in his subject matter. —C.M.Y.



Jeep

THERE'S ONLY ONE

At the close of the 1900s, join CBS and *Time* as they select one hundred people who made a mark, on "People of the Century: CBS *Time* 100" (December 27, 10:00 P.M.). This special event culminates with the selection of the man or woman of the century. Jeep is proud to sponsor "People of the Century" and other fine programming on CBS, and this edition of the Arts & Entertainment Preview.



For nearly 60 years now, Jeep® vehicles have taken people far beyond the boundaries of the civilized world. To find out just how easy it is to extend your boundaries, log on at www.jeep.com or call 1-800-925-JEEP.

Jeep is a registered trademark of DaimlerChrysler.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

(Continued from page 30)

New businesses and housing developments will be steered toward where people already live and public investments have already been made.

At this point land use comes into play. "Land-use planning" may sound a little soporific, but it is simply a brake on chaos. It allows communities to prepare for growth in a way that avoids gridlock and preserves public resources. It connects the basic places of life: where people work, where they live, where they play, drop off their dry cleaning, check out a library book, buy a box of cereal. A metropolitanist land-use scheme would preserve open spaces and create parks and other public areas, thereby taking big parcels of suburban land off the development market. Where, then, would all the new development go? An enormous amount of vacant land already exists inside the boundaries of metropolitan areas, which generally have developed in leapfrog fashion, with big gaps between one subdivision or strip mall and the next. Parks and open spaces will not fill all those gaps, which could support development—as could the abandoned urban properties known as brownfields.

Land-use decisions can affect how as well as where things are built. Zoning policies can call for transit-oriented development—clusters of shops, apartment buildings, and offices around bus or rail stops, so that people will drive a little less. They can require or at least encourage varied housing near office buildings and supermarkets, so that everyone who works there, from the receptionist to the escalator repairer to the middle manager to the chief financial officer, can live near his or her workplace.

Pooling resources is the second element of a metropolitanist agenda. In most metropolitan areas a new office complex or amusement park or shopping mall tends to confer benefits on a single jurisdiction by adding to its property-tax coffers. Meanwhile, neighboring communities are stuck with some of the burdens of development, such as additional traffic and pollution and the loss of open space. Pooling resources—specifically, a portion of the extra tax revenue from development—means that development's benefits, like its burdens, are spread around. The Twin Cities area has a tax-base-sharing scheme whereby 40 percent of the increase in commercial and industrial prop-

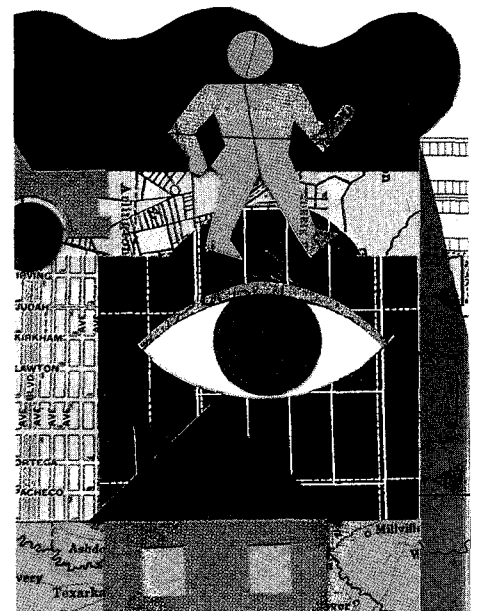
erty-tax revenues since 1971 is pooled and then distributed so that communities without substantial business development are not overwhelmed by needs and starved of resources. In other parts of the country regional jurisdictions have agreed to tax themselves to support cultural and sports facilities; this makes sense, because the entire region benefits from those facilities.

The third element of a metropolitanist agenda is giving everyone in the metropolitan area access to all its opportunities. Access is easy for people with decent incomes and decent cars. They can live where they wish, and they can get from their houses to their jobs without enduring extraordinary hassles. Poor people do not have this kind of mobility.

There are three ways to solve the access problem: make it easier for urban workers to get to suburban jobs; provide affordable housing (through new construction or vouchers) throughout a metropolitan region; or generate jobs in the metropolitan core or at least near public-transportation routes. State and federal governments are now implementing programs that help people to overcome core-to-edge transportation problems, and through housing vouchers are giving low-income people more choices in the metropolitan housing market. Across the country churches and nonprofit organizations are running jitney services and private bus lines to get people to work. A group of Chicago business leaders has called on major employers to weigh affordable-housing options and access to public transit in their business location and expansion decisions. Businesses and nonprofit groups are also trying to bring jobs and people closer together. Housing vouchers administered by nonprofit organizations with a metropolitan scope allow low-income families to move into job-rich municipalities. The nonprofits counsel families about their options and develop relationships with landlords. In the Atlanta region BellSouth will soon consolidate seventy-five dispersed offices, where 13,000 people have worked, into three centers within the Atlanta beltway, all of which are easily accessible by mass transit. After studying where employees lived, the company picked locations that would be of roughly equal convenience for commuters from the fast-growing northern suburbs and from the less-affluent southern suburbs.

The final element of the metropolitanist agenda has to do with governance. Whereas markets and—more important—lives operate in a metropolitan context, our governmental structures clearly do not. They hew to boundaries more suited to an eighteenth-century township than to a twenty-first-century metropolis. Chicago's metropolitan area, for example, encompasses 113 townships and 270 municipalities. This fragmentation works against sustainable metropolitan areas and facilitates segregation by race, class, and ethnicity. Welfare-to-work programs are hindered when public transportation stops at the city-suburban border, for example. Issues that cross jurisdictional borders—transportation, air quality, affordable housing—need cross-jurisdictional solutions and entities that bring together representatives from all the places, small and large, within a metropolitan area to design and implement these solutions. Some such entities already exist: In every urban region in the country a metropolitan planning organization coordinates the local distribution of a chunk of

*Free association is hard
to come by in decentralized environments
Sprawl can create a
cultural agoraphobia
depleting public life*



federal transportation funds. Oregon and Minnesota have established metropolitan governments for their largest urban areas, Portland and the Twin Cities. But informal metropolitan governance, in which local governments coordinate their policies and actions, is possible and efficacious. Also, it's necessary.

METROPOLITANISM is a genuinely different view of the American landscape, and politicians from both parties are beginning to think that a majority of voters might find something to like in it. Like Governor Glendening and Governor Whitman, Governor Thomas Ridge, of Pennsylvania, has laid out land-use objectives for his state that include linking new development to existing infrastructure and encouraging metropolitan cooperation. Governor Roy Barnes, of Georgia, has proposed a strong metropolitanist transportation authority for Atlanta, and in March the state legislature approved it. Governors and state legislators are central to the metropolitanist agenda, because states control an important array of tax, land-use, governance, transportation, work-force, and welfare issues.

Vice President Al Gore clearly recognizes the political potential of this issue and is trying to establish it as one of his signature issues. "We're starting to see that the lives of suburbs and cities are not at odds with one another but closely intertwined," he said in a speech last year. "No one in a suburb wants to live on the margins of a dying city. No one in the city wants to be trapped by surrounding rings of parking lots instead of thriving, livable suburban communities. And no one wants to do away with the open spaces and farmland that give food, beauty, and balance to our post-industrial, speeded-up lives." For more than a year Gore has been talking about America's growing "according to its values," and has even implied that development is not always welcome.

Of course, the idea of cities and suburbs coming together to solve common problems has been around for decades. No one ever before thought of using it to propel a presidential campaign, because the idea of metropolitanism had yet to prove its appeal, in referenda or in elections or in state legislatures. This is no longer the case.

These ideas are only just beginning to

THE FAMOUS GROUSE © (with Bird Device) Blended Scotch Whisky 40% alc./vol. Remy America, Inc., New York, N.Y. © 1999 Mathew Grogg & Son Ltd.



SCOTTISH BEST-SELLER.

**DISCOVER THE FAMOUS GROUSE,
SCOTLAND'S #1 SCOTCH.**

famousgrouse.com/explorers



THE NEW WAY TO FIND OLD BOOKS

If you've

RUN

out of patience, or are just beginning to look

FOR

that hard-to-find book, we'll find it, whether it's hard-

COVER

or paperback, very rare or just plain hard to get.

ALIBRIS

www.alibris.com

The Atlantic connection

ALIBRIS
www.alibris.com

ALTAVISTA
www.altavista.com

AMERICAN COLLEGE OF SURGEONS
www.facs.org

**AMERICAN EXPRESS
FINANCIAL ADVISORS**
800-GET-ADVICE

AUSTRALIAN TOURIST COMMISSION
www.australia.com

BARNES & NOBLE.COM
www.barnesandnoble.com

BOSE CORPORATION
ask.bose.com

BRITISH AIRWAYS
www.britishairways.com

CADILLAC
cadillac.com

CITIZENS FUNDS
800-223-7010

DEAN & DELUCA.COM
www.deandeluca.com

EQUAL EXCHANGE
www.equalexchange.com

JEEP
www.jeep.com

LANDS' END DIRECT MERCHANTS
www.landsend.com

MONDERA.COM
www.mondera.com

**MORGAN STANLEY DEAN WITTER
FAMILY OF FUNDS**
800-THE-DEAN

PACIFICTREKKING.COM
800-565-1399

QUOTESMITH.COM
www.quotesmith.com

REGENTS COLLEGE
888-647-2388

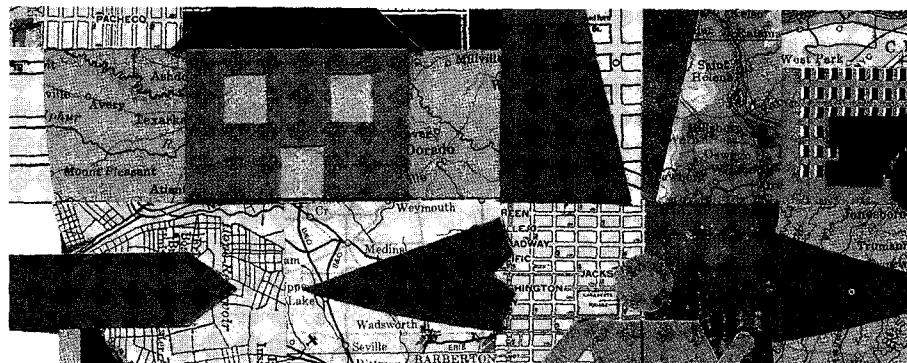
T. ROWE PRICE—IRA ROLLOVER
800-541-8475

TIAA-CREF
www.tiaa-cref.org

TOBY PRESS
www.tobypress.com

TOYOTA MOTOR SALES USA
www.toyota.com

CALL THE TOLL-FREE
NUMBERS AND VISIT THESE
WEB SITES TODAY!
www.theatlantic.com/store



penetrate a recalcitrant real-estate-development industry, however. Christopher Leinberger is a managing director of one of the nation's largest real-estate advisory and valuation firms and a partner in a new urbanist consulting company. He has thought a lot about how the industry works, and he has concluded that sprawl is extremely attractive to the industry, because the kind of development it involves is simple and standardized—so standardized that it is sometimes hard to tell from the highway whether one is in Minneapolis or Dallas or Charlotte. These cookie-cutter projects are easy to finance, easy to build, and easy to manage. Builders like the predictability of sprawl. They know how much a big parking lot is worth, but they aren't sure how to value amenities in older communities, such as density, walkability, and an interesting streetscape. More or less the same can be said of big retail chains. For example, they often overlook the fact that although people in core neighborhoods may have low incomes, they are densely concentrated, which works out to a significant amount of purchasing power. Developers and retailers will have to be willing to think differently if development is to come back to the core. There are encouraging signs. Magic Johnson Theaters, Rite Aid pharmacies, and Pathmark supermarkets are all recognizing that the people left in core communities need places to earn money and to spend it; each of these companies has opened outlets in central cities in recent years. The National Association of Homebuilders has joined with Gore, the U.S. Conference of Mayors, and the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development to encourage the development of a million new owner-occupied homes.

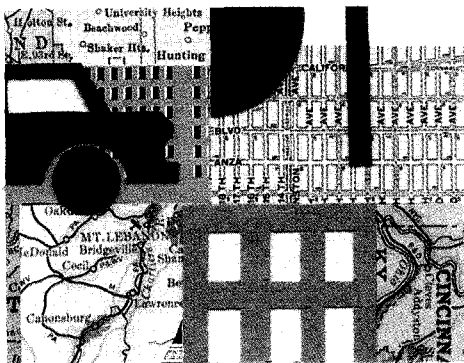
Of course, for the politicians' plans to work and the developers' projects to take off, urban core communities will have to

The image of a beleaguered urban core amid suburban prosperity is giving way to something more complex.

win people over. Unless these places have good schools, safe streets, and efficient governments, people will not move from the edge back toward the center. Some mayors have realized this and are trying to make their cities better places to live. Richard Daley, of Chicago, and Stephen Goldsmith, of Indianapolis, are finding innovative ways to address issues that have bedeviled cities for decades: schools, crime, public services, and taxes. It is hard and often unpleasant work; it means privatizing some services, eliminating others, and ending wasteful patronage. But cities must be ready to take advantage of the opportunities that metropolitanist policies offer them.

ACADEMICS, architects, and bohemians may decry the soullessness of sprawl, but people seem to like it. Why put up such a fight to save dying places, whether they are called cities or older suburbs or metropolitan cores? After all, as people who see no harm in sprawl like to point out, Americans are living on a scant five percent of the land in this country. Why not just keep sprawling?

There are several reasons to defend not cities against suburbs but centeredness against decentralization, metropolitanism against sprawl. One reason to encourage development in metropolitan cores is a familiar one: the people who live there are

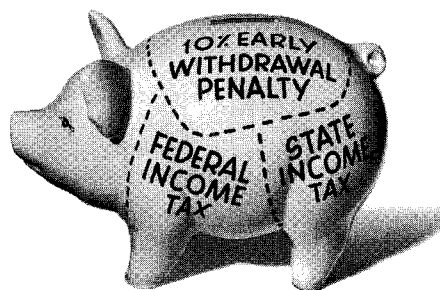


among the poorest in their regions—indeed, in the country—and they need these opportunities and this investment. It is not fashionable to talk about having a moral obligation to poor people, but that doesn't mean that the obligation has disappeared. John Norquist, the mayor of Milwaukee, is fond of saying "You can't build a city on pity"; but disinvestment and the resulting lack of good schools, good jobs, and good transportation options is also impractical. The U.S. economy needs workers, and there are people in the metropolitan cores who are not getting into the work force. The need for workers will only increase as the average age of the population rises. By 2021 almost 20 percent of the American people will be over sixty-five, as compared with about 12.7 percent today. Whatever Social Security and Medicare reforms are enacted, these elderly people will need an abundance of payroll-tax-paying workers to support them.

The aging of the U.S. population will soon make it clear that sprawl is of no benefit to people who cannot drive. For a seventy-five-year-old without a car, sprawl can be uncomfortably close to house arrest. But metropolitan core communities where public transportation is available and distances are shorter between homes, pharmacies, doctors' offices, and libraries are navigable for older people in a way that settlements on the metropolitan fringe are not. Apartment buildings for the elderly are being built in the suburbs, with a variety of services under one roof, and vans to get people from here to there. But there should be choices for elderly men and women who do not want to be segregated from neighborhoods where babies and teenagers and middle-aged people also live.

Unlimited suburban development does not satisfy everyone. Metropolitanism will probably provide a greater range of

Switching Jobs Can Have An Unfortunate Effect On Your Retirement Savings.



**Don't Lose 40% Or More Of Your Retirement Plan To Taxes And Penalties.
Call For Your Free Information Kit Today.**

T. Rowe Price can help. Call for our free kit on managing the payout from your former employer's retirement plan. The kit clearly explains the pros and cons of all the distribution options, so you



can decide what's best for you. Because we'd hate to see your retirement plan go all to pieces.

1-800-541-8475

Invest With Confidence
T. Rowe Price 

For more information, including fees and expenses, request a prospectus. Read it carefully before investing.
T. Rowe Price Investment Services, Inc., Distributor. IRAR050853



Mega Bites

Gift Baskets On-Line

Large (9 lb.) #175016 \$125.00
Small (6 lb.) #175015 \$75.00

WWW.DEANDELUCA.COM

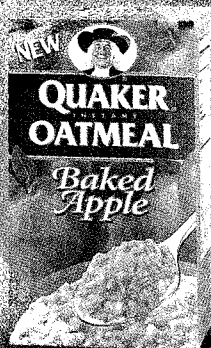
PURVEYORS OF FINE FOOD, KITCHENWARE AND WINE
1 800 221 7714

FOR CORPORATE GIFTS, VISIT WWW.DEANDELUCAGIFTS.COM OR CALL 1 877 826 9243.



Apple Pie?
Oh My.

New
Baked Apple
Quaker® Oatmeal
The taste is causing
quite a stir



©1999 QOC

choices, for the elderly and for everyone else. Policies that strengthen the metropolitan core lead to safer, more viable urban neighborhoods for people who prize the density and diversity of city life. These policies can reinvigorate older suburbs, with their advantages of sidewalks and public transit and a functioning Main Street. And, of course, they allow for brand-new, sizable single-family houses with yards.

It is also possible to argue against sprawl because of a commitment to community. Throughout this essay we have used the word "community" interchangeably with "township," "suburb," "municipality," "jurisdiction," "city," and "place." But "community" also designates a feeling, an ideal—as in "a sense of community," which many people worry that they have lost and would like to re-create. And they are trying to re-create it. Newspaper dispatches from the suburbs of Detroit and Washington, D.C., report that developers are trying to build what people left behind in older places: town centers, with wide sidewalks and big storefronts, where a person can perhaps run into a friend or an interesting stranger and have a place to hang out in public. In a 1998 essay titled "The City as a Site for Free Association," the political philosopher Alan Ryan writes, "If people are to be self-governing, they must associate with each other in natural and unforced ways from which their political association can spring." By "political association" Ryan means involvement in public life and public decision-making. The underlying assumption of a democracy is that this involvement is a wonderful thing. Yet it is unclear whether the new town centers can generate the unforced interactions that make municipalities feel like communities. For all the good intentions of the developers who build them and the government officials who support them, they are not natural centers. They are places where people are invited to go and be social or civic-minded, but, as Ryan says, "Telling people to go to such and such a café in order to promote political cohesion and political activity is like telling people to be happy; there are many things they can do that will make them happy, but aiming directly at being happy is not one of them."

These town centers are actually some of the few places where suburban people might mingle with crowds and see people who are not like themselves. They

are, along with shopping malls, the public spaces of sprawl. Free association, in the sense of unexpected, unplanned encounters that draw us out of ourselves, is hard to come by in decentralized environments. Driving alone or with family members or close friends from one destination to another leaves little opportunity for spontaneity. Sprawl can create a kind of cultural agoraphobia that depletes public life.

Certainly, the outer edges of metropolitan areas are not the only places that are finding public life difficult to sustain. The most depleted neighborhoods of metropolitan cores, with their forlorn "community centers," dingy streets, and empty sidewalks, are not fertile ground for free association either. And yet the architecture and layout of these places are at least supposed to facilitate interaction. Moreover, Ryan writes, there are still "galleries and concert halls, city parks, monuments, and other such places" in our urban cores for

communities to come together, group by group and interest by interest. . . .

To the degree that this is irreplaceable by seeing and hearing it all on television or on the stereo system, it encourages people to understand themselves as members of one society, engaged in a multitude of competing but also cooperative projects. A society that does not understand this about the basis of its cultural resources is a society in danger of losing them. At present, we seem to be such a society.

Suburbs are not new. They have been in existence in the United States since the nineteenth century. But hypersuburbanization, decentralization, and sprawl are new—less than two generations old. Americans are now discovering how hard it is to live without a center. In a typical attempt to move simultaneously in opposite directions, they are moving out but also trying to come back. This is not merely nostalgia for some dimly remembered era of civility and good cheer. People are honestly trying to balance the frantic privacy of the suburbs with some kind of spontaneous public life. By now it seems clear that continued sprawl will make this public life very hard to achieve—at the edges of metropolitan areas, where there are no places to gather, and at the cores of metropolitan areas, where the gathering places are unsafe or abandoned. Is this really a good trade for a big back yard? ☞

**One bowl of oatmeal a day.
Two healthy hearts.
Lots of inner beauty.**



Sydney Clark
Pacifica, California

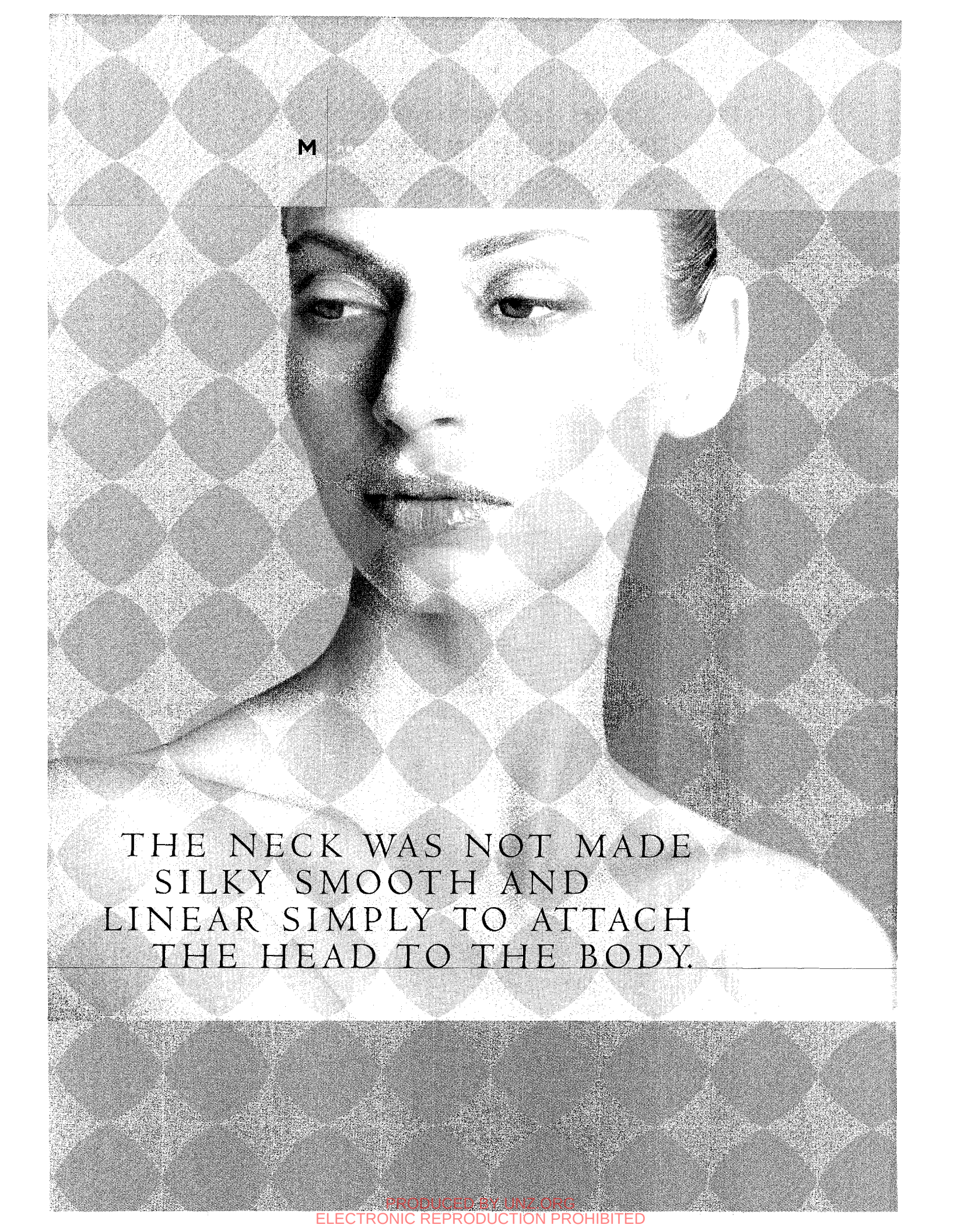
Janet Losinski
Lafayette, Colorado

We ate Quaker® Oatmeal for 30 days, and even though one of us did it in California and one of us did it in Colorado, it helped us both lower our cholesterol 6 points. We may live hundreds of miles apart, but our hearts are in the same place.

© 1999 CFC
Quaker Oatmeal, as part of a low-fat diet, may reduce the risk of heart disease.

and soul





M

THE NECK WAS NOT MADE
SILKY SMOOTH AND
LINEAR SIMPLY TO ATTACH
THE HEAD TO THE BODY.

© 1999 Miadora, Inc.



MIADORA.COM

SAPPHIRE NECKLACE BY TALISMAN \$4,990

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Near North

There have always been good reasons to visit Iceland's exotic desolation, but next year will bring a few new ones

I AM not normally on the routing list for copies of the correspondence between Olafur Ragnar Grímsson, the President of Iceland, and Hillary Rodham Clinton, the First Lady of the United States, but last year a small matter arose that put me on it. The matter was this: at a time when the world's attention has been focused on A.D. 2000, and on such prime millennial destinations as Jerusalem, Nazareth, and Rome, the attention of Iceland has been focused instead on A.D. 1000—the year Leif Eriksson, an Icelander, and his Vikings set sail for the New World, and also the year Iceland

by Cullen Murphy

embraced Christianity. In his letter to the First Lady, President Grímsson wanted to make sure that America was taking note.

In truth, the U.S. government had been developing commemorative plans for some time, but the State Department now moved into a condition of heightened alert. President Grímsson's letter was forwarded to me because the Viking world figures prominently in the comic-strip saga *Prince Valiant*, which I write and my father draws. A copy also went to Chris Browne, the cartoonist responsible for *Hagar the Horrible*.

The role of the American comic strip in

helping diplomats avoid foreign-policy debacles is a gripping story that cannot yet be fully told. Suffice it to say that the ancient Icelandic sagas proved inspirational, and during most of 1999 *Prince Valiant* has taken place in medieval Iceland, where Val ventured at the behest of a beautiful, strong-willed, tart-tongued woman named Gudrid Olafsdottir. Gudrid in the strip happens to be based on Gudrid Thorbjarnardottir, a contemporary of Leif Eriksson's. With her husband, Thorfinn Karlsefni, she made a voyage of her own to North America, venturing as far down the eastern seaboard as Manhattan. She bore a child in North America, the first European woman known to have done so. Later she made a pilgrimage to Rome. There may have been no better-traveled woman in the medieval world.

Researching Iceland's rich history, and watching as my father captured its stark beauty in pictures, kindled an urge to visit Iceland in person—which I did last August, in the company of my twelve-year-old son, Tim. The Icelandic government provided assistance. Summertime is the peak of the tourist season in Iceland, when the days at this subarctic latitude are wonderfully long (sunset on the evening of

Above: two inhabitants of Iceland's southerly Westmann Islands. Below: crevices at Thingvellir mark the boundary between tectonic plates

BRYAN AND CHERRY ALEXANDER; TOP: BOB KRIST



The ABC's of Safety: Air bags. Buckle up. Children in back. Subaru is proud to be associated with Leave No Trace. Outback Limited shown with optional equipment.

THE NEXT GENERATION
OUTBACK

The only thing we didn't improve was the road.



The Next Generation Subaru Outback® Limited. We enhanced the 2.5-liter engine for better performance. Redesigned the suspension for a smoother, quieter ride. And even improved our All-Wheel Drive for more traction and control. So what's left to improve? Just what you drive on. To test-drive



The World's First Sport-Utility Wagon®, stop by your Subaru dealer today. Or visit us at

Our All-Wheel Driving System can handle almost anything the road has to offer. www.subaru.com or call 1-800-WANT-AWD.

SUBARU 

The Beauty of All-Wheel Drive.

June 21 doesn't actually occur until June 22, at 12:03 A.M.; sunrise on the 22nd is at 2:55 A.M.), and the weather is as clement as it will ever be (a typical day is overcast, with moments of rain and intrusions of sun and a midafternoon temperature of 60°). Next summer, of course, will prove especially eventful, as Iceland celebrates the double millennium of Christianity and the Eriksson voyage.

The very name Iceland conjures a sense of distance, but as Leif could have attested, Iceland really isn't all that far from America (it's about two hours closer than London). And, as Tim and I learned on our own journey, it isn't a place that requires an elaborate touring strategy. The starting point will always be Reykjavík, the capital, but most of your daylight hours (the ones you can stay awake for, anyway) should be spent elsewhere—and out of doors. A ten-minute drive from the center of Reykjavík brings you into the countryside, heading for the coastal fjords, the mountain glaciers, and the highland moonscapes of the interior. There aren't many people in Iceland (about a quarter of a million), and there are no castles, no vast collections of art, and virtually no trees. Enjoying the place requires a taste for magnificent topography and exotic desolation, and for weather at its most protean and palpable. A plucky cheerfulness comes in handy, and so does some familiarity with those Viking sagas. W. H. Auden and Louis MacNeice displayed elements of the right attitude in *Letters From Iceland* (1937). A MacNeice quatrain:

The tourist sights have nothing
like Stonehenge,
The literature is all about revenge.
And yet I like it if only because
this nation
Enjoys a scarcity of population

MacNeice and Auden's seemingly out-of-date miscellany of poems, local lore, and epistolary fragments has become oddly timeless. Take it along.

ICELAND was the last country in Europe to appear on the face of the earth, and the last country in Europe to be settled. Whether it is properly "in" Europe remains a matter of argument. The Eurasian and North American tectonic plates have been pulling apart for eons, and Iceland was created by the upwelling of magma between them, which continues. The island is home to more than twenty ac-

tive volcanic systems, and in recent centuries has spewed a third of the world's erupting lava. Geysers and steaming pools abound. The hot water in your hotel room may smell slightly sulfurous.

The fault line between those tectonic plates runs across Iceland from southwest to northeast, and can be explored most hauntingly at a place called Thingvellir, a wide rift valley that has been preserved as a national park. The valley is named for the Althing, Iceland's ancient legislative body and the world's earliest true parlia-



ment; the Althing was first convened here, in A.D. 930, under one of the valley's long, sheer walls. The standard one-day "golden circle" tour of southwestern Iceland always includes a stop at Thingvellir, and Tim and I had signed up for such a tour; first-time visitors probably should do the same, as a means of basic orientation. It will invariably give you too little of too much—still, I would not want to have missed the moment when a guide, from his platform on a footbridge across a chasm dividing "Europe" and "America," began expounding on the subject of Iceland's pivotal role in NATO.

Tim and I came back to Thingvellir the next day by public bus from Reykjavík, a 1:25,000 geological-survey map in hand. We had the park to ourselves. The parallel walls of the valley lie about three miles apart. The spongy green flatland in between, with its grace notes of bluebells and alpine cinquefoil, is deceptive: a foot or so of matted tundra conceals a lava plain. The plain is scored with crevices—twenty feet wide, two or three stories deep, hundreds of yards long—into which you

can descend, with great care. (Auden, on packing for Iceland: "The most essential article is a pair of stout gumboots.") Water runs in many of the crevices, flowing into Thingvallavatn, the large lake at the park's southern end. The flatland is crossed by east-west footpaths marked with cairns. Occasional ruins fleck the site.

We followed the fissures from north to south for the length of the park, emerging at last onto the grounds of the tiny Thingvallakirkja, a nineteenth-century Lutheran church. A Christian sanctuary has stood

*The double cascade of Gullfoss,
the Golden Falls, in southwest
Iceland, where the river
Hvita plunges into a chasm*

on the site since the early eleventh century. In the middle of the sixteenth century, after a theological debate whose finer points included that of an ax blade, Iceland embraced Lutheranism. Next July an ecumenical festival is expected to draw thousands of people to Thingvellir to celebrate ten centuries of Christianity on the island.

The decision to become Christian was made by vote of the Althing (and on condition that baptisms occur in thermal pools, not frigid rivers). Next year's festival will include some Icelanders whom the original voters would never have anticipated. At mass one Sunday in the Catholic cathedral at Reykjavík, attended by what may have been a quorum of Iceland's Catholic minority, the moment came when congregants greet the people nearby. Turning around, I found a long pew full of Vietnamese. Iceland has taken in 160 Vietnamese refugees since 1979—

something of a surprise to the rest of the world, given that the country's human gene pool has been so stable for so long that biotech companies are today vying, in effect, to bottle it. "*Fridur se med ther*," the Vietnamese said in Icelandic: "Peace be with you."

ONE of Iceland's advantages for a visitor is its small size. To be sure, travel by car can sometimes be slow, and a trip around the perimeter, on the country's 900-mile main highway, may take three days. But the country is only about the size of Kentucky, and Icelandair's busy domestic service can get you anywhere by small plane within an hour. Most places are closer. The Snaefellsnes Peninsula, where Jules Verne imagined the cratered entrance to the center of the earth to be, is forty minutes by air from Reykjavík, to the north. Europe's largest glacier, the Vatnajökull, is a fifty-minute flight to the east.

Iceland's international airport lies thirty miles out of town, on the lava wastes at Keflavík, next to the NATO base, but Reykjavík's local airport adjoins the city. After an early-morning cab ride from our

headquarters at the amiable Hotel Borg—one of the few old hotels in Reykjavík, a venerable Art Deco adornment on Parliament Square—we took a thirty-five-minute flight to the Vestmannaeyjar, the Westmann Islands, a volcanic archipelago off Iceland's southern coast. Most of the other people on the plane were Icelandic teenagers on a golf outing to Heimaey, the largest of the islands and the only inhabited one. Above the seatbacks in front of us bobbed the tousled crowns of a dozen towheads.

The Westmann Islands have been in the news twice during this half of the twentieth century. The first time was in 1963, when a volcanic eruption created Surtsey, the world's newest island. The second time was in 1973, when a new volcano sprouted on Heimaey and began pouring lava into the village and its harbor. Most of the island's 5,000 people were evacuated. Now the town is back in business, except that a third of it is covered with a black lava field, and the harbor entrance is a lot narrower (but better, the fishermen say). A dark volcanic mass—Eldfell—looms above the village, wisps of steam

still emerging through its skin; in places the surface is warm to the touch. A rock retrieved from a few inches below ground acts like a bed warmer in your pocket. Eldfell now stands in a row with two other volcanoes—Helgafell, which erupted about 5,000 years ago, and Saeftjall, which erupted a few hundred years before that. All this, together with five other volcanic relics, on an island covering less than six square miles. (And Keiko, the killer whale from *Free Willy*, inhabits an enclosure in the harbor, where he is being acclimated for release into the open sea.)

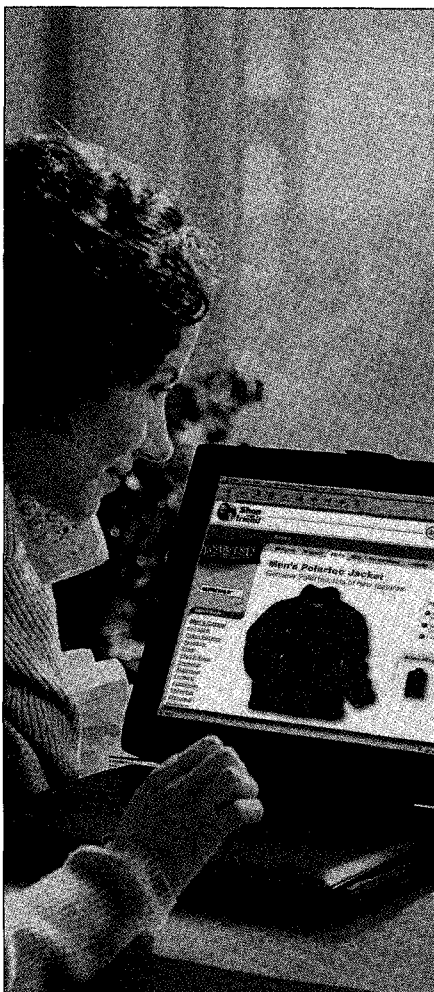
We explored Heimaey by boat for a few hours. Its cliffs, and those of the smaller islands that surround it like a carrier battle group, are the main breeding grounds for Iceland's colony of 10 million puffins. At water level caves large enough to swallow a trawler have been scoured into the palisades. The highest winds ever recorded at sea have whipped around these isles. Back on land we climbed the promontory called Stórkliif—a tough ascent in loose volcanic grit—aided by lines of rope and chain laid down by previous climbers. On the flat, grassy top we savored a moment

Make a special gift more thoughtful.

For all your holiday gift shopping, your local independent bookstore offers much more than just great books. You'll find a knowledgeable, personable staff, people truly interested in helping you find the most thoughtful, special gift. We're BOOK SENSE, a community of over 1,000 independent bookstores, ready to recommend the best in books. Or you can browse the BOOK SENSE 76 National Recommendations. And now we have BOOK SENSE gift certificates that you can send anywhere in the country. So you get the best of both worlds. For the BOOK SENSE bookstore nearest you, call 1-888-BOOKSENSE.



*Independent Bookstores for
Independent Minds*



**Imagine
being able to
shop
with a
friend
3,000 miles
away.**

of sunlit clarity. To the north, on the mainland, the Mýrdalsjökull glacier sparkled. From our vantage point a jagged, mossy spine trailed south, toward the place on Heimae's tail where, in 1627, pirates launched an invasion of the island, murdering many and kidnapping more. The pirates were from North Africa.

That night, back in Reykjavík, over a plate of smoked puffin, Tim and I talked a little about those North Africans, and I tried to explain that Iceland is not as remote as it sometimes seems. Icelanders

REYKJAVÍK, home to about half of Iceland's population, is Europe's northernmost capital, and not an easy place to characterize. The city is part active fishing port, part locus of government, and part cultural and retail center, but no one of these functions dominates its sensibility. Nor does any single modifier: utilitarian, salty, charming, dour, quirky, bourgeois, artsy, droopy, hilly, chilly, youthful—they all apply. It isn't grand, and it doesn't teem. There is no architectural unity (for good or ill, Iceland



themselves rightly insist on the importance of their role in Western culture. The Icelanders, whose language today is the closest of the Nordic languages to Old Norse, produced one of the earliest vernacular literatures in Europe. ("The attitude to the sagas," Auden wrote, "is like that of the average Englishman to Shakespeare; but I only found one man, a painter, who dared to say he thought they were 'rather rough.'") Ordinary people, unbidden, bring up the fact that their country publishes more books per capita than any other. Icelanders are heavy users of the Internet. When Microsoft refused to produce an Icelandic version of Windows '98, on the grounds that the market was too small, Iceland's Ministry of Education and Culture threatened legal action. Microsoft relented.

Building up steam, I mentioned to Tim that in some ways the Vikings could be considered a precursor to the Internet—creating vast webs of commerce and culture that had previously been unthinkable. He took this in, nodded, and said, "They had a very slow modem."

Surtsey, a young volcanic island, can only be glimpsed from afar by tourists. Biologists monitor the arrival of other species

has never had an architectural college). The older buildings are boxy cottages of corrugated iron, colorfully painted. The more modern ones have a biospheric flair, in an attempt to be environment-friendly. Everywhere the heat comes from hot water underground.

Much to Reykjavík's surprise, the city has been designated one of nine "European Cities of Culture in the Year 2000" (along with such places as Helsinki, Avignon, and Bologna), and as a result it will be presenting an unusually large array of exhibitions, concerts, and festivals next year. Reykjavík is not the kind of place whose cultural gravity prevents you from leaving town, but the gravity is strong enough to pull you back for civilized sustenance. There are plenty of fine shops and restaurants, and an unusual selection of small galleries and museums.

The Arni Magnússon Institute, at the

University of Iceland, houses Iceland's important collection of medieval manuscripts, including the *Saga of Erik the Red*, which preserves the story of Gudrid Thorbjarnardottir and other New World explorations. (Such Icelandic exploits will be the subject next year of a Smithsonian exhibit and a two-day Library of Congress symposium.) Tucked into an unprepossessing storefront on Vesturgata, near the harbor, is a tumultuous used-book store, Bokavardan, whose contents seem to have washed up like driftwood. Among old books in German, French, and Icelandic I found a worn copy of *Jubilee: One Hundred Years of the Atlantic* (1957). One sign that any visitor is sure to notice while walking down Laugavegur, the main shopping street, is the distinctive one for the Icelandic Phallological Museum. The exhibition space consists of a single room containing specimens from most Icelandic mammalia. "I am missing only a single species of whale," the curator, Sigurdur Hjartarson, told me, "and man." Asked about future prospects, he shrugged with resignation ("You know, the international ban on whaling . . .") and then brightened, pointing to a photograph on the wall of a farmer named Páll Arason, who lives in Akureyri, in the north of Iceland. Under the picture hangs a signed promise of posthumous donation. Hjartarson said, "He is eighty-four."

Forming the backdrop to Reykjavík, some ten miles north across the bay, is the massif called Mount Esja, its rounded lower slopes mounting more than 3,000 feet toward steep escarpments. We spent an afternoon hiking up and down it through several kinds of weather, peeling off layers of clothing and abruptly throwing them back on. Drifting fog, trapped by the terrain, divulged sinuous ravines and craggy serrations that vanished in the glare of sunlight. Thin rivers converged into waterfalls. From time to time the clouds parted to reveal Reykjavík in the distance, and an oval of golden light out at sea—only to close up an instant later with hard drizzle and a bitter wind.

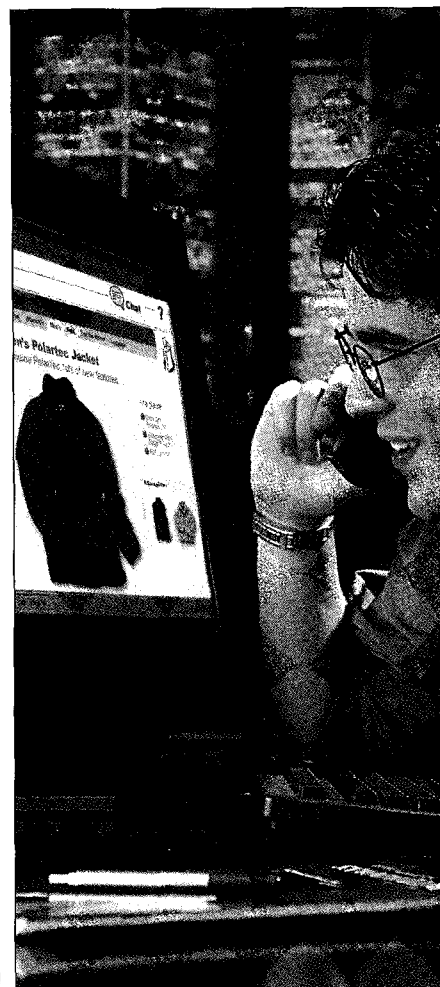
HARD drizzle and bitter wind make for a perfect swimming day at one of Iceland's most celebrated attractions. Every place has a touristy venue that turns out to be just as rewarding as its promoters say it will be. In Iceland it's the Blue Lagoon. Out on the Reykjanes Peninsula, about forty minutes from Reykjavík by

public bus, a power station stands amid the lava wastes, taking in geothermally heated seawater. The mineral-rich runoff—tinted light blue by algae, luxuriously warm and almost hidden by its own steamy atmospherics—collects in an extensive pool carved out of the volcanic slag. A sleek modern clubhouse with locker rooms has been built alongside. The harsher the weather, the more inviting the lagoon. The waters are supposed to possess healing powers. I can confirm only that swimming in them renders a diverse assortment of people—bony British coots, censorious hausfraus, slumming Eurotrash, loud-mouthed American jocks, *Lonely Planet* wanderers, and Icelanders of all ages—into a state of subdued friendliness.

Many international travelers stop at the Blue Lagoon on the way to the airport, as they're leaving Iceland. Next time, I plan to stop on the way in. ☼

Iceland is served by up to five Icelandair flights a day from the United States during the summer. No other carriers make the connection. A large number of Icelandic companies offer short or long excursions to all parts of the island, and outings by every conceivable means of transport—horse, raft, kayak, snowmobile, snow scooter, big-wheel glacier truck, and so on. Arrangements can often be made with a day's notice; the difficulty is narrowing the selection. English is spoken everywhere. The Icelandic Tourist Board can be reached at 212-885-9786 (www.goiceland.org). There are also Web sites for the Leif Eriksson millennium (www.leifur-eiriksson.org), the Christianity in Iceland millennium (www.kristni.is/en), and the Reykjavík 2000 events (www.reykjavik2000.is).

Owing largely to its reliance on imports, Iceland can be expensive—comparable in cost to a major American city. A room for two at the Hotel Borg costs \$240 a night; the Borg is a relaxed and comfortable historic establishment with an extraordinarily helpful staff. The price is similar at Reykjavík's other traditional favorite, the Holt. Dinner for two at one of the better restaurants will easily cost \$60, without drinks or wine. Still, there are plenty of other lodging and eating options. Fresh fish of all kinds is the great strength of Iceland's kitchens, but the best culinary deal in Reykjavík may be the hot dog, available at stands every few blocks. We were advised by a number of people to patronize these establishments, and to insist on having our hot dogs "with everything." I don't know what is in those three or four squeezable condiment tubes (and don't really want to), but the result is without peer in the hot-dog-consuming world.



Only landsend.com lets you shop online with someone else, anywhere else. We call it Shop With



A Friend!™

And it lets each of you, at your own computer screen, simultaneously flip

through our web site. Compare selections together, look at different colors, different outfits.

Try it with a friend, or family, or anyone.



www.landsend.com

© 1999 Lands' End, Inc.



© 1999 Bose Corporation

One is right for you, but which one?

As you may know, our reputation stems from our research into new technologies for better sound reproduction. This research has resulted in many products for almost every application.

Which product is right for you depends upon your listening habits and environment. A selection made without considering these factors too often results in spending more than necessary or getting less than desired.

How can you decide? Call us. Our consultants will recommend the best product for your particular needs and budget. We can send you literature

and direct you to one of our thousands of dealers worldwide who is closest to you and who carries that particular product. Once you hear it, then you can decide if it's just right for you.

Call toll-free: 1-800-ASK-BOSE (1-800-275-2673)

Ask for Ext. 802.

Visit us on the web at ask.bose.com/ca802

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

On the Rez

by IAN FRAZIER

The writer, an admirer of Indian traditions of freedom and heroism, visits an old friend on the Pine Ridge Reservation, explores the place, and discovers a modern-day Indian hero



THIS ARTICLE IS ABOUT THE OGLALA SIOUX Indians who live on the Pine Ridge Reservation, in southwestern South Dakota, in the plains and badlands in the middle of the United States. When I describe this subject to non-Indians, they often reply that it sounds bleak. “Bleak” is the word attached in many people’s minds to the idea of certain Indian reservations, of which the Oglala’s reservation is perhaps the best example. Oddly, it is a word I have never heard used by Indians themselves. Many thousands of people—not just Americans but German and French and English people, and more—visit the reservations every year, and the prevailing opinion among the Indians is not that they come for the bleakness. The Indians understand that the visitors are there out of curiosity and out of an admiration which sometimes reaches such a point that the visitors even wish they could be Indians too. I am a middle-aged non-Indian who wears his hair in a thinning ponytail copied originally from the traditional-style long hair of the leaders of the American Indian Movement of the 1970s, because I thought it looked cool. When I’m driving across a field near the town of Oglala, on the Pine Ridge Reservation, and I see my friend Floyd John walking across it the other way, I stop, and he comes over to the car and leans in the window and smiles a big-tooth grin and says, “How ya’ doin’, wannabe?”

I kind of resent the term “wannabe” (what’s wrong with wanting to be something, anyway?), but in my case there’s some truth to it. I don’t want to participate in traditional Indian religious ceremonies—dance in a sun dance or pray in a sweat lodge or go on a vision quest with the help of a medicine man. The power of these ceremonies has an appeal, but I’m content with what little religion I already have. I think Indians dress better than anyone, but I don’t want to imitate more than a detail or two; I prefer my clothes humdrum and inconspicuous, and a cowboy hat just doesn’t work for me. I don’t want to collect Indian art, though pots and beadwork and blankets made by Indians remain the most beautiful art objects in the American West, in my opinion. I don’t want to be adopted into a tribe, be wrapped in a star quilt and given a new name, honor though that would be. I don’t want to stand in the dimness under the shelter at the powwow grounds in the group around the circle of men beating the drums and singing ancient songs, and lose myself in that moment when all the breaths and all the heartbeats become one. What I want is just as “Indian,” just as traditional, but harder to pin down.

In 1608 the newly arrived Englishmen at Jamestown colony, in Virginia, proposed to give the most powerful Indian in the vicinity, Chief Powhatan, a crown. Their idea was to coronate him a subemperor of the Indians, and vassal to the English King. Powhatan found the offer insulting. “I also am a king,” he said, “and this is my land.” Joseph Brant, a Mohawk of the Iroquois Confederacy, between eastern New York and the Great Lakes, was received as a celebrity when he went to England with a delegation from his tribe, in 1785. Taken to St. James’s Palace for a royal audience, he refused to kneel and kiss the hand of George III; he told the King that he would, however, gladly kiss the hand of the Queen. Almost a century later the U.S. government gave Red Cloud, a victorious war leader of the Oglala, the fanciest reception it knew how, with a dinner party at the White House featuring lighted chandeliers and wine and a dessert of strawberries and ice cream. The next day Red Cloud parleyed with government officials just as he was accustomed to do on the prairie—sitting on the floor. To a member of a Senate select committee who had delivered a tirade against him, Sitting Bull, the Hunkpapa Sioux leader, carelessly replied, “I have grown to be a very independent man, and consider myself a very great man.”

That self-possessed sense of freedom is closer to what I want; I want to be an uncaught Indian like them. When Columbus landed, there were about eleven people in Europe who could do whatever they felt like doing. Part of the exhilaration of the age came from the freedom that Columbus and other explorers were rumored to have found. Suddenly imagination was given a whole continent full of people who had never heard of Charlemagne or Pope Leo X or quitrents or the laws of entail, and who were doing fine. Amerigo Vespucci, the explorer who would provide the name for the continent, brought back news that in this land “every one is his own master.” If this land new to Europeans was the setting, the lives of

these untrammelled people suggested the plot: we could drop anchor in the bay, paddle up the river, wade up the creek, meet a band of Indians, and with them disappear forever into the country’s deepest green. No tyranny could hold us; if Indians could live as they liked, so could we.

The popular refrain about Indians nowadays is that they and their culture were cruelly destroyed. But beyond the sphere of rhetoric the Indians as a people did not die out, awful though their suffering was. Killing people is one thing; killing them off is another. The destruction story gives the flattering and wrong impression that European culture showed up in the Americas and simply mowed down whatever was in its way. In fact the European arrivals were often hungry and stunned in their new settlements, and what they did to Indian culture was for years more than matched by what encounters with Indians did to theirs. By way of the settlers, Indian crops previously unknown outside the Americas crossed the Atlantic and changed Europe. Indian farmers were the first to domesticate corn, peanuts, tomatoes, pumpkins, and many kinds of beans. Russia and Ireland grew no potatoes before travelers found the plant in Indian gardens in South America; throughout Europe the introduction of the potato caused a rise in the standard of living and a population boom. Before Indians no one in the world had ever smoked tobacco. No one in the Bible (or in any other pre-Columbian text, for that matter) ever has a cigarette, dips snuff, or smokes a pipe. The novelty of breathing in tobacco smoke or chewing the dried leaves caught on so fast in Europe that early colonists made fortunes growing tobacco; it was America’s first cash crop.

Surrounded as we are today by pavement, we assume that Indians have had to adapt to us. But for a long time much of the adapting went the other way. In the land of the free, Indians were the original “free”; early America was European culture reset in an Indian frame. Europeans who survived here became a mixture of identities in which the Indian part made them American and different from what they had been before. Influence is harder to document than corn and beans but as real. We know that Iroquois Indians attended meetings of the colonists in the years before the American Revolution and advised them to unite in a scheme for self-government based on the confederacy that ruled the six Iroquois nations. Benjamin Franklin said, at a gathering of delegates from the Colonies in Albany in 1754, “It would be a strange thing if Six Nations of ignorant savages should be capable of forming a scheme for such an union and be able to execute it in such a manner that it has subsisted ages and appears indissoluble, and yet that a like union should be impracticable for ten or a dozen English colonies.” His use of the term “ignorant savages” is thought to have been ironic; he admired the Iroquois plan, and it formed one of the models for the U.S. Constitution.

When I go to Indian reservations in the West, and especially to the Pine Ridge Reservation, I sometimes feel unsure where to put my foot when I open the car door. The very ground is different from where I usually stand. There are fewer curbs,

fewer sidewalks, and almost no street signs, mailboxes, or leashed dogs. The earth here is just the earth, unadorned, and the places people walk are made not by machinery but by feet. Those smooth acres of asphalt marked with lines to tell you where to park and drive that cover so much of America are harder to find on the reservations. If the Iroquois hadn't resisted the French in the 1600s, the Northeast would be speaking French today; if the Comanche hadn't opposed the Spanish, the American Southwest would now be Mexico. The Oglala Sioux reservation, actively or otherwise, continues to resist the modern American paving machine. Walking on Pine Ridge, I feel as if I am in actual America, the original version, which was here before we came and will still be here after we're gone. There are windblown figures crossing the road in the distance who might be drunk, and a scattering of window-glass fragments in the weeds that might be from a car accident, and a baby naked except for a disposable diaper playing in a bare-dirt yard, and an acrid smell of burning trash—all the elements that usually evoke the description "bleak." But there is greatness here too, and an ancient glory endures in the dust and the weeds. Bil Gilbert, the biographer of Tecumseh, the great Shawnee war chief and statesman, says that the Indians of North America resembled the ancient Greeks in their ability to produce heroes, and that both societies considered heroism more important than wealth or power. In American history the names of Sequoya and Osceola and Black Hawk and Roman Nose and Chief Joseph and Looking Glass and Satank and Quanah Parker and Cochise and Geronimo ring like names of heroes out of Homer.

The Western Sioux, also called the Lakota, included seven tribes. Together they never numbered more than 70,000 souls in all, but they have given America and the rest of the world heroes in quantity far out of proportion to the size of their population. Sitting Bull, a warrior and medicine man, became one of the most famous Americans of all time. Spotted Tail, of the Sicangu, or Brule Sioux, was perhaps the greatest Indian diplomat and negotiator. Other Sioux, such as Rain in the Face and Gall and Pawnee Killer, were known mainly for deeds in battle. Among the Oglala the number of heroes is unusually high. First among them is Crazy Horse, the victor of the Little Bighorn, whose determined resistance and martyr's death won him a nearly mystical reputation. Red Cloud, the tribe's leader during the early reservation years, spoke to power in Washington and New York as no Indian had done before. The Oglala chiefs Little Wound and Red Dog and American Horse and He Dog and Young Man Afraid of His Horses attained eminence within the tribe and beyond. Black Elk, the holy man

known worldwide through his teachings in the book *Black Elk Speaks*, was an Oglala and lived on Pine Ridge.

A surprising amount of Oglala culture is the same today as it was in pre-reservation times. The Oglala still produce heroes, even though the wider market for them seems to have waned. If you want to see a lot of combat veterans in one place, go to a Veterans' Powwow in Pine Ridge village on an August afternoon. There's probably more foreign shrapnel walking around the small towns of the reservation than there is in similar towns anywhere else in America; some Oglala families can give you a genealogy of warriors that begins at Operation Desert Storm and goes back to the Little Bighorn and before. The Oglala have always honored warriors, and they honor children as well. The Lakota word for child, *wakanyeja*, translates literally as "the child is also holy." An Oglala hero of recent history was a girl athlete who died just before she turned eighteen. She starred for the Lady Thorpes, the girls' basketball team at Pine Ridge High School, from 1987 through 1991. I have only heard about her and read local news stories about her, but words fail me when I try to say how much I admire her. Her name was SuAnne Big Crow.

Le War Lance

SO Le War Lance and I became friends. I mentioned him in a book; I said that I had noticed an Indian waiting to cross the street in front of my apartment in New York City, that I had asked on impulse if he was Sioux, and that he had replied, "I'm an Oglala Sioux Indian from Oglala, South Dakota." I described a conversation that Le War Lance and I had had on the subject of Crazy Horse and how he had told me, "Crazy Horse was my gran'father!" Le War Lance liked what I wrote about him; he said that I told the truth. I included a photograph of him in the book, and for a while he was carrying a paperback copy around in his back pocket so that he could show the photo to people from time to time. I kept running into him in various parts of the city: by the statue of Garibaldi in Washington Square Park at two in the morning, as I was returning from some party, or on a park bench in Columbus Circle in the middle of the afternoon. He wrote down his phone number for me and added mine to the long list of phone numbers he keeps in his head. He called me often, and he still does. I've known Le War Lance now for going on twenty years. All my other friends I met in school, at work, or through connections from work. Le War Lance is the only friend I have whom I met originally on the street.

Le's appearance has varied over those years. He is about

Years ago the Sioux lands were an immense expanse. The lands have shrunk, leaving behind vestigial boundaries like a drying sea.



Le War Lance at Stronghold Table, site of the last Ghost Dance before the Wounded Knee massacre, in 1890

six feet tall, and he has a broad face rather like the actor Jack Palance's. Le's eyes can be merry and as flat as a smile button, or deep and glittering with malice or slyness or something he knows and I never will. He is fifty-seven years old. I have seen his hair, which is black streaked with gray, when it was more than two feet long and held with beaded ponytail holders a foot or so apart, and I have seen it much shorter, after he had shaved his head in mourning for a friend who had died. He has big hands that can grip a basketball as easily as I can hold a softball, and long arms. He is almost never able to find shirts or coats with long-enough sleeves. I've seen him in fancy tooled cowboy boots, in oversize Italian loafers with metal buckles, and in running shoes; in many different cowboy hats, in knit ski caps, and in snowmobiler caps with fur earflaps. I've seen him fat and thin. For a while he was about 260 pounds, a pro-football heft. Then he became slim and rangy-looking. He told me he was losing weight because he had cancer. I asked what kind of cancer he had, and he replied, "Generic." He told me he would be dead in six weeks, and even gave the date on which he would die, which he said had been revealed to him in a dream. That was about eight years ago. He has gained back a lot of the weight since then.

Le and I have fallings-out from time to time. He often is not a very nice guy. If he has done only a few of the things he says he has done, it's amazing he isn't in jail. (Evidently, he did go to prison for car theft and writing bad checks, back in the early 1960s.) When he's drinking, which is frequently, he tells me all kinds of stories. I don't completely disbelieve any of them. For years I thought his story about jumping off the Space Needle, in Seattle, attached by just a Band-Aid to the end of a bungee cord in a promotional stunt for the Johnson & Johnson company might have a grain of truth in it somewhere. When I reminded him of it recently, he laughed and said that if he told me that, he had just been having fun with me. Other stories that are only slightly less wild have turned out to be true.

He calls me every few weeks, it seems, to ask for money. It's good that he does, I suppose; it keeps me from getting sentimental when I think of him. Even now I can feel that my words want to pull him in a wrong direction, toward a portrait that is rose-tinted and larger than life, while he is pulling the other way, toward reality. Sometimes when he calls, his voice is small and clear, like neat printed handwriting; other times, depending on his mood and how much he's had to drink, his voice is sprawling and enlarged, like a tall cursive signature with flourishes on the tail letters and inkblots and splatters alongside. I have wired him money many times, for more purposes than I can remember—to help a friend who was stranded at a Micmac Indian reserve, in Canada, to resole a pair of boots, to fix a heater, to buy any number of car parts and tanks of gas, to provide a wreath on a coffin, to provide a suit of clothes for a relative who had just died, to buy a used mobile home, to buy steamer trunks to hold the presents at a giveaway ceremony, to pay a DWI fine. After a while the wire-transfer company sent me a good-customer card that lets me take a dollar or so off the service charge. I get a satisfaction from these transactions that would be complicated to explain. Of course, I also often get annoyed. Once, when I said I had no money to send, Le became angry and told me that he would not be seeing me again, that he expected soon to die. Then he told me to "suck on a banana and make it real," and hung up. I didn't hear from him for a year or more after that, and I began to worry that maybe he actually had died. At Christmas I sent a card to his girlfriend's address and inquired about him. Four or five days after I mailed the card, I found a message on my answering machine—Le's voice, the extra-large version, in a rising volume: "Hey, Little Brother, I hear you forgot my *name*!" I played it over several times. I was delighted to hear from him again.

For a while I was seeing Le every few weeks. When he happened to be downtown, he stopped by my apartment, and on weekend afternoons I sometimes made the trip up to Washington Heights, where he was then living with his girlfriend. Most visits we sat around and drank beer and talked and watched TV. Though I didn't meet Le's girlfriend, I met a number of his Lakota friends and relatives who were staying in his apartment. There was a skinny guy with glasses named Will, whom Le introduced as his brother; they looked so unlike that I asked Will if he really was Le's brother, and Will said, "Well, that's what he introduces me as." Another guy, Thomas Yellow Hair, I recognized right away. He was the marcher featured prominently in a big photograph of an American Indian Movement protest march hanging on Le's wall. A guy in a Western shirt and blue jeans who was so thin that his beaded belt seemed to go around him twice Le also introduced as his brother. In this case he really was a brother—Floyd John, born five years and five days after Le. Floyd John said little the first time I saw him. Le told me that Floyd John was a veteran who had served two tours in Vietnam, and that after he had signed up for the second tour, their uncle had given him his own name—Loves

THE POWER OF &.

IT HAS THE POWER TO
UNIFY MAN & WOMAN.

JOIN STARS & STRIPES.

USING THE POWER OF &,
CADILLAC IS FUSING
DESIGN & TECHNOLOGY
TO BUILD VEHICLES
THAT ARE MORE THAN THE
SUM OF THEIR PARTS.



COMBINING UNEXPECTED STYLING
& THE WORLD'S FIRST AVAILABLE
NIGHT VISION SYSTEM TO CREATE
THE ALL-NEW **DEVILLE DTS**.

BRINGING TOGETHER A
MUSCULAR FORM & THE
CONTROL OF **STABILITRAK 2.0**
TO PRODUCE THE **SEVILLE STS**.

FUSING THE BOLD STANCE OF
AN **SUV** & THE EXECUTIVE
ASSISTANCE OF **ONSTAR**
TO FORGE THE **ESCALADE**.

BLENDING SLEEK NEW LOOKS &
A DRIVER-ADAPTIVE
TRANSMISSION TO FASHION THE
RESTYLED **CATERA**.

MERGING THE DISTINCT STYLING
OF A COUPE & THE
RE-ENGINEERED **NORTHSTAR V8**
TO CREATE THE **ELDORADO**.

IN EACH & EVERY INSTANCE,
CADILLAC IS FUSING DESIGN &
TECHNOLOGY TO CREATE VEHICLES
THAT TRULY TRANSPORT YOU.

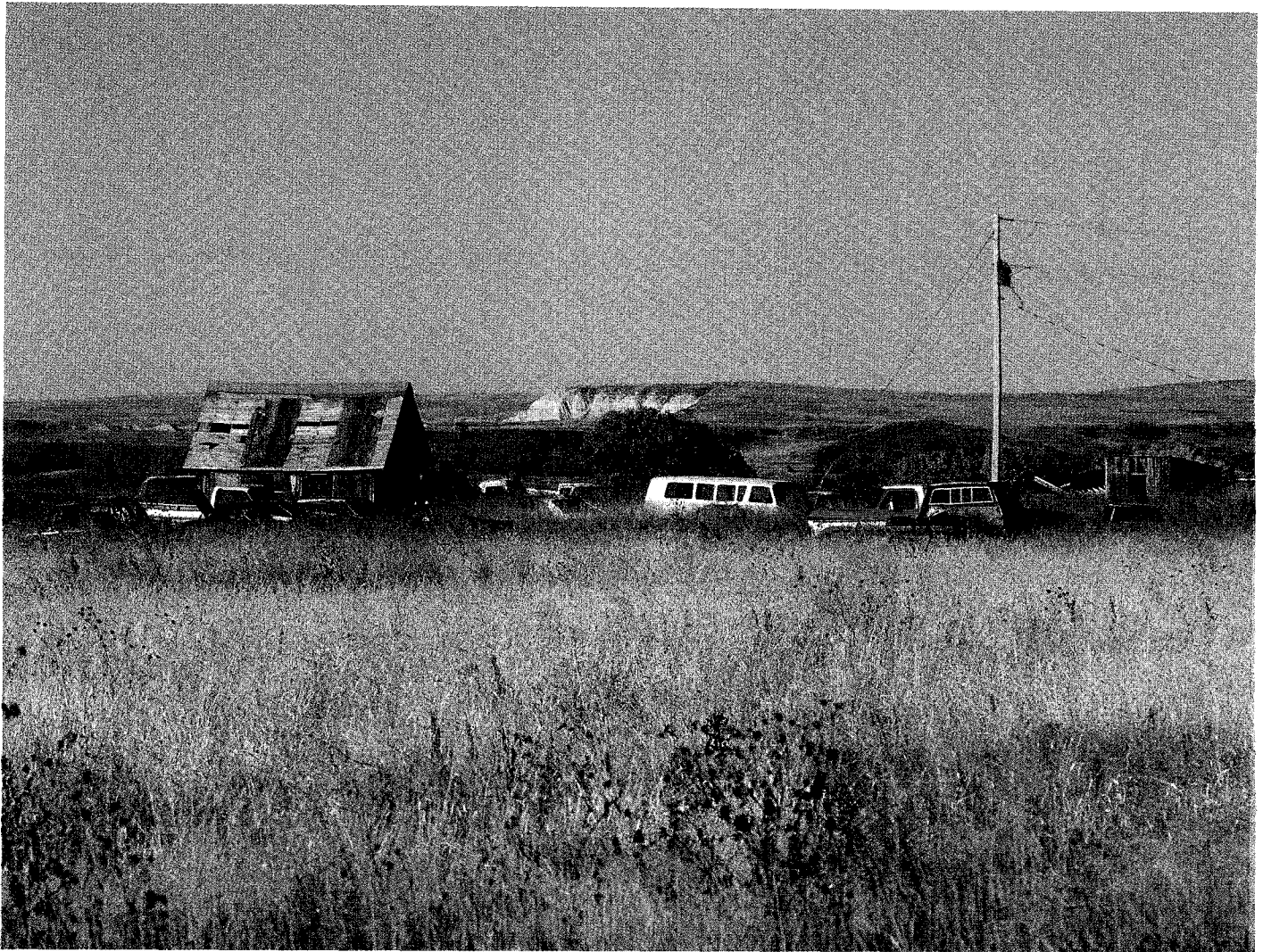
THAT'S THE POWER OF &.

Experience Cadillac design &
technology at cadillac.com

©1999 GM Corp. All rights reserved. Cadillac® Cadillac emblem® Catera®
DeVille® Eldorado® Escalade® Northstar® OnStar® Seville® StabilTrak®

THE POWER OF &
THE FUSION OF DESIGN & TECHNOLOGY





War. To make conversation, I asked Floyd John which branch of the service he had been in. Floyd John said, "Army." He said nothing else to me the rest of the afternoon.

I usually showed up with beer. Once I brought a six-pack of a beer called Moosehead, which I happened to have in my refrigerator because a guest had left it. It was not a brand I would have bought myself. When I pulled it out of the shopping bag, the shouts of derision from Le and Floyd John (who had begun talking to me by then) were something to hear. I might as well have pulled an actual moosehead out of the sack. How could I have been so peculiar as to bring this extremely non-Budweiser, off-brand beer? Le and Floyd John never got over it. They still remind me of that Moosehead incident to this day. If this were 150 years ago and I were an eccentric white traveler passing through the Oglala camps, I have no doubt what my Indian name would be.

When other people were around, Le did not tell yarns the way he often did when we were alone. Mostly we all sat in Le's living room and watched old Western movies on cable TV. Generally Le and the others preferred Westerns to anything else that was on. I did too. My own TV didn't get cable,

A house north of the town of Oglala. "To the north and south are uplands leading to low, chalk-colored buttes that rise from the prairie like molars from a gumline"

and the other channels in New York didn't seem to care about Westerns at all. When I first moved to the city, I complained about this, and pointlessly told people that the only movie I could ever find on television in New York was *Daddy Long Legs*, starring Fred Astaire. Most of my favorite movies are Westerns. That sound of Indians screaming and yipping and firing guns as they circle a wagon train was the basic TV background noise of my childhood.

Perhaps it should have occurred to me that those TV and movie war cries were made by actual people with names. It didn't, though, until I watched Westerns in Le's living room. Often an Indian would cross the screen to tomahawk a soldier, or would catch a bullet and fall, and (depending on the movie) Le or Floyd John would say, "That's Burgess Red Cloud."

"No," the other would reply, "that's what's-his-name, Kills Enemy. Lived over there with Mildred? Was it Bob? Bob Kills Enemy?"



"No, not Bob."

"Burgess Red Cloud was the guy in the buffalo-horn hat in *How the West Was Won*."

"No, man—Burgess wasn't in that movie."

"That guy—*there*—that's Marvin Thin Elk."

"Yeah, that's Marvin."

"That's Vince LaDuke. He played the Indian guy on *Bonanza*."

"That guy that just got shot off the roof—I forget his name—wasn't he the guy the Mennonites gave a trailer house to over by Manderson? Died of alcoholism?"

"I don't know. Now, that guy right there, that's Matthew Two Bulls as a younger man. You can't hardly recognize him. He's the greatest Lakota drummer and singer of all time. Of course, they had to get Victor Mature to play Crazy Horse."

"Victor Mature as Crazy Horse! It's insane!"

One time a face appeared and Le said, "There's Lot Cheyenne! Hang on, Lot!" and both he and Floyd John began to laugh. Le said to me, "Lot Cheyenne lives near where we used to, over by Oglala on the reservation, and he told us about this movie, or maybe it was another one—anyway, him and these other Indians was supposed to attack a wagon train,

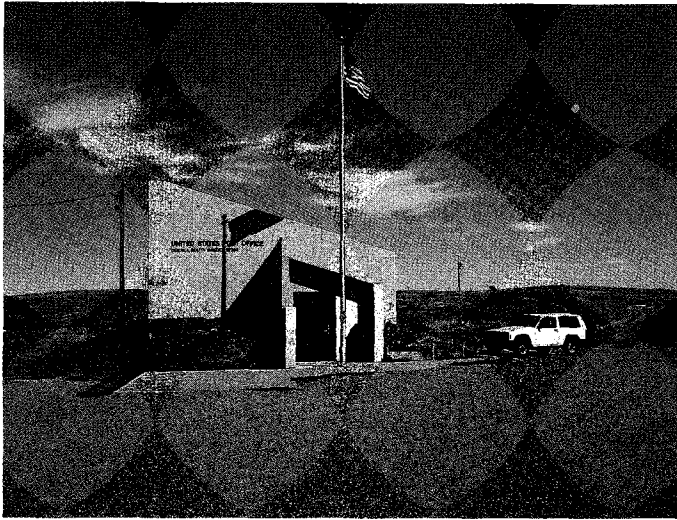
and they all had it in their contracts that they was gonna get twenty-five dollars a day, and if any of them fell off his horse he'd get a bonus of fifty dollars. So Lot and them went riding and hollering up to the wagon train, and a cowboy sticks his head out and fires one shot with a pistol, and immediately all thirty Indians go sprawling off their horses onto the ground!"

A footnote: Thousands of Indians have been in movies. They appeared in some of the first movie footage ever made—starting in 1894 an assistant to Thomas Edison filmed documentary scenes of Indian life and Indian performers in Buffalo Bill Cody's Wild West Show. The first American hit movie was a ten-minute-long Western called *The Great Train Robbery*, made in 1903. It had no Indians, but many films that imitated it did, as the Western became the basic American movie genre. Like the Wild West Shows, some movie directors preferred to use "real" Indians. By that they generally meant Plains Indians like Sioux or Cheyenne. Around 1910 a movie-maker named Thomas Ince brought a group of Sioux to his studio, near Los Angeles, and set them up in a village there so as to have a ready supply. To the many categories of Sioux a new one was added: the Inceville Sioux, as these movie-actor Indians were sometimes called.

Westerns tended to use actors who didn't look even remotely Indian in Indian roles, but Indian actors like William Eagleshirt and Chief Thundercloud and Chief Big Tree and Lois Red Elk and Jay Silverheels played those parts too. Generally their names were pretty far down in the credits, their characters called simply "Indian" or "Indian Brave." John Ford, perhaps the greatest director of westerns, often used the dramatic landscape of Arizona's Monument Valley for the setting of his films. Monument Valley is on the Navajo Reservation, and the Indian actors in John Ford westerns are usually Navajo. In one movie they play Comanche, in another Arapahoe, in another Cheyenne; but whenever background dialogue was required, they spoke Navajo. If you look closely at the Navajo in a John Ford western—for example, when they are Apache waiting along a ridgetop for the approach of the unsuspecting cavalry in *Fort Apache*—sometimes they seem to be trying hard not to smile.

Oglala, Pine Ridge

LE moved from the city to upstate New York, suffered various misadventures including a conviction for DWI, and eventually decided to go back to the reservation. Meanwhile—this was about four years ago—my wife and two kids and I moved to Missoula, Montana. Not long after we arrived, I bought a 1988 Chevy Blazer and drove the 780 miles to Oglala, South Dakota, for the first of many visits to Le and to the Pine Ridge Reservation. When I reached the boundary of tribal land, it was so early in the morning that no one else was about. I had the radio tuned to KILI, the Pine Ridge station, which broadcasts from the reservation near the village of Porcupine. It was playing Lakota singing and drumming. Un-



Oglala Post Office, 57764, a regular meeting spot for Pine Ridge Reservation residents

der an overcast sky the prairie looked drained of color. Here and there I saw burned patches, the black extending in tongues where the wind had pushed the fire. In the middle of one burned patch was a car seat, also burned. A wheel rim with shreds of tire still on it hung from a fence post. Two rows of tires lay flat on the roof of a turquoise-colored trailer, anchoring the roof against the wind.

How many boundaries this reservation has had over the years! About a century and a half ago the lands set aside for the Sioux by treaty stretched from the Powder River in the west to the Heart River in the north to the Missouri River in the east to the North Platte River in the south—an immense expanse in the middle of the continent, covering parts of the present states of Montana, Wyoming, North Dakota, South Dakota, and Nebraska. Since then Sioux lands have shrunk and shrunk again, leaving behind vestigial boundaries like a drying sea. The present reservation, the second largest in the country but only a small part of the Sioux's original holdings, has gone through many bureaucratic changes and transfers of land ownership to people outside the tribe; today some Oglala own parcels that have been divided so often they are measured not in acres but in square yards, feet, and inches.

Past the village of Red Shirt, inside the border of the reservation, the road I was on entered a piece of grassy tableland that declines steeply at its edges into badlands. Locals call this the Red Shirt Table Road. At certain places beside the road the badlands are like an erosion carnival opening at your feet. Travelers on the Red Shirt Table Road, frustrated by its lack

of public restrooms, sometimes pull over, step out, stroll a short distance away from the car, and accidentally plunge into the chasms below. Some of the pillars of rock still have on top a flat piece of prairie the size of a living-room rug, from which the eroded rock face complicatedly descends hundreds of feet to the canyon floor. Some of the monoliths are jagged on top, like newspaper torn against the grain. Others are rounded and smooth, and as shiny as old pants. In places the ranks recede, one eroded gray-and-pink wall of rock behind another, all the way to the horizon. The Red Shirt Table Road is the worst-paved road I have ever driven. Even here on the flat the badlands seem to want to make their point. Sinks afflict the road's asphalt, creating places where you drive down in and then up the other side. Plates of roadway lurch up toward you, bumper-high. Potholes slurp and open wide. Not every road on Pine Ridge or in its vicinity is as bad as this (and this road has since been somewhat improved), but anyone who visits the reservation more than twice learns that Pine Ridge is a difficult place to get to. No major thoroughfare or rail line runs to it, or even very close by.

Within fifteen miles or so the Red Shirt Table Road left the bumpiness of the tableland and became a good gravel surface running straight through an expanse of little bare-top clay hills like gray haystacks and then through rolling prairie with low buttes to the east and west. The road then turned to asphalt again, this section smooth and newly paved. I continued to the junction with Highway 18, turned left, and drove on a mile or so to the village of Oglala. A woman sorting mail in the gray-cement post office told me how to find the house of a woman named Sarah Brave, who told me through her closed screen door how to find Le.

His house stood by a bend in the road with no other houses around, as singular as a letter in an alphabet book. It was a standard government-built house of the kind often seen on military bases or Indian reservations. It was one story, with faded brown siding and a yard run mostly to weeds. Six or eight cars and a pickup truck, in various stages of dilapidation, made a loose semicircle around one corner. I pulled into the rutted mud driveway, opened the door, and stepped out onto a flattened Budweiser can. Le was standing in the yard. We had not seen each other in a year and a half. He greeted me without surprise. We hugged each other and shook hands, and Le felt the pulse in my wrist with his thumb. He said, "*Hoka hey*, Little Brother. I am honored to be in your presence." His breath was Budweiser and a chemical I couldn't place. He was wearing cowboy boots, faded pegged blue jeans, a red cowboy shirt with buttons of blue imitation mother-of-pearl, and a

The four-way in Pine Ridge is the main crossroads of the Oglala nation. "Bullshit Corner" is this corner's unofficial name.



THE GREATEST RICHES
OUR CHILDREN CAN INHERIT ARE
AIR THAT'S CLEAN TO BREATHE AND
WATER THAT'S SAFE TO DRINK.

The 500,000 men and women of America's Electric Utility Companies take great pride in generating electricity more cleanly and efficiently than ever before. And we're furthering partnerships and projects that promote the use of renewable energy. To learn more about our environmental programs, and new ways you can use electricity wisely, visit our website (www.eei.org/enviro/). Together, we can make our children's future that much richer.

AMERICA'S ELECTRIC UTILITY COMPANIES

©1998, by the Edison Electric Institute. All rights reserved.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

neck brace in a color sometimes called "flesh" extending from his collarbone up to his ears. On the front of the neck brace, just above his collarbone, large raised letters said FRONT. He had his hair in a piled-high style I'd seen before. Combined with the brace, it gave him the look of a starched-collar lady from out of the past.

"I was in a car wreck three weeks ago," he explained. "Me and this guy named Archambault that I went to Indian boarding school with was drinking in Whiteclay, Nebraska, and in the afternoon we started hitchhiking back to Pine Ridge. We got picked up by Joe Red Star and Mark Goings, and me and Archambault got in the back seat, and I hadn't hardly got in when them guys floored it and we was flyin' up Highway Four-oh-seven, and then suddenly we was off the road on the right and I looked up and saw the light pole comin' at us. I was yellin' 'Hey, hey, hey!' and we took out the light pole and rolled four times. I went flyin' over the front seat and hit the windshield with the back of my head and shoulders, and I had the top of the car pressed right against my face. Man, there was a whole lot of moanin' and groanin' in that car. It took the emergency-medical-technician guys three and a half hours to cut us out."

Le invited me in, and we climbed the single cinder block he used for a doorstep. His door latch was a green-and-white plastic fish stringer, which he tied to a nail inside. He asked if I'd had breakfast and offered me a beer. I replied that I had quit drinking. He said, "That reminds me—I've got to take my pills again." He produced half a dozen pill bottles of various sizes and shook pills from them into his palm. Hospitably, he first offered a large orange capsule to me: "Want one?" I declined, with thanks. Then he washed them all down with a few swigs of beer. He sat on a stove log and I on the only chair. The amount of stuff in his house overthrew my attempt to take it in. There was a nonworking clock on the wall, and a brown hole near it where the oven pipe used to be, and a cast-iron woodstove, and a plastic milk crate full of silver-tinsel Christmas wreaths, and a yellow hardhat, and a photograph of a statuesque Indian woman in a T-shirt smiling and holding a .357 Magnum revolver ("That's my nephew's wife, Deborah. She's a rowdy from the Fort Apache Reservation"), and a rolled-up section of snow fence, and a poster from the movie *Incident at Oglala*, and a copy of the collected short stories of Ernest Hemingway, and several sports trophies, and the paperwork from Le's recent hospital bills. A door just behind me opened into a room filled several feet deep with suitcases, plastic picnic coolers, backpacks, baby carriers, trunks, and heavyweight canvas tote bags.

I asked if all this stuff was his. He said, "Most of it belongs to my sister Florence. She lived here for a while with her kids and grandkids, until the tribe gave her a new house in a development in Oglala on the other side of Highway Eighteen. Before that my dad lived here. It was his house originally, and they all moved in here with him. It had a fire in '83, and when they fixed it up afterward, they didn't put in no insulation, so when the temperature drops, it can get pretty chilly in here.

When winter comes, I'll just get me a fat woman and let her sleep on the windy side."

Back in the yard he led me on a brief tour of the accumulated cars. All of them, according to him, were much closer to being drivable than they appeared. He kept saying, "Oh, it'll run. Put a new battery and a windshield and a new set of tires and some gas in it, and it'll run." Then he said, "Let's go—I'll take you to see my mom and dad." We got in my car. He did not put on his seat belt, but I insisted that he put on his seat belt. We headed north, on the road I had driven from Red Shirt Table. I asked him if anyone on the reservation called him Le. I knew that his birth name was Leonard Thomas Walks Out; Sarah Brave had referred to him as Leonard. "There's people here who call me Le or Laid-Back, but most call me Leonard," he said. "Or Lenny. And there's still a few real old-timers who remember when I was the baby of my family, before Floyd John was born. One old lady, Leonora Fast Horse, saw me at the post office the other day and said, 'Look! It's Baby Leo!' I mean, here I'm goin' on fifty-five years old!"

After about three miles Le directed me onto a grassy track leading off to the right. In the high weeds next to it were pieces of a broken guitar. The track led onto a low rise with a barbed-wire fence around a small plot of gravestones and crosses set back from and above the road; it would be hard to spot if you didn't know it was there. I took off my baseball cap and walked quietly as we entered the cemetery grounds. The more Le talked, the quieter I became. On this little patch of earth a vastness of suffering and disaster had converged. Among the murders, suicides, and car accidents the headstones could not describe, these three seemed central to Le's life:

Albert C. Walks Out. February 23, 1933–August 3, 1957. An older brother. Heroic soldier in the Korean War. On leave, stopped to help some Indians whose car had a flat tire. Beaten to death with a tire iron.

Elizebeth Walks Out. May 22, 1906–April 7, 1958. Le's mom. Died as a result of an accident on Highway 87 between Rushville and Whiteclay, Nebraska. "She had gone over there shopping with Amos Red Paint and they ran out of gas and they were pushing the car by the side of the road when a bootlegger from Whiteclay with no headlights ran into them from behind. She got both her legs cut off and died seven days later. My dad, Asa Walks Out, lived to be ninety-one. He died just last summer. We buried him on top of her, but we don't have a marker for him yet."

Asa Elda Walks Out Jr. March 7, 1935–February 14, 1959. "My mom died eight months after Albert, and Elda—we called him Eldee—died ten months after my mom. Eldee was just out of the Army and he could kick anyone's ass. He didn't even care if he got his own ass kicked once in a while. He'd get back in the car with his nose all bloodied and say, 'Well, at least I got the anger out of me!' He was running my dad's spread near here, and me and him had gone up to Rapid to buy sixteen hundred pounds of cattle feed, and we were coming back in the pickup drinking whiskey and beer, and he started

ROW 12

ROW 11

ROW 10

ROW 9

It's amazing what a few extra inches of space can feel like on an airplane. Introducing Economy Plus, a new concept in seating from United. By removing a row of seats from our planes, we're creating a section with three to five more inches of legroom per seat. The program has already started, and will be in place in the majority of our U.S. fleet by April of 2000. Soon, you'll be experiencing wide-open spaces before you even leave the ground.

 **UNITED IS RISING™**
www.ual.com

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

telling me that he'd made a terrible mistake. He said he had married too young and in a Catholic ceremony and now he couldn't get out of it, and he was in love with a fifteen-year-old girl. So we got back to his place and I was outside unloading the truck when one of his kids come running out of the house saying, 'Mommy and Daddy is fightin'.' So I picked the kid up and comforted him and went inside and asked what they were fightin' about, and Eldee said, 'We're not fightin', we're just talkin'.' Then he takes me out in the yard and says, 'She won't give me a divorce. I'm goin'.' I said, 'Where to? I'll go with you.' He says, 'Where I'm goin' you can't follow. Take care of my kids.' He gets a rifle out of the truck and I think, Whoa, I better get the kids back in the house. I go in and right away I hear BLAM—he shoots himself right in the head. I run out and he's flat on his back and blood is gushing from his forehead eighteen inches in the air.

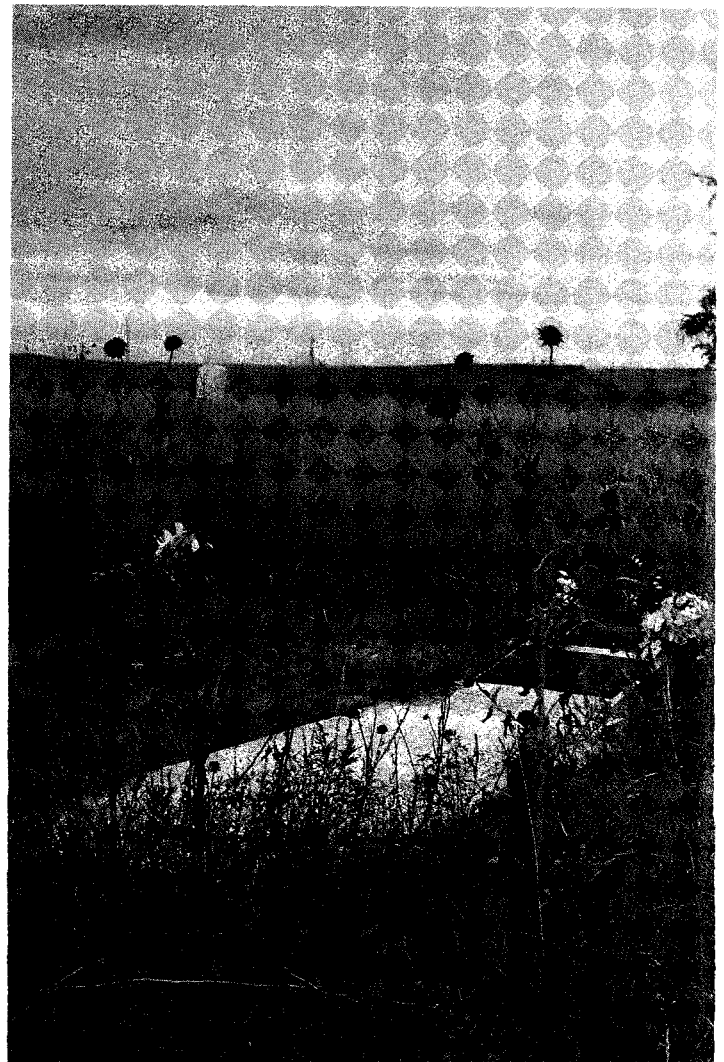
"After that I went crazy for a while, writing bad checks. I got caught, went to prison, got out, stole a government truck, ended up back in prison again. When Eldee shot himself, I was sixteen years old."

Le closed the cemetery gate, pulling on it hard, and he latched it with its barbed-wire latch. Then we drove back the way we had come. As we approached his house, Le said, "Floyd John ought to be awake by now. Let's go eat up his food." We drove on, and he directed me to turn onto a puddled road just past the Loneman School. The ruts were deep and the car jounced, and Le's neck caused him to wince with each jounce. The going got muddier and muddier. I stopped and shifted into four-wheel drive. The ruts then split up into an every-man-for-himself profusion across a mudflat, and I must have guessed wrong, because soon I was roaring across it at maximum rpms, slewing back and forth, going nearly sideways sometimes, and hurling up flying mud around me like a magnetic field. Floyd John heard us coming—anyone would have—and he was standing outside his green tar-paper shack as we squished to a stop in his yard. The car had mud on the hood and the windshield and the side windows. I turned off the steaming engine. Floyd John walked to the car, looked me over, and asked, "Well, bro, are you likin' the rez as much as you liked New York?"

"Tell me, Floyd John—when are they going to finish building the subway out to your house?"

"Any day, any day. The king snakes and the bull snakes are workin' on it right now."

FLOYD John had put on some weight since I'd last seen him, and now he walked with a limp and used a cane. He began to tell me how he had been working on a modular home over at the air base by Rapid City, and a wall had fallen on him and crushed his hip. Then he described which new benefits this entitled him to. The paperwork of it, between agencies of the state and the federal government and the tribe, was so complicated that I couldn't have kept up if he'd explained it to me five times. Le asked him if he had any red beans with hot



sauce we could eat, and Floyd John said he had no food in the house. He wasn't due to pick up his commodities for a couple of days. He said that his girlfriend, Wanda, who worked for the tribal police, was due to get paid that afternoon. He climbed with difficulty into the back seat, and we roared and crawfished our way back to the paved road.

First we stopped at the Oglala post office, so that Le and Floyd John could check their mail. The postmaster usually has all the mail sorted and in the boxes by 10:30, a time known thereabouts as "mail": "I'll see you tomorrow morning after mail." Not many on the reservation get their mail brought to where they live; most people have to go in and pick it up, either from a post-office box or by asking at the window for general delivery. In the later years of Red Cloud's life his two-mile trip to the post office and back was the big event of his day. At 10:45 in the morning the rutted lot by the Oglala post office was full of idling cars, some of them making plenty of noise and smoke. Le and Floyd John got out and exchanged a few words with the woman in the station wagon next to us. Then they went into the building and came out again in a second, disappointed and blue. "Nothing," Le said. "A lot of days there's



Le War Lance at the cemetery near St. John's Episcopal Church, north of Oglala, where many members of his family are buried

nothing. I usually check it anyway. You never know. A few weeks ago I got a letter from the attorney general of New York, saying that he wasn't gonna come after me and make me go to jail as long as I never set foot in New York State again. It was a pretty friendly letter, all in all."

Like many of the other cars, we then pulled out of the post-office lot and headed for the village of Pine Ridge, fifteen miles away. Pine Ridge is the largest town on the reservation. The center of tribal government is there, and the reservation headquarters of the U.S. Bureau of Indian Affairs, and the Indian Health Services hospital. Many days on the reservation include a trip to Pine Ridge. The road from Oglala follows the valley of White Clay Creek much of the way. For some distance the creek bottom and a reservoir are on one side, and then the creek crosses to the other. To the north and south are uplands leading to low, chalk-colored buttes that rise from the prairie like molars from a gumline. Groups of the yellow pines

that give Pine Ridge its name fit themselves into the upland creases and folds. On unsettled days cumulus clouds pile up for miles above. We passed a tepee made of white canvas, a tepee made of weathered white plyboard, a Quonset hut, a Seventh-day Adventist church. Trailer homes and one-story houses appeared here and there, mostly set far apart. Wherever their driveways met the road, deltas of muddy tire tracks spread across the pavement.

A rise brought us in view of the Pine Ridge water towers (most towns on the reservation have a water tower fixing them in place, but Pine Ridge has four), and the rise after that showed a slow line of cars below us moving toward the traffic light at the intersection of Highways 18 and 407, in downtown Pine Ridge. The intersection has had a traffic light for only five years or so. Before, it was a four-way stop. People on the reservation called it "the four-way," and many still call it that today. The four-way is the main crossroads of the Oglala nation. On one corner is a wooden bench whose back is a square concrete planter containing weeds and a small pine tree. A large concrete pot full of earth nearby was perhaps once intended to grow flowers. People sit on the bench and cross their knees and

Handles curves, rain, ice and snow.



So agile, it can even handle the skeptics.

Independent front and rear suspension. Advanced anti-lock brakes. And traction control, standard on all Jaguars. They however the road – or the weather – turns. Because while we're happy to design our interiors with the finest burl walnut

Call 1-800-4-JAGUAR or visit www.jaguar.com/us. Remember, always wear your safety belt and secure children in the back seat. © 1999 Jaguar Cars.



give the Jaguar XJ8 exceptional agility, precise steering and a controlled yet responsive ride,
and Connolly leather, we believe the ultimate comfort is feeling in control of any situation.



THE BLENDING of ART and MACHINE



Pine Ridge, South Dakota: "Most towns on the reservation have a water tower fixing them in place"

talk for hours, just as old men used to do years ago, long before the bench and the flowerpot, telling about the time Queen Victoria kissed them when they were young children in England with Buffalo Bill. "Bullshit Corner" is this corner's unofficial name. On another corner is the Pine Ridge post office, which shares a large brick building with an auditorium called Billy Mills Hall, where most of the important indoor community gatherings are held. On another corner is a two-story brick building containing tribal offices and the offices of the Oglala Department of Public Safety—the tribal police. Floyd John got out and went to look for Wanda there. On another corner is a combination convenience store and gas station that then was called Big Bat's Conoco and now is called Big Bat's Texaco. Le and I parked and went in.

In Pine Ridge, Big Bat's is the place you go. If you're just passing through or visiting, you go to Big Bat's because it's one of the few places on the reservation that look like what you're used to in paved America. Big Bat's has a big, highway-visible red-and-white sign, and rows of pumps dispensing gasoline and diesel fuel, and full-color cardboard advertisements affixed above the pumps, and country music playing from speakers in the canopies overhead; inside, it has the usual brightly lit shelves of products whose empty packages will end up on the floor of your car, and freezers and beverage coolers set into the wall, and a deli counter highlighted in blue neon and staffed by aproned young people who use disposable clear-plastic gloves to put cold cuts on your six-inch or twelve-inch submarine sandwich, and video games, and TV monitors just

below ceiling level showing CNN or country-music videos, and plastic tables and window booths where you can sit and eat or just sit, and a row of pay telephones. If you live on the reservation, if you're not just passing through, you go to Big Bat's because that's where everybody goes.

Big Bat's is always busy. No other small-town place I know of has such a plentiful and varied clientele. There are Indians, of course, of all blood degrees, full-blood as well as almost blond. Employees of the tribe and of the Bureau of Indian Affairs and tribal politicians come in for breakfast and for coffee afterward, prolonging conversations that are elliptical and hard to eavesdrop on. Drunks who have been up all night nurse cups of coffee they have bought with change, and use the john. There are truck drivers running overweight and avoiding the weigh stations on the main roads, Oglala teenagers in groups of four or five wearing the colors of Denver street gangs, Methodist ministers on their way to local volunteer jobs, college professors leading tours of historical sites, TV crews shooting documentary footage, Mormon missionary ladies in polyester raincoats with scarves tied around their heads. In the summer tourists multiply—mid-Americans wearing clothes so casual they might as well be pajamas and toting large video cameras, and fiftyish English couples having those bitter, silent arguments that travelers have, and long-haired New Age people smelling of patchouli oil, and Australian guys with leather Aussie hats and lissome girlfriends, and college kids from Massachusetts singing in a fake-corny way songs they just heard on the radio in their van, and black families in bright sportswear, and strangely dressed people speaking Hungarian, and ash-blond German women backpackers in their early twenties effortlessly deflecting the attentions of various guys trying to talk to them, and Japanese people by the occasional busload, and once in a while a celebrity with an entourage. Observers who noted about a hundred years ago the disappearance of the American frontier have turned out to be wrong: America will always have its frontier places, and they will always look like Big Bat's.

Le and I each got a twelve-inch club combo sandwich with everything, including jalapeños, and a medium soda. Total cost: \$10.62. The sandwiches lasted all day, because half was enough to fill us up, and we saved the rest for later. We sat at a table and ate, and Floyd John and Wanda joined us. Wanda was a short, unsmiling woman with long hair parted in the middle. She wore a heavy shirt unbuttoned like a jacket over a dark pullover and blue jeans. Her wary eyes took me in at a glance when Floyd John introduced us. He said she was the only person on the reservation who knew how to run the computer

*We entered the cemetery. The more Le talked, the quieter I became.
On this patch of earth a vastness of suffering had converged.*

You'll find the lowest term life rates in America at Quotesmith.com or we'll overnight you \$500. More pleasant surprises now include instant automobile, family medical, group medical, Medicare supplement and dental insurance quotes from over 300 insurance companies!

**\$250,000 Term Life Sampler
Guaranteed Annual Premiums/Guaranteed Level Term Period**

Female Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 103	\$ 125	\$ 145	\$ 183	\$ 205
40	\$ 123	\$ 158	\$ 185	\$ 238	\$ 260
45	\$ 190	\$ 215	\$ 253	\$ 330	\$ 385
50	\$ 253	\$ 290	\$ 363	\$ 490	\$ 495
55	\$ 365	\$ 413	\$ 550	\$ 835	\$ 1,015
60	\$ 503	\$ 615	\$ 845	\$ 2,135	\$ 2,400
65	\$ 775	\$ 975	\$1,593	\$ 3,900	\$ 3,900
70	\$1,338	\$ 1,600	\$2,970	\$ 7,220	\$ 7,220
75	\$2,275	\$ 4,870	\$5,820	\$10,370	\$12,420

Male Premiums

Age	10 YEAR	15 YEAR	20 YEAR	25 YEAR	30 YEAR
35	\$ 123	\$ 138	\$ 165	\$ 223	\$ 253
40	\$ 148	\$ 183	\$ 225	\$ 288	\$ 335
45	\$ 225	\$ 300	\$ 360	\$ 450	\$ 513
50	\$ 338	\$ 455	\$ 525	\$ 743	\$ 828
55	\$ 500	\$ 670	\$ 768	\$ 1,640	\$ 2,330
60	\$ 783	\$ 990	\$1,335	\$ 3,630	\$ 3,630
65	\$1,330	\$ 1,650	\$2,693	\$ 5,250	\$ 5,250
70	\$2,473	\$ 3,175	\$4,860	\$ 8,790	\$ 8,790
75	\$4,400	\$ 7,443	\$9,600	\$13,260	\$15,030

"Quotesmith provides a list of all insurance companies & plans that match specific needs. The first to make available this new custom -search service." - *Nation's Business*

"Get quotes on the spot. New source for best buys in insurance. One way to get to know the market." - *Kiplinger's Personal Finance*

"Quotesmith.com provides rock-bottom quotes." - *Forbes*

"Quotesmith keeps a database of about 350 insurance companies." - *Good Housekeeping*

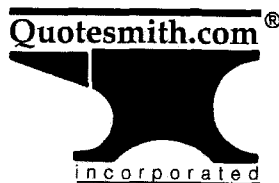
"Quotesmith offers particularly thorough searches." - *Los Angeles Times*

"Quotesmith will scan the insurers and provide a list of different policies suited to your needs." - *Money*

"This solution has value for those who value immediacy and privacy." - *U.S. News & World Report*

Quotesmith.com is the only place on earth where you can get instant insurance quotes from over 300 top-rated companies.

Search the marketplace in seconds. Every quote is guaranteed accurate. Take control of your insurance purchase decisions. View the latest claims-paying ability ratings from A.M. Best, Duff & Phelps, Moody's, Standard & Poor's and Weiss Ratings, Inc. on every term life quote. Buy from the company of your choice online when you want and without having to talk to any insurance salesmen! Avoid buying mistakes and bad advice. Use the Quotesmith.com high speed insurance price comparison service before you buy or renew any insurance policy. It's lightning fast, easy and free.



Quotesmith.com

AD CODE: TAM 12/99

Final premiums and coverage availability will vary depending upon age, sex, state availability, hazardous activities, personal and family health history. The non-tobacco use premiums shown above may include: Banner Life Ins. Co., Rockville, MD, form RT-97; Empire General Life; Birmingham, AL, form TL-06; Jackson National Life, Lansing MI, form L1665; First Penn-Pacific Life, Hoffman Estates, IL, form BT-1002AA(2-96); Control #B98-198(3/98); General Life, Edwardsville, IL, form 70006; Midland Life, Columbus, OH, form T376 & T678; Ohio National Life, Cincinnati, OH, form 92-TR-1; Old Line Life, Milwaukee, WI, form 80-RCT 79D; Old Republic Life Ins. Co., Chicago, IL, form 8-1077; Valley Forge/CNA, Chicago, IL, form V117-333-A Series; Premium rates shown are not applicable to residents of FL, NJ & NY. Policy forms vary by state. \$500 lowest price guarantee not available in SD and has specific terms and conditions detailed at www.quotesmith.com. California and Utah dba Quotesmith.com Insurance Services: CA #0827712, #0A13858; UT #90093. Some premiums shown are graded premium life policies and/or term-like universal life policies. Term life premium rates always escalate after initial rate guarantee period.



system for the police department. Wanda accepted this without comment; as we talked, she mostly listened, adding only a remark or two in a small, clear voice quieter than a whisper.

Le turned to three guys seated at a table next to ours and began talking to them in Sioux. He stopped for a moment to introduce me to one of them, who he said was his cousin, but I didn't catch the name. Floyd John joined the discussion, which went back and forth and seemed to be verging on an argument. After the three guys had left, I asked Le what it had been about. "White guys dancing," he said. "My cousin was saying that there was too many white guys dancing at the sun dances on the reservation last summer. Him and his friends think letting white guys or any non-Indians in ruins the ceremonies. They don't think outsiders should be allowed even as helpers or water carriers. They say that you let white guys buy the food and the firewood, the way some sun dances do, and then you've gotta let 'em dance, and then pretty soon people who don't know anything are running the whole ceremony. And he's right that there was *hundreds* of white guys goin' to the sun dances last summer. But I say if a person's heart is good, let him participate in a respectful way. There's non-

Morning customer traffic at Big Bat's Texaco, in Pine Ridge, "one of the few places on the reservation that look like what you're used to in paved America"

Indian people that love the sun dance and are really sincere. You just have to be sure that you have elders and medicine men who run the ceremony as it's supposed to be."

A hundred years ago Oglala who continued to practice their traditional ceremonies despite the government's ban did so in secret, for fear that white people would find out and shut them down; today the fear is that white people will find out and want to join.

THE first afternoon I spent on the reservation can stand for many: we went to Big Bat's, gassed up, got supplies, and drove around. That day Le and Floyd John wanted to show me around the reservation, which meant a lot of driving, but being on the reservation almost always does. Two thirty-two-mile round trips between Oglala and Pine Ridge in a day are not uncommon. Then there are the longer drives, up to Rapid City to see doctors or relatives; to Chadron, Nebraska, to take a



television to a repair shop; to Hot Springs, South Dakota, to drop Floyd John off at the veterans hospital; to see a medicine man who lives miles off the paved road. It seemed as if every time I looked at the gas gauge, it was falling back to empty, and every time I checked the odometer, I had added another 300 miles. The Oglala may have lost the prairie vastnesses they used to hunt, but they are still obliged to roam. The supplies we picked up beforehand were usually beer. Afternoons almost always began with a trip to Whiteclay, a mile and three quarters from the town of Pine Ridge. Selling alcohol is illegal on the reservation but legal in Nebraska.

The reservation landscape is dense with stories. As we drove around, Le told me some of them, and Floyd John occasionally joined in. In the valley of the White River northwest of Oglala, on paved roads and gravel roads near where they grew up, Le said, "I was riding over this bridge one night with the He Crow boys when we saw a ghost. We heard the hoofs of a horse climbing out of the creek bottom, and then the sound came onto the road right in front of us, and there wasn't nothin' there. Then just for a second we saw the face and body of this Indian rider. The ghost said, 'Hey'—and man, did we

go gallopin' hell for leather out of there! We didn't stop till we reached the ridgetop. I never laughed so hard.

"That flat ground above the creek over there is where Francis Slow Bear died. He was playin' cards one night at his brother's cabin, back in the hills, and he decided to walk home, and everybody told him to stay till morning, but he went anyway. It was late November, and a blizzard hit. A cowboy found him the next morning, froze to death just above his cabin. He had got lost in the blizzard, probably snow-blind. His tracks showed he had walked in circles before he died.

"The people who lived in that house raised a deer. It grew up big and used to run with their dogs and chase cars. One day it heard the call of the wild and disappeared. . . . My aunt Rose White Magpie lives back there. There's a black pickup truck in her yard that was in the movie *Thunderheart*. . . . Just the other side of the hill is where somebody shot down the FBI helicopter that was lookin' for fugitives after the FBI guys was killed near Oglala back in 1975. . . . The guy in that house sent away to the *National Enquirer* for a white woman, and he got one, too." (Floyd John: "He didn't *send away*. He just mentioned in a story they did about Pine Ridge that he was lookin' for one, and a woman over in Europe somewhere read it and came here and met him and married him."). . . . "That's where Uncle John Bank lived. He always drank Four Roses whiskey. . . . That was Spencer Crow's place. Spencer was our fat guy. Every town on the rez has its fat guy, and he was Oglala's. He weighed four hundred and seventy pounds.

"That's where Lyman Red Cloud lives, old Chief Red Cloud's great-grandson. That's where the Young Man Afraid of His Horses family lives. . . . Vera Good Lance's . . . My sister Aurelia's . . . The sun-dance grounds . . . Somebody dumped three fifty-five-gallon barrels of toxic waste in that schoolyard a few weeks ago. . . . That's Tobacco Road, where the Tobaccos lived. . . ."

After a stretch of silence Le added, "But August, 1977, was the really sad time on the reservation. They ran out of black crepe in all the stores around here, and all the women on the reservation were cryin'."

"What happened in August, 1977?" I asked.

"What *happened*? Elvis died!"

ONE morning when I had nothing else planned, I walked around the town of Whiteclay. Whiteclay, site of so many fistfights, and of shootings and beatings and stabbings. Next-to-last stop of so many cars whose final stop was a crash. Junkyard, dusty setting for sprawled bodies, vortex consuming the Oglala Sioux. Sad name to be coupled with the pretty name of Nebraska.

A man who worked for years as a bartender at the Jumping Eagle Bar, in Whiteclay, once spread his ten fingers before me and showed me the many scars on his hands from fistfights he'd been in there. He said he often broke up fights with a pump handle, and kept a loaded shotgun hanging behind the bar. So many mournful Oglala stories have Whiteclay at their

end. When I was a kid, I liked movies about Wild West towns, those saloon-filled places where a cowboy riding in on Main Street always heard raucous laughter, and a gunshot or two, and glass breaking, and the tinkling of a barroom piano. Whiteclay is a Wild West town survived into the present which shows how uncongenial such a place would really be. In Whiteclay decades of barroom violence have smashed all the saloon windows and mirrors and broken all the stools over people's heads, and now no bars remain. Elsewhere Indian bars bolt stools and other furniture to the floor and serve drinks only in flimsy plastic cups that can't be used as weapons. Whiteclay has gone even further: there are abandoned houses and grain silos where you can drink protected somewhat from the weather, but the town's liquor sales are now all carry-out. Today no commercial establishment in Whiteclay allows its customers to drink indoors.

Whiteclay is two rows of stores and houses that line its main street, Nebraska Highway 87, for about a block and a half. The side streets are all unpaved. Some of the buildings are of wood, with porch roofs extending over the dirt sidewalk and high false fronts like town buildings in western movies. Others are made of cinder blocks, with thick windows of opaque glass bricks or small, slitlike window openings with bars and steel mesh imprisoning red-neon Budweiser signs. About two dozen people live in Whiteclay. The town has four stores that sell alcohol—beer and malt liquor only. It also has a Napa auto-parts store (now closed), a Big A auto-parts store (also closed), a car-repair shop that sells auto parts, and a convenience store that sells some auto parts. There's a post office, a secondhand store, two grocery stores, and a pawnshop. Some of the buildings on the main street are boarded shut. A wreckage of beer cans and bottles and other miscellany—a broken shopping cart, a baby's shoe—accumulates in drifts here and there.

Even at 9:30 in the morning Whiteclay effervesces and bubbles as if acid were eating it away. On this particular Saturday there were loud cars cruising slowly, laughter, shouts. A group of tall men drinking twenty-four-ounce beers stood by the side door of the Jumping Eagle Inn, which is not an inn but a package store. Two gray-faced women in heavy plaid flannel shirts conferred by the side of the road and then smiled together and set out at a walk. Because Whiteclay is within walking distance of the reservation, the town usually has a lot of pedestrians. When the crowds get too big or unruly, the Nebraska Highway Patrol comes and makes everybody who's on foot walk back across the Pine Ridge border. Groups of evictees stagger along the highway out of town; when they see the Nebraska patrolman leave, they come back. Nebraska police officers made

fifty-six alcohol-related arrests in Whiteclay in 1997. Whiteclay businesses paid almost \$88,000 in Nebraska state liquor taxes in 1997, and another \$152,000 in state sales taxes, and most of their customers came from the reservation. But Pine Ridge residents jailed in Nebraska can't really get treatment at state-subsidized alcohol-treatment centers. Those facilities are intended only for Nebraska residents.

Seen from the air Whiteclay would look like a small appendage to a multi-acre expanse of junk cars. The junkyard, on the prairie behind the Arrowhead Inn, is enclosed by a rambling fence made of corrugated iron alternating with chain-link mesh. The fence is permeable, and the cars provide some of the customers of the Arrowhead Inn with places to sit as they drink. Women too preoccupied with drinking to be called prostitutes accompany men into the junkyard in exchange for a car radio or a bottle of wine. Large auto junkyards like this one are a common feature of Western towns that sell alcohol on the borders of Indian reservations.

POWWOW

EVERY summer in early August, Pine Ridge opens out like a road map unfolding, as people begin to arrive for the big tribal powwow. First you see one motor home with an unfamiliar license plate, then you see three, then ten. They have lawn chairs strapped to the back or the roof, and they're emblazoned with brand names—Tioga or Itasca or HitchHiker or Wanderer. Suddenly the village seems enlarged—a spread-out encampment rather than a small town. Here and there cars are pulled off the pavement alongside the road, and people in shorts, carrying cameras or binoculars, are stepping through the sagebrush in the fields. A pale bunch of teenagers sit on the curb outside Big Bat's licking ice-cream cones, making a row of white knees. At the cement picnic tables west of town a family of seven—two white-haired oldsters, blond dad, blonde mom, and three blond children—carefully lay out seven places for a picnic lunch. Then they sit, hold hands, and bow their heads in prayer; their extra-long motor home has Utah plates.

Some early arrivals pitch tents and set up campsites among the trees just west of the powwow grounds. There are two-man and four-man high-tech nylon tents in luminous shades, and old-fashioned canvas tents, and several white-canvas teepees with pennants of colored cloth hanging from the ends of the tepee poles. People indicate their campsite boundaries with low fences made of wooden stakes connected by twine or by strips of yellow-plastic tape bearing the words POLICE

Many Oglala stories have Whiteclay at their end. It is a Wild West town that shows how uncongenial such a place would really be.



The H & M Mini Store, in Whiteclay, Nebraska: "Many mournful Oglala stories have Whiteclay at their end"

LINE DO NOT CROSS. Next to many tents are stacks of freshly split firewood. The tent neighborhood grows, and soon acquires at least two sketchy streets with many vehicles parked along them here and there. One morning the big tractor-trailer trucks begin to arrive—first the stock trucks, with the steers and bucking horses and bulls for the powwow rodeo, and then the long caravan of carnival attractions and rides.

The sound of foreign languages on the streets of Pine Ridge during powwow time raises this place to a category of its own among mid-American towns. It reminds you that Pine Ridge village is also the capital of a nation, one that receives emissaries from far away. The fascination that many German people, for example, have with the Oglala had seemed merely odd to me until I saw Germans and other foreigners at the powwow. They were excited, all eyes and ears and electronic gadgetry, and they made what surrounded them seem exciting. I reflected that the moment in history when white people and Native Americans first discovered each other was so momentous and fateful and even thrilling for each culture that some of us feel compelled to re-enact it again and again. The powwow's mood of curiosity about the Other wasn't limited to the visitors' side. One evening during powwow week I went for a walk along a dirt road in an out-of-the-way part of the village, and as I came down into a little hollow, I met five or six Oglala boys sitting on bicycles. By accident or on purpose they were in a line across the road, blocking it so that I had to stop. Along the road on both sides midsummer foliage screened out all other sights and sounds; we could have been on any creek-bottom road on the Plains. The boys looked at me with unblinking dark eyes. Then the biggest boy, straddling his bicycle and bumping it back and forth between his knees, said to me, "Where did you come from—Europe?"

By Wednesday afternoon of powwow week Pine Ridge was jumping. The rodeo was going on—the "Old Man Events," for cowboys forty-five and older—and the powwow itself would

begin that evening. Wherever you looked, near or in the distance, you saw people, and yet somehow at no single place did they constitute a crowd. Many had dressed up for the day's events; even more had not. For a while I just went around checking out what people wore. A group of Oglala veterans who would march in the powwow's grand-entry parade stood talking next to an olive-drab van with white lettering on its sides listing the names of battles in Vietnam. They had on berets, service patches, medals, and feathers; one guy was in crisp jungle-camouflage fatigues, his trousers bloused below the knee into jungle boots of olive nylon and shiny black leather. On his head he wore a black baseball cap with a single eagle feather on a leather thong hanging down behind. As I looked at him, he nodded back at me and asked if I was a veteran. One of his companions had a clipboard with a list of names; they needed more guys to march in the parade. I said no, I wasn't, and I half slunk away.

I saw a young woman in dark-purple jeans, a silky black blouse, sunglasses, and silver earrings in the shape of baying coyotes, her straight black hair hanging well below her waist and held by a single tie between her shoulder blades; a young man all in denim, from his jeans to his sleeveless vest to his oversize Superfly-style denim cap, on which was pinned a large button that read I LIKE A GOOD BEER BUZZ IN THE MORNING; limping Indian rodeo riders with their identifying numbers still attached to their backs, and orthopedic bandages peeking out from their shirts at the wrist or wrapped around the outside of their blue jeans at the knee; a slim young man in a black T-shirt with white lettering that said MY HEROES HAVE ALWAYS KILLED COWBOYS; old Indian men in light-colored Western dress shirts with dark string ties, their hair slicked back; old Indian women in flouncy, many-colored Spanish-style skirts with their hair piled up high and held by combs; little girls in buckskin dresses decorated with elk's teeth; a big, long-haired man wearing a blue-and-white head rag, narrow, reptilian sunglasses, a loud Hawaiian shirt unbuttoned over his stomach, and a heavy chrome-silver watch chain looped from his belt to his right front jeans pocket; and a curly-haired man with a drink-ravaged face, a beaded belt that said BULL PLUME, a yellow-straw cowboy hat, pegged jeans, and pointy-toed cowboy boots cut off below the ankles, so that they resembled slippers with high heels. Of course, most people had on the usual shorts, T-shirt, and sneakers combination of the summer fairgoer, which made the exotic getups look even better.

All the activity—the rodeo, the vehicles and horses, the thousands of strolling feet—stirred up a great dust that rose above the village and hung high in the air. Late in the day, as the sun declined, it illuminated the dust and gave the sky a reddish tinge. Pinkish-red light glowed on the western sides of the Pine Ridge water towers. The carnival rides began, and neon tubes in soft shades lit up on the whirling armatures of the Tilt-A-Whirl and the Mad Hatter's Tea Party. The carnival's three electric generators roared. Speakers on the façades of the rides

played loud rock-and-roll music, and as I stood at a point with speakers on one side and generators on the other, I decided there wasn't much difference between the two sounds.

I went into the powwow grounds, passing through a gate in the chain-link fence that surrounded it. Admission was free. At the center of the grounds, and at the center of the powwow, is an open space about forty steps across, where the dancing competitions and other ceremonies and contests are held. A circular structure, poles supporting a roof, encloses this space. Spectators gather under the structure as if at a theater-in-the-round. Some stand or sit on the ground, but most sit on folding lawn chairs they have brought. The best way to observe a powwow is from your own lawn chair, and you may feel a bit unmoored and not quite present if you haven't got one. Outside the ring of spectators is a kind of circular promenade lined with booths selling Indian tacos and crafts and lemonade. Many powwow-goers occupy this zone, walking round and round.

I did not know for sure what was going on. No program notes had been provided; as at most powwows, events seemed to proceed by spontaneity, with a tacit understanding among the main people involved. A tribal official was talking at great length on the loudspeaker, allowing himself many weighty pauses. The spectators remained attentive to the still-empty powwow circle, as if expecting that at any minute something would materialize there. After a while the drum groups, from Pine Ridge and other reservations, began to arrive. A group of men in matching ribbon shirts carried a flat drum the size of a truck wheel to a place near the announcer's booth, and a minute later they had set it up and had started to drum and sing.

The men sat on metal folding chairs in a circle around the drum, hitting it hard with leather-wrapped drumsticks and singing a traditional song in loud, high-pitched unison, above which a single higher voice occasionally rose. Full dark had fallen by now, and the overhead lights had come on, but many corners of the powwow grounds were half lit or in shadow. Shadows made it hard to see all the faces of the singers. In a circle around them intent white people watched and listened, some holding microphones to catch the sound. The observers' faces were wide-eyed, but the singers, as they leaned into the light and back out of it, had their eyes screwed shut and their mouths wide open in song. Some of the singers held a hand to one ear to plug it, the way musicians in recording studios do. They sang at full voice, from deep inside themselves, all of them hitting each note and word with vehemence and at exactly the same time. The singing, a survival from hundreds of years ago, filled the arena and echoed to the prairie sky.

Elaborately feathered dancers entered the powwow circle for the men's Traditional Dance competition. The crowd of spectators standing behind the rows of lawn chairs grew, and those in back couldn't really see. The view from there reminded me of a crowded exhibition of famous paintings I went to once in a museum in New York City: occasionally a gap in the throng would occur, and through it would come a

dazzling glimpse of color and form; then the ranks would close and all I could see was the backs of people's heads again. At a less crowded spot I worked my way to the front. The dancers were all going counterclockwise, each dancing as if alone, stepping to the drum music, some crouching down low. All of them had numbers pinned on like those worn by rodeo riders or distance racers; the powwow judges would award cash and other prizes to the best dancers in each category and subcategory. A dancer came right by me. He was a big man, and in his costume—turkey-feather bustle three feet across, feathered anklets, feathered gauntlets, beaded headband, tall roach made of a porcupine tail atop his head—he seemed magnified in every dimension, almost a spirit-being. Then I saw the wristwatch he had on beneath the gauntlet, and the sweat on his temple, and the concentration in his eyes.

Now I wanted to be someplace quiet and empty. I maneuvered through the crowd and went past the taco and lemonade stands, out the gate in the chain-link fence, through the field full of parked cars. The carnival had shut down, and the rock-and-roll no longer played, and only one generator still purred. I walked to downtown Pine Ridge, past the tribal building, up the hill to the old hospital, and onto the open field with a jogging track that some people call the Path the Doctors Walk On. I went half a lap around and sat down. The grass was damp; dew had begun to fall. I could hear the amplified voice of the announcer at the powwow. Then his voice stopped, and the only sound was the singing and drumming. It came through the darkness high and strong and wild, as if blown on the wind. It could have been ten voices singing or it could have been a thousand. At moments it sounded like other night noises, coyotes or mosquitoes, or like a sound the land itself might make. I imagined what hearing this would have done to me if I were a young man from Bern, Switzerland (say), traveling the prairie wilderness for the first time in 1843. I knew it would have scared and thrilled me to within an inch of my life.

SuAnne

ONE afternoon Le and I were driving on Highway 18 in Pine Ridge when I noticed a single-story factory-style building across a weedy field. It had some lettering and a mural of a landscape on the front. A sign by the highway said it was the SuAnne Big Crow Health and Recreation Center, and below that were the words HAPPYTOWN, USA. I asked Le if he knew who SuAnne Big Crow was. He said, "She was a basketball star for Pine Ridge High School who helped 'em win the state championship and died in a car wreck a few years back. It was when I was living in New York, though, so that's about all I know."

A day or two later I drove up to the building and parked in the dirt parking lot out front. Up close, I could see that the mural painted on the building's wall of corrugated steel depicted Sioux country from the Black Hills to the prairie and Pine Ridge. The tops of the letters of SUANNE in the center's

LIFE IS TOO



You outgrew your stroller. You outgrew your first bike. You outgrew your car. It happens. Life is too big to fit in a car. That's why we don't make cars. We believe that big lives need the big cargo space of an Isuzu Trooper. And if you outgrow 85 cubic feet of cargo space, well, good luck. Isuzu. No Cars.



ISUZU

Go farther.

BIG FOR CARS

800 726 2700 / www.gofarther.com

©1996 American Isuzu Motors Inc. "Go farther" is a trademark of American Isuzu Motors Inc.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

name were lost in the white clouds over the Hills. A chunk of cinder block propped open the green-steel front door. I went in. First to greet me was the smell of hamburgers frying. Over the many times I would return, that frying smell would always be there. I would bring it away with me in my clothes and even in the pages of my notebooks, and when I happened to meet it in other places, I would always think of the SuAnne Big Crow Center. I never much liked hamburgers or their smell before, but now it is a happy and inspiring aroma in my mind.

The entry hall had fluorescent lights above and a banner that said WELCOME TO HAPPYTOWN, USA. The images in the hall were a temporarily confusing combination of Oglala pride and 1950s-revival style. The words for "Boys" and "Girls" on the restroom doors on my left were in Sioux. On a table in a corner was a highly polished pair of brown-and-white saddle shoes. Above them hung the flag of the Oglala nation, and next to the flag was a large framed portrait of a young Elvis Presley—a more Indian-looking Elvis, it seemed to me, with a darker complexion and blacker, straighter hair. Framed photographs of a teenage girl smiling in a basketball warm-up jacket, making a shot in a basketball game, looking serious in a formal dress next to a boy in a tuxedo, added the aura of a shrine.

The hall led on the left to a café in a big room with a lunch counter and tables and booths. The back end of a 1955 Packard affixed to one wall held potato and macaroni salads in its open trunk. A few late lunch customers were eating burgers in the booths or helping themselves to salad. A loud jukebox played fifties and sixties songs. Old-time Pepsi memorabilia decorated the walls, along with black-and-white photo portraits of John F. Kennedy and Martin Luther King Jr., and several more portraits of Elvis. Kids of junior high age and younger were hanging out—eating ice-cream cones, playing video games.

At the end of the hallway on the right was a smaller room, with glass trophy cases along the walls. The trophies were all from the athletic career of SuAnne Big Crow. I looked at the trophies, I watched a short video playing on a VCR in the room, I read some framed news stories about SuAnne Big Crow, and a sense of discovery came over me. Here was a hero—not a folk hero, a sports hero, a tribal hero, or an American hero but a combination of all these. I had thought that Oglala heroes existed mostly in the past. But a true Oglala hero appeared in the late 1980s, in suffering Pine Ridge, right under everyone's nose, while the rest of the world was looking the other way: SuAnne Big Crow.

Imagine that when you were a little kid you thought, as kids often do, that your father was the strongest man in the world; but when you got older, you discovered that your father actu-



ALDERMAN PHOTOGRAPHY

*SuAnne Big Crow as a high school senior
in 1991, the year before she died*

ally was the world's strongest man, and you watched him win the gold medal in weight lifting in the Olympics. Or imagine that an older kid you looked up to when you were in elementary school, instead of fading in luster in the usual way as time went on, not only fulfilled every expectation you had for him but surpassed these with glorious public feats you never dreamed of. Imagine that the hopeful, innocent, unbounded fantasy you had about someone you really admired when you were a child did not meet the usual puncturing and deflation but simply continued to grow; that you kept it with the same innocence and hope, finding more justification for it every day; that the person you admired, someone as familiar to you as yourself and yet at the same time set apart, took the hope invested in her onward into the larger world without a hitch, increasing her fame and achievements and admirers geographically along the way. And imagine that against odds upon odds she *won*, won at everything important she tried, won so blithely as to hardly show her strength; and that she carried the hope invested in her unstoppably aloft, defying the death and fear in the world. And imagine that as she *did* this she somehow carried you with her, lifted you, too, above the fear and the death, and gave you and all the people around you someone to be—a self, a freedom, a name. Warfield Moose Sr., SuAnne's teacher of Lakota studies at Pine Ridge High School, said of her, "She showed us a way to live on the earth." Such was SuAnne's stature and generosity that she was able to do that not only for her Oglala people but for those who knew her and knew of her in the state of South Dakota and beyond.

Oglala ceremonies used to be in secret, for fear that white people would find out; today the fear is that white people will want to join.

THANKS TO PHILLIPS, WEARY TRAVELERS
WILL ALWAYS HAVE A PLACE TO STOP AND REFUEL.



By donating a former plant site to the Cactus Playa Lake Project, Phillips Petroleum helped expand and protect the habitat of hundreds of thousands of migratory birds. The project resulted from the cooperative effort of Phillips, wildlife and conservation agencies and the

community of Cactus, Texas. Now bald eagles, waterfowl and dozens of other bird species have a better place to rest along the Central Flyway. It's yet another example of what it means to be The Performance Company.

PHILLIPS PETROLEUM COMPANY



For a copy of our annual report, call 918-661-3700, write to: Phillips Annual Report, B-41, Adams Bldg., Bartlesville, OK 74004, or visit us at www.phillips66.com.

SUANNE Marie Big Crow was born on March 15, 1974, at Pine Ridge Hospital—the brick building, now no longer a hospital, just uphill from the four-way intersection in town. Her mother, Leatrice Big Crow, known as Chick, was twenty-five years old. Chick had two other daughters: Cecelia, called Cee Cee, who was three, and Frances, called Pigeon, who was five. Chick had been born a Big Crow, and grew up in her Grandmother Big Crow's house in Wolf Creek, a little community about five miles east of Pine Ridge. Chick had a round, pretty face, dark eyes, a determined chin, and wiry reddish-brown hair. Her figure was big-shouldered and trim; she had been a good athlete as a girl. Now she worked as an administrative assistant for the tribal planning office, and she was raising her daughters with the help of her sisters and other kin. People knew that Everett "Gabby" Brewer was the father of the two older girls, but Chick would never say who SuAnne's father was. If asked, Chick always said she didn't want to talk about it. When SuAnne got old enough to wonder, people sometimes told her that her father was Elvis. And sometimes, when SuAnne wore her hair a certain way with a curl in front, you would have to admit that a resemblance was there.

SuAnne's birth came at a dark time on the reservation. The ongoing battle between supporters and opponents of the tribal president Dick Wilson's government showed no signs of let-up, with violence so pervasive and unpredictable that many people were afraid to leave their homes. Wilson's people, sometimes called goons, were on one side, and supporters of the American Indian Movement on the other. Just the month before, a nine-year-old boy named Harold Weasel Bear had been shot and seriously wounded as he sat in his father's pickup in Whiteclay; his father was a Wilson man. The AIM leader, Russell Means, had campaigned against Wilson for the presidency that winter, and had gotten more votes than Wilson in the primary. In the runoff election, however, Wilson won, by about 200 votes out of the more than 3,000 cast. Means had promised to "destroy" the existing system of tribal government if he won, and many people were glad he wouldn't get a chance. He accused Wilson of stealing the election, and the federal Civil Rights Commission later agreed, saying that almost a third of the votes cast seemed to be improper and that the election was "permeated with fraud."

The beatings and stomping and shootings and bombings on the reservation would continue until two FBI agents investigating a reservation murder were killed the following year, after which a general exhaustion plus the presence of hundreds of FBI investigators brought the level of violence down. In those days if you were on the Pine Ridge Reservation, you

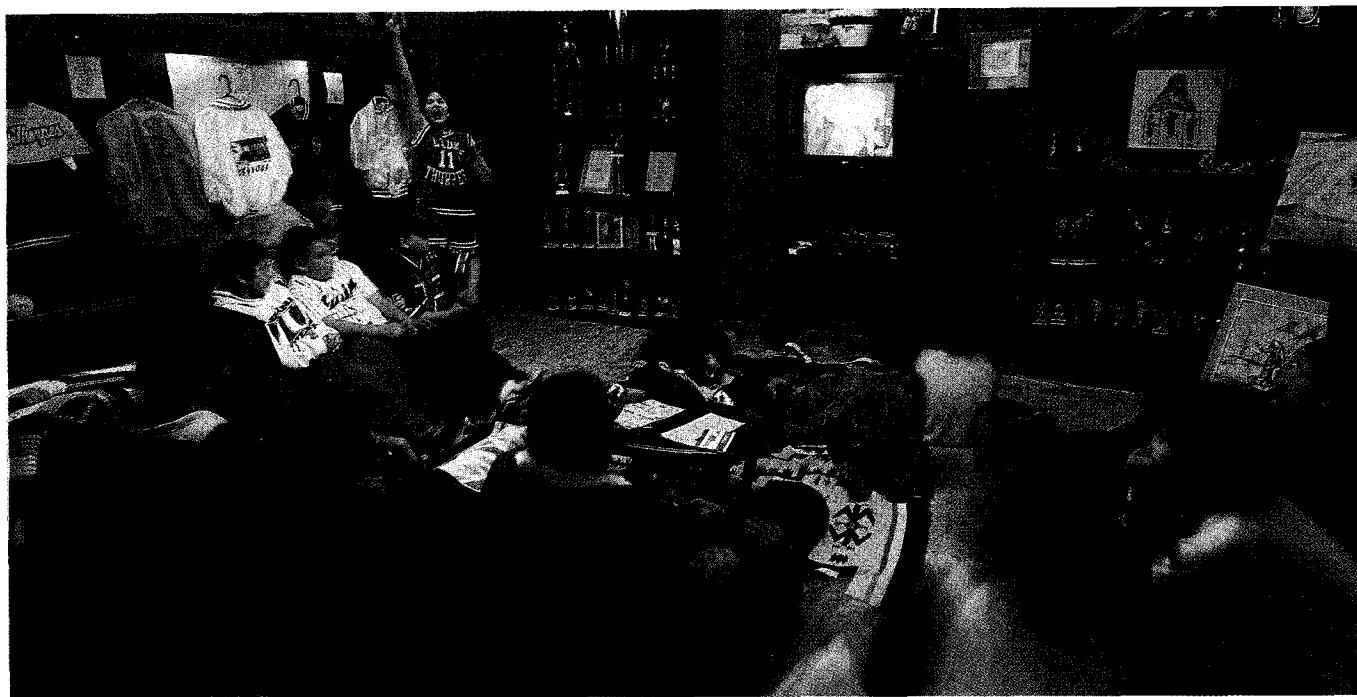
picked a side, and Chick Big Crow was for Dick Wilson all the way. She still calls Dick Wilson one of the greatest leaders the tribe ever had. Distinctions between those with anti- and pro-Dick Wilson loyalties, between AIM and goon, mean less today than they did then. Before SuAnne's sixteenth birthday she would have a lot to do with helping those divisions to heal.

As a Big Crow, SuAnne belonged to a *tiospaye*—the Lakota word for an extended family group—that's one of the largest on Pine Ridge. Chick says that her branch of the family descends from Big Crows of the Sans Arc Lakota, a tribe much smaller than the Oglala, who lived on the plains to the north and west. A medicine man has told her that among the Sans Arc long ago there was a chief named Big Crow who was greater than any chief we know of. This chief was also so wise that he never put himself forward and never identified himself to the whites so that they could single him out as chief; he knew the jealousy and division this would cause. For years the chief led the Sans Arc in war and peace, carefully avoiding all notoriety as the tribe prospered and grew strong. After he died, the tribe began to quarrel internally and dwindled away. The memory of this chief vanished except among a few, according to the medicine man. After SuAnne died, the medicine man told Chick that she had been the spirit of this great leader come back to reunite the people.

SuAnne grew up with her sisters in her mother's three-bedroom house in Pine Ridge. Even today people talk about what a strict mother Chick Big Crow was. Her daughters always had to be in the house or the yard by the time the streetlights came on. The only after-school activities she let them take part in were the structured and chaperoned kind; unsupervised wanderings and (later) cruising around in cars were out. In an interview when she was a teenager, SuAnne said that she and her sisters had to come up with their own fun, because their mother wouldn't let them socialize outside of school.

Chick Big Crow was (and is) strongly anti-drug and -alcohol. On the reservation Chick has belonged for many years to the small but adamant minority that takes that stance. When SuAnne was nine years old, she was staying with her grandmother on New Year's Eve when the woman's teenage son came home drunk and shot himself in the chest. The woman was too distraught to do anything, so SuAnne called the ambulance and the police and cared for her until the grown-ups arrived. Perhaps because of this incident, SuAnne became as opposed to drugs and alcohol as her mother was. She gave talks on the subject to school and youth groups, made a video urging her message in a stern and wooden tone, and as a high-schooler traveled to distant cities for conventions of like-

Pine Ridge opens like a road map unfolding, as people arrive for the powwow. First you see one motor home, then three, then ten.



The Boys and Girls Club, a favorite hangout, was named after SuAnne Big Crow: "Imagine that against odds upon odds she won; that she gave you someone to be"

mindful teens. I once asked Rol Bradford, a former Pine Ridge teacher and coach who is also a friend of her family, whether SuAnne's public advocacy on this issue wasn't risky, given the prominence of alcohol in the life of the reservation. "You have to understand," Rol Bradford said, "SuAnne didn't respond to peer pressure, SuAnne was peer pressure. She was the backbone of any group she was in, and she was way wiser than her years. By coming out against drinking, I know she flat-out saved a lot of kids' lives. In fact, she even had an effect on me. It dawned on me that if a sixteen-year-old girl could have the guts to say these things, then maybe us adults should pay attention too. I haven't had a drink since the day she died."

As strongly as Chick forbade certain activities, she encouraged the girls in sports. At one time or another they did them all—cross-country running and track, volleyball, cheerleading, softball, basketball. Some of the teams were at school and others were sponsored by organizations in town. In the West girls' basketball is a bigger deal than it is elsewhere. High school girls' basketball games in states like South Dakota and Montana draw full-house crowds, and newspapers and college recruiters give nearly the same attention to star players who are girls as to those who are boys. There were many good players on the girls' teams at Pine Ridge High School and at the parochial Red Cloud School when SuAnne was little. SuAnne idolized a star for the Pine Ridge Lady Thorpes named Lolly Steele, who set many records at the school. On a national level SuAnne's hero was Earvin "Magic" Johnson, of the Los Angeles Lakers pro team. Women's professional

basketball did not exist in those years, but men's pro games were reaching a level of popularity to challenge baseball and football. SuAnne had big posters of Magic Johnson on her bedroom walls.

She spent endless hours practicing basketball. When she was in the fifth grade, she heard somewhere that to improve your dribbling you should bounce a basketball a thousand times a day with each hand. She performed this daily exercise faithfully on the cement floor of the patio; her mother and sisters got tired of the sound. For variety she would shoot layups against the gutter and the drainpipe, until they came loose from the house and had to be repaired. As far as anyone knew, no girl in an official game had ever dunked a basketball—that is, had leaped as high as the rim and stuffed the ball through the hoop from above—and SuAnne wanted to be the first in history to do it. To get the feel, she persuaded a younger boy cousin to kneel on all fours under the basket. With a running start, and a leap using the boy's back as a springboard, she could dunk the ball.

Charles Zimiga, who would coach SuAnne in basketball during her high school years, remembers the first time he saw her. He was on the cross-country track on the old golf course, coaching the high school boys' cross-country team (a team that later won the state championship), when SuAnne came running by. She was in seventh grade at the time. She practiced cross-country every fall, and ran in amateur meets, and sometimes placed high enough to be invited to tournaments in Boston and California. "The fluidness of her running amazed me, and the strength she had," Zimiga said. "I stood watching her, and she stopped right in front of me—I'm a high school coach, remember, and she's just a young little girl—and she said, 'What're you lookin' at?' I said, 'A runner.' She would've



been a top cross-country runner, but in high school it never did work out, because the season conflicted with basketball. I had heard about her before, but that day on the golf course was the first time I really noticed her."

By the time SuAnne was in eighth grade, she had grown to five feet five inches ("But she played six foot," Zimiga says); she was long-limbed, well-muscled, and quick. She had high cheekbones, a prominent, arched upper lip that lined up with the basket when she aimed the ball, and short hair that she wore in no particular style. She could have played every game for the varsity when she was in eighth grade, but Coach Zimiga, who took over girls' varsity basketball that year, wanted to keep peace among older players who had waited for their chance to be on the team. He kept SuAnne on the junior varsity during the regular season. The varsity team had a good year, and when it advanced to the district playoffs, Zimiga brought SuAnne up from the JV for the playoff games. She tended to get into foul trouble; the referees rule strictly in tournament games, and SuAnne was used to a more headlong style of play. She and her cousin Doni De Cory, a five-foot-ten-inch junior, combined for many long-break baskets, with Doni

Pine Ridge High School, where SuAnne Big Crow and her teammates played their home games

throwing downcourt passes to SuAnne on the scoring end. In the district playoff against the team from Red Cloud, SuAnne scored thirty-one points. In the regional playoff game Pine Ridge beat a good Todd County team, but in the state tournament they lost all three games and finished eighth.

SOME people who live in the cities and towns near reservations treat their Indian neighbors decently; some don't. In Denver and Minneapolis and Rapid City police have been known to harass Indian teenagers and rough up Indian drunks and needlessly stop and search Indian cars. Local banks whose deposits include millions in tribal funds sometimes charge Indians higher interest rates than they charge whites. Gift shops near reservations sell junky caricature Indian pictures and dolls, and until not long ago beer coolers had signs on them that said INDIAN POWER. In a big discount store in a reservation-border town a white clerk observes a lot of Indians waiting at the checkout and remarks, "Oh, they're Indians—they're used to



standing in line.” Some people in South Dakota hate Indians, unapologetically, and will tell you why; in their voices you can hear a particular American meanness that is centuries old.

When teams from Pine Ridge play non-Indian teams, the question of race is always there. When Pine Ridge is the visiting team, usually the hosts are courteous and the players and fans have a good time. But Pine Ridge coaches know that occasionally at away games their kids will be insulted, their fans will feel unwelcome, the host gym will be dense with hostility, and the referees will call fouls on Indian players every chance they get. Sometimes in a game between Indian and non-Indian teams the difference in race becomes an important and distracting part of the event.

One place where Pine Ridge teams used to get harassed regularly was the high school gymnasium in Lead, South Dakota. Lead is a town of about 3,200 northwest of the reservation, in the Black Hills. It is laid out among the mines that are its main industry, and low, wooded mountains hedge it around. The brick high school building is set into a hillside. The school’s only gym in those days was small, with tiers of gray-painted concrete on which the spectator benches de-

scended from just below the steel-beamed roof to the very edge of the basketball court—an arrangement that greatly magnified the interior noise.

In the fall of 1988 the Pine Ridge Lady Thorpes went to Lead to play a basketball game. SuAnne was a full member of the team by then. She was a freshman, fourteen years old. Getting ready in the locker room, the Pine Ridge girls could hear the din from the Lead fans. They were yelling fake Indian war cries, a “woo-woo-woo” sound. The usual plan for the pre-game warm-up was for the visiting team to run onto the court in a line, take a lap or two around the floor, shoot some baskets, and then go to their bench at courtside. After that the home team would come out and do the same, and then the game would begin. Usually the Thorpes lined up for their entry more or less according to height, which meant that senior Doni De Cory, one of the tallest, went first. As the team waited in the hallway leading from the locker room, the heckling got louder. Some fans were waving food stamps, a reference to the reservation’s receiving federal aid. Others yelled, “Where’s the cheese?”—the joke being that if Indians were lining up, it must be to get commodity cheese. The Lead high school band had joined in, with fake Indian drumming and a fake Indian tune. Doni De Cory looked out the door and told her teammates, “I can’t handle this.” SuAnne quickly offered to go first in her place. She was so eager that Doni became suspicious. “Don’t embarrass us,” Doni told her. SuAnne said, “I won’t. I won’t embarrass you.” Doni gave her the ball, and SuAnne stood first in line.

She came running onto the court dribbling the basketball, with her teammates running behind. On the court the noise was deafening. SuAnne went right down the middle and suddenly stopped when she got to center court. Her teammates were taken by surprise, and some bumped into each other. Coach Zimiga, at the rear of the line, did not know why they had stopped. SuAnne turned to Doni De Cory and tossed her the ball. Then she stepped into the jump-ball circle at center court, facing the Lead fans. She unbuttoned her warm-up jacket, took it off, draped it over her shoulders, and began to do the Lakota shawl dance. SuAnne knew all the traditional dances (she had competed in many powwows as a little girl), and the dance she chose is a young woman’s dance, graceful and modest and show-offy all at the same time. “I couldn’t believe it—she was powwowin’, like, ‘Get down!’ ” Doni De Cory recalls. “And then she started to sing.” SuAnne began to sing in Lakota, swaying back and forth in the jump-ball circle, doing the shawl dance, using her warm-up jacket for a shawl. The crowd went completely silent. “All that stuff the Lead fans were yelling—it was like she *reversed* it somehow,” a teammate says. In the sudden quiet all they could hear was her Lakota song. SuAnne dropped her jacket, took the ball from Doni De Cory, and ran a lap around the court dribbling expertly and fast. The audience began to cheer and applaud. She sprinted to the basket, went up in the air, and laid the ball through the hoop, with the fans cheering loudly now. Of course, Pine Ridge went on to win the game.

BECAUSE this was one of the coolest and bravest deeds I ever heard of, I want to stop and consider it from a larger perspective that includes the town of Lead, all the Black Hills, and 125 years of history.

Lead, the town, does not get its name from the metal. The lead the name refers to is a mining term for a gold-bearing deposit, or vein, running through surrounding rock. The word, pronounced with a long *e*, is related to the word "lode." During the Black Hills gold rush of the 1870s prospectors found a rich lead in what would become the town of Lead. In April of 1876 Fred and Moses Manuel staked a claim to a mine they called the Homestake. Their lead led eventually to gold and more gold—a small mountain of gold—whose wealth may be guessed by the size of the hole its extraction has left in the middle of present-day Lead.

In 1877 a mining entrepreneur from San Francisco named George Hearst came to the Hills, investigated the Manuels' mine, and advised his big-city partners to buy it. The price was \$70,000. At the time of Hearst's negotiations the illegal act of Congress that would take this land from the Sioux had only recently passed. The partners followed Hearst's advice, and the Homestake Mine paid off its purchase price four times over in dividends alone within three years. When George Hearst's only son, William Randolph, was kicked out of Harvard for giving his instructors chamber pots with their names inscribed on the inside, George Hearst suggested that he come West and take over his share in the Homestake Mine. William Randolph Hearst chose to run the San Francisco *Examiner* instead. His father gave him a blank check to keep it going for two years; gold from Lead helped to start the Hearst newspaper empire. Since the Homestake Mine was discovered, it has produced at least \$10 billion in gold. It is one of the richest gold mines in the world.

Almost from the moment that George Armstrong Custer's expedition entered the Black Hills, in 1874, to investigate rumors of gold, there was no way the Sioux were going to be allowed to keep this land. At Custer's announcement that the expedition had found "gold in the roots of the grass," the rush began. By 1875 the Dakota Territorial Legislature had already divided the Black Hills land into counties; Custer County, in the southern Hills, was named in that general's honor while he was still alive, and while the land still clearly belonged to the Sioux. Many people in government and elsewhere knew at the time that taking this land was wrong. At first the Army even made halfhearted attempts to keep the prospectors out. A high-ranking treaty negotiator told President Ulysses S. Grant that the Custer expedition was "a violation of the national

honor." When the Sioux killed Custer at the Little Bighorn, in 1876, their victory only enraged the country and destroyed any chance of fairness that remained. One of the commissioners who worked on the 1877 "agreement" that gave paper legitimacy to the theft said that Custer should not have gone into the Hills in the first place, and with the other commissioners reminded the government that it was making the Sioux homeless and that it owed them protection and care. The taking of the Black Hills proceeded inexorably all the same.

Sioux leaders of Crazy Horse's generation began working to receive fair compensation for the Hills in the early 1900s. The Black Hills claim that the Sioux filed with the U.S. Court of Claims in the 1920s got nowhere. In 1946 the government established the Indian Claims Commission specifically to provide payment for wrongly taken Indian lands, and in 1950 the Sioux filed a claim for the Black Hills with the ICC. After almost twenty-five years the ICC finally ruled that the Sioux were entitled to a payment of \$17.5 million plus interest for the taking of the Hills, a decision that the Court of Claims upheld. In 1980 the Supreme Court affirmed the ruling and awarded the Sioux a total of \$106 million. Quoting from the Court of Claims, Justice Harry Blackmun wrote for the majority, "A more ripe and rank case of dishonorable dealings will never, in all probability, be found in our history"—which was to say officially, and finally, that the Black Hills had been stolen.

By the time of the Supreme Court ruling, however, the Sioux had come to see their identity as linked to the Hills themselves, and the eight tribes involved decided unanimously not to accept the money. They said, "The Black Hills are not for sale." The Sioux now wanted the land back—some or all of it—and trespass damages as well. They especially wanted the Black Hills lands still owned by the federal government. These amount to about 1.3 million acres, a small proportion of what was stolen. At the moment the chances that the Sioux will get these or any other lands in the Black Hills appear remote. The untouched compensation money remains in a federal escrow account, where it, plus other compensation money, plus accumulated interest, is now more than half a billion dollars.

Inescapably, this history is present when an Oglala team goes to Lead to play a basketball game. It may even explain why the fans in Lead were so mean: fear that you might perhaps be in the wrong can make you ornerier sometimes. In all the accounts of this land grab and its aftermath, and among the many greedy and driven men who had a part, I cannot find evidence of a single act as elegant, as generous, or as transcendent as SuAnne's dance at center court in the gym at Lead.

A true Oglala hero appeared in the late 1980s, in suffering Pine Ridge, right under everyone's nose: SuAnne Big Crow.

Are new medicines helping to control health care costs?

(Look at this impressive body of evidence.)

A new stroke medicine saves nearly \$4 million for every 1,000 patients treated, by reducing the need for rehabilitation and nursing home care.

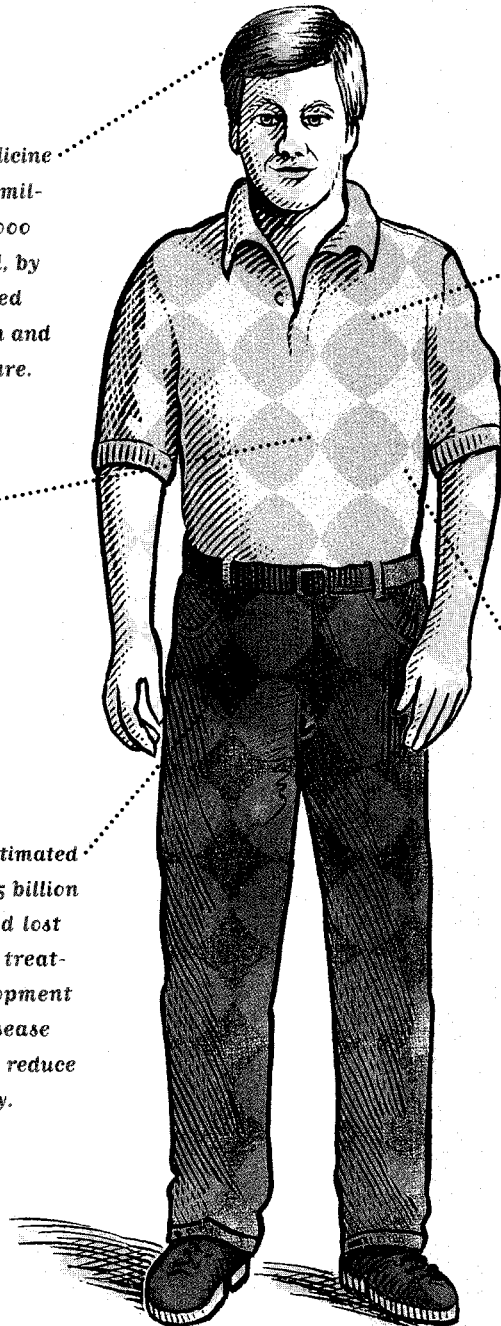
Ulcer surgery can cost up to \$28,000 per patient. Today, a course of ulcer medicine can do the same job more safely and costs only \$140.

Prostate cancer is estimated to cost the nation \$15 billion in medical costs and lost wages. Now, 47 new treatments are in development to help fight the disease more effectively and reduce the need for surgery.

New heart drugs have helped cut deaths from heart disease in half over the last 30 years, and helped 4 million people with heart problems live longer, healthier lives.

Diabetes leads to blindness, stroke, heart disease and amputations. In the last 10 years, new diabetes treatments have helped reduce the incidence of these debilitating and sometimes fatal conditions, and today 16 new drugs are in clinical trials.

For more information, visit
www.searchforcures.org.



PhRMA • PHARMACEUTICAL RESEARCH AND MANUFACTURERS OF AMERICA
Leading the way in the search for cures

For the Oglala, what SuAnne did that day almost immediately took on the status of myth. People from Pine Ridge who witnessed it still describe it in terms of awe and disbelief. Amazement swept through the younger kids when they heard. "I was, like, 'What did she just do?'" recalls her cousin Angie Big Crow, an eighth grader at the time. All over the reservation people told and retold the story of SuAnne at Lead. Anytime the subject of SuAnne came up when I was talking to people on Pine Ridge, I would always ask if they had heard about what she did at Lead, and always the answer was a smile and a nod—"Yeah, I was there," or "Yeah, I heard about that." To the unnumbered big and small slights of local racism that the Oglala have known all their lives SuAnne's exploit made an emphatic reply.

Back in the days when Lakota war parties still fought battles against other tribes and the Army, no deed of war was more honored than the act of counting coup. To "count coup" means to touch an armed enemy in full possession of his powers with a special stick called a coup stick, or with the hand. The touch is not a blow, and serves only to indicate how close to the enemy you came. As an act of bravery, counting coup was regarded as greater than killing an enemy in single combat, greater than taking a scalp or horses or any prize. Counting coup was an act of almost abstract courage, of pure playfulness taken to the most daring extreme. Very likely, to do it and survive brought an exhilaration to which nothing else could compare. In an ancient sense that her Oglala kin could recognize, SuAnne counted coup on the fans of Lead.

And yet this coup was an act not of war but of peace. SuAnne's coup strike was an offering, an invitation. It gave the hecklers the best interpretation, as if their silly, mocking chants were meant only in good will. It showed that their fake Indian songs were just that—fake—and that the real thing was better, as real things usually are. We Lakota have been dancing like this for centuries, the dance said; we've been doing the shawl dance since long before you came, before you got on the boat in Glasgow or Bremerhaven, before you stole this land, and we're still doing it today. And isn't it pretty, when you see how it's supposed to be done? Because finally what SuAnne proposed was to invite us—us onlookers in the stands, namely the non-Lakota rest of this country—to dance too. She was in the Lead gym to play, and she invited us all to play. The symbol she used to include us was the warm-up jacket. Everyone in America has a warm-up jacket. I've got one, probably so do you, so did (no doubt) many of the fans at Lead. By using the warm-up jacket as a shawl in her impromptu shawl dance, she made Lakota relatives of us all.

"It was funny," Doni De Cory says, "but after that game the relationship between Lead and us was tremendous. When we played Lead again, the games were really good, and we got to know some of the girls on the team. Later, when we went to a tournament and Lead was there, we were hanging out with the Lead girls and eating pizza with them. We got to know some of their parents, too. What SuAnne did made a lasting impres-

sion and changed the whole situation with us and Lead. We found out there are some really good people in Lead."

AMERICA is a leap of the imagination. From its beginning people have had only a persistent idea of what a good country should be. The idea involves freedom, equality, justice, and the pursuit of happiness; nowadays most of us probably could not describe it much more clearly than that. The truth is, it always has been a bit of a guess. No one has ever known for sure whether a country based on such an idea is really possible, but again and again we have leaped toward the idea and hoped. What SuAnne Big Crow demonstrated in the Lead high school gym is that making the leap is the whole point. The idea does not truly live unless it is expressed by an act; the country does not live unless we make the leap from our tribe or focus group or gated community or demographic and land on the shaky platform of that idea of a good country which all kinds of different people share.

This leap is made in public, and it's made free. It's not a product or a service that anyone will pay you for. You do it for reasons unexplainable by economics—for ambition, out of conviction, for the heck of it, in playfulness, for love. It's done in public spaces, face-to-face, where anyone may go. It's not done on television, on the Internet, or over the telephone; our electronic systems can only tell us if a leap made elsewhere has succeeded or failed. The places you'll see it are high school gyms, city sidewalks, the subway, bus stations, public parks, parking lots, and wherever people gather during natural disasters. In those places and others like them the leaps that continue to invent and knit the country continue to be made. When the leap fails, it looks like the L.A. riots, or Sherman's march through Georgia. When it succeeds, it looks like the New York City Bicentennial Celebration in July of 1976, or the civil-rights march on Washington in 1963. On that scale, whether it succeeds or fails, it's always something to see. The leap requires physical presence and physical risk. But the payoff—in terms of dreams realized, of understanding, of people getting along—can be so glorious as to make the risk seem minuscule.

I find all this hopefulness, and more, in SuAnne's dance at center court in the gym in Lead. My high school football coach used to show us films of our previous game every Monday after practice, and whenever he liked a particular play, he would run it over and over again. If I had a film of SuAnne at Lead (as far as I know, no such film or video exists), I would study it in slow motion frame by frame. There's a magic in what she did, along with the promise that public acts of courage are still alive out there somewhere. Mostly I would run the film of SuAnne again and again for my own brave-heart song. I refer to her, as I do to the deeds of Crazy Horse, for proof that it's a public service to be brave. ☸

We are grateful to Ben Marra Studios for permission to use photographs appearing in the book Powwow: Images Along the Red Road as visual reference for the cover art.



United is proud to take your Starbucks experience to another level entirely.



Enjoy a little more atmosphere on your next flight with Starbucks LightNote Blend® or Mocha Frappuccino® coffee drink, also available at your local Starbucks store.

 **UNITED IS RISING™**

Is Nothing to Fear

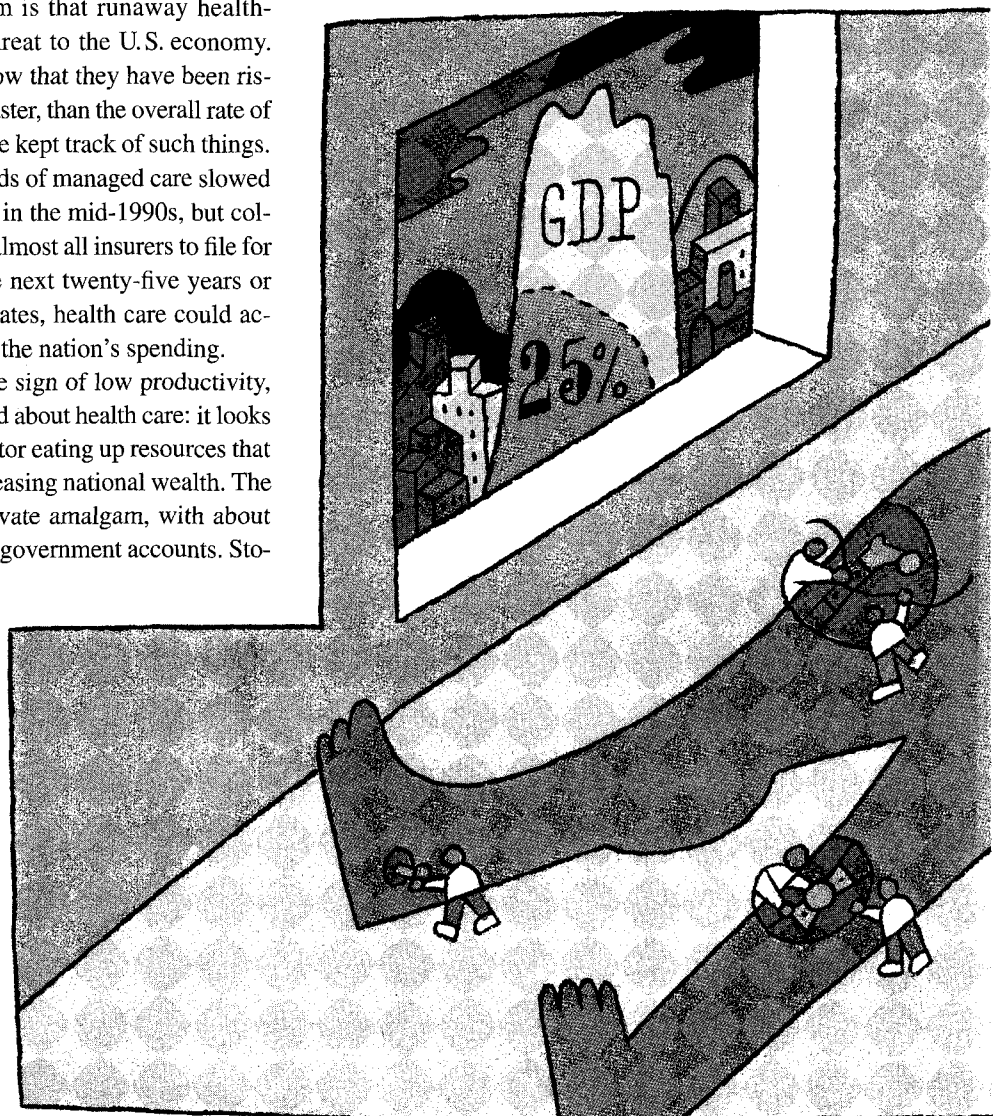
by CHARLES R. MORRIS

Spending on keeping us alive and well may reach 25 percent of all national spending within the foreseeable future. What, the author asks, is so bad about that?

THE conventional wisdom is that runaway health-care costs are a major threat to the U.S. economy. Government statistics show that they have been rising faster, usually much faster, than the overall rate of inflation for almost as long as we've kept track of such things. The spread of HMOs and other kinds of managed care slowed the pace of growth for a few years in the mid-1990s, but collapsing profit margins have forced almost all insurers to file for big premium increases. Within the next twenty-five years or so, according to most recent estimates, health care could account for as much as 25 percent of the nation's spending.

Sharply rising costs are a telltale sign of low productivity, which is why analysts are so worried about health care: it looks like an abysmally unproductive sector eating up resources that could otherwise be devoted to increasing national wealth. The industry is an awkward public-private amalgam, with about half of all spending cycled through government accounts. Stories of waste and inefficiency are rampant, and Canada, England, and Germany get by with only half to three quarters as much spending on health care.

Not only conservative entitlement scourguses are worried. To policy wonks health-care "reform" is shorthand for cutting costs. When President Bill Clinton introduced his ill-fated health-care-reform program, in 1993, he said that curbing spending—without, naturally, hurting quality—was essential for "our competitiveness, our



whole economy, the integrity of the way our government works, and, ultimately, our living standards.”

But there is another side to the story. This article will argue that the conventional picture of American health care is almost completely wrong, even taking into account the turbulence that currently afflicts the industry. In reality health care, or a very large sector of it, is a high-productivity, high-technology industry that is a good employer and pays above-average wages. America’s health-care bill is larger than other countries’ bills, but we buy more health care, and spending trends in almost all the other developed countries are much the same as in ours, although with a time lag. It is true that health care will consume a quarter, or even more, of national resources within a generation or so, but we can well afford that—and without giving up anything else.

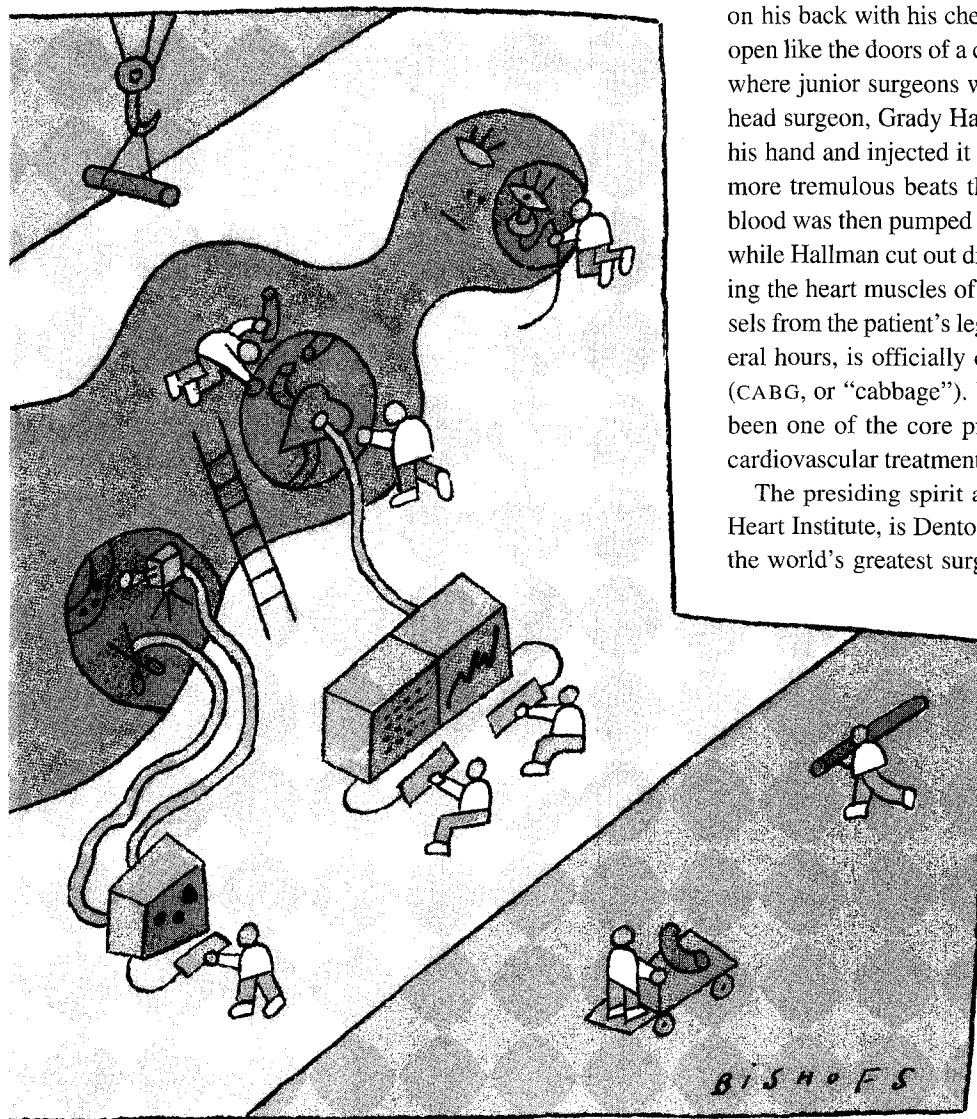
Although the data are very sketchy, most health-care costs have quite possibly been going *down* for a long time. It is health-care *spending* that is rising, which is quite a different thing. As the personal-computer industry demonstrates, falling costs and improved performance usually induce more

spending, not less. In the same way, by any reasonable standard of measurement—prices, outcomes, side effects, recovery time—the cost-effectiveness of cartilage surgery, cardiac bypasses, angioplasty, hip and knee replacements, non-invasive diagnostics, whole new generations of pharmaceuticals, and even mental-health interventions has improved dramatically. Cataract surgery used to be a dangerous operation, requiring as long as a week in the hospital for only marginal improvements in vision. Now it’s a virtually painless hour-long outpatient procedure that usually restores near-normal sight; not surprisingly, the pool of potential customers is vastly larger. In any other industry that would be hailed as a triumph; in health care it sets off alarm bells.

Of Cabbages and Stents

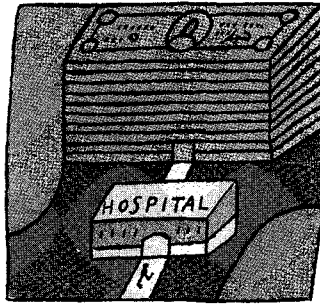
ANYONE who doubts the wisdom of keeping fit and not smoking should watch a heart-bypass operation. In the one I observed earlier this year, at St. Luke’s Episcopal Hospital, in Houston, the patient, a middle-aged man, looked as if he had been hit by a cruise missile, lying on his back with his chest sawn down the middle and swung open like the doors of a china closet, his leg sliced and bloody where junior surgeons were “harvesting” blood vessels. The head surgeon, Grady Hallman, picked up the beating heart in his hand and injected it with a dose of potassium; after three more tremulous beats the heart stopped cold. The patient’s blood was then pumped and oxygenated by a bypass machine while Hallman cut out diseased blood vessels that were starving the heart muscles of oxygen and replaced them with vessels from the patient’s leg. The procedure, which can take several hours, is officially called a coronary-artery bypass graft (CABG, or “cabbage”). For the past twenty-five years it has been one of the core procedures in the armamentarium of cardiovascular treatments.

The presiding spirit at St. Luke’s, the home of the Texas Heart Institute, is Denton Cooley, at seventy-nine still one of the world’s greatest surgeons. “He can stitch a beating heart inside the rhythm of the beat,” one staff member told me in awe. Tall and lean, with a Lyndon Johnson drawl, Cooley was the first American to do a successful heart transplant, and pioneered many of the open-heart techniques that are now routine in medium-sized cities across the United States. “When I started here, I think I was on a first-name basis with every open-heart surgeon in the country,” Cooley says. “Now there are eight teams just in Houston.” St. Luke’s is still a mecca



for heart surgery (it will soon perform its 100,000th bypass), but most of its cases are ones that are too difficult for local heart centers. (Cooley grumbles that the rates of success advertised by local hospitals are based on only the simplest cases.)

The awesome destructiveness of bypass operations has always made them controversial. They are expensive, and recovery periods are very long. Most people can go back to work in six or eight weeks, but a full recovery can take up to a year. The surgical wounds are typically less of a problem than fatigue and mental effects, such as depression and sudden mood swings, which can persist for months after the operation and are probably traceable to subtle biological disruptions caused by the bypass machine. The suspicion is often expressed that many surgeons are too quick with the knife; bypass surgeons have to keep their skills polished, and many states require that a bypass center perform a minimum number of procedures annually to qualify for a license. Cooley says, "There is some avariciousness in my profession, and too much pushing of numbers for the sake of numbers."



For all the suspicion, however, the evidence of large-scale overpractice is ambiguous at best. Long-term comparisons show that bypasses confer a clear and quite substantial mortality benefit on patients with moderate to severe coronary disease, and that patients with milder disease usually get relief from disabling chest pain and shortness of breath. A series of well-designed comparisons between cardiac interventions in Canada and in New York showed that New York doctors were nearly twice as likely to employ invasive techniques, but the two samples had almost identical, and low, rates of "inappropriate" bypasses (from two to six percent, depending on what standard was used). Canadian doctors tended to operate only on the most seriously ill patients, for whom the mortality benefits were clearest, and were much less likely to operate on women and the elderly. About 30 percent of the New York cases were "quality of life" patients, who had mild coronary disease but severe chest pain. There was evidence, moreover, that the Canadians were excluding patients whose lives could have been extended by surgery. Underutilization of effective procedures is no more in the interests of patients than is overpractice.

Group Health Cooperative, in the state of Washington, is one of the nation's oldest HMOs, widely acknowledged to be among the best, and known for its cautious approach to adopting new technology. Louis Zibelli, Group Health's head of cardiology, says, "We're close to the community norm in the use of these procedures. There's a clearly identifiable group of people who get a definite life-expectancy benefit depending on features of their cardiac disease. We have good data on that.

For some we have to twist their arms and say, 'If you don't have this procedure, the chances of your dying in the next five years are very high.' There are other patients about whom we can clearly state, 'You will probably live as long whether or not you have this procedure, but we can offer you improved quality of life, in terms of relief of pain and ability to function.'" Zibelli points out that most bypasses are cost-effective. The typical patient is someone "who comes into the hospital with chest pain and small heart attacks and is potentially then going on to have recurrent heart attacks," he says. "It takes

only two to three weeks cumulatively in the hospital to equal the cost of a bypass procedure. So we don't save money by putting off something that the patient will benefit from."

The drop in the death rate from coronary heart disease has been very sharp: more than 70 percent of the total increase in American life expectancy since 1965 comes from reduced cardiovascular mortality. Improvements in lifestyle—less smoking, more exercise—have helped, but at least half and possibly more of the decline in deaths from cardiovascular disease in recent years can be traced to improved treatment and management of people who already have heart disease. Michael Lesch, a cardiologist and the chief of medicine at St.

AMERICA'S

HEALTH-CARE BILL IS

LARGER THAN OTHER

COUNTRIES' BILLS, BUT WE

BUY MORE CARE, AND WE

CAN AFFORD IT—WITHOUT

GIVING UP ANYTHING

ELSE. HEALTH CARE CAN

GROW VERY FAST FOR A

LONG TIME AND YET LEAVE

PLENTY OF INCOME FOR

VCRS AND CARS.

Luke's—Roosevelt Hospital, in New York City, sums it up: "When I started practice, I basically documented how my patients died. What we do today is on a different planet."

Although total spending on cardiac medicine has risen rapidly, the inflation-adjusted cost per procedure has risen either slowly or not at all. The cost to Medicare of bypasses, including follow-up care, rose only about three quarters as fast as the rate of inflation from 1990 to 1996. A broadly gauged study led by David Cutler, of Harvard University, which probed the actual costs associated with a large and carefully drawn sample of patients who suffered heart attacks from 1983 to 1994, found that per-patient costs either were rising very slowly or, if one took into account improved mortality rates, actually fell by about one percent a year.

St. Luke's, in Houston, has always prided itself on having surgical costs that are a third to a half lower than those in oth-

er academic medical centers. Michael Jhin, the hospital's president, says that charges per patient are down by 7.5 percent over the past five years, or about 18 percent after inflation. That hasn't happened by chance: the hospital's attention to detailed process management is reminiscent of the re-engineering of American factories a decade or so ago. Sterile corridors connect procedure rooms to minimize expensive inventory and to allow staff members to swing quickly from one room to the next. Computers track each operation second by second for quality control and analysis. Standard practices are constantly re-examined to see if they make sense. For example, it had long been the custom for postoperative bypass patients to spend at least two days on ventilator support. The surgical and nursing staff developed a detailed protocol for early removal of ventilator tubing from the healthier patients and got faster recoveries, fewer lung complications, shorter hospital stays, and more-satisfied patients.

Even more important, the classic bypass is slowly giving way to much less traumatic interventions. New clamping systems permit many more beating-heart surgeries, avoiding the side effects of the bypass machine; other advances allow many patients to skip open-chest procedures entirely. For example, surgeons can now use cardiac stents—springlike latticed metal tubes—to create permanent scaffolding for damaged blood vessels. Stents are inserted by threading a catheter through a leg artery to the point of cardiac blockage. The cardiologist inflates a tiny balloon that pushes open the artery and uncoils the stent, and then withdraws the catheter and closes the incision in the leg. The entire procedure takes an hour or so. The patient is fully conscious, and can usually resume a normal schedule within a couple of days. The newer stents are infused with antiplatelet medications to prevent the sticky formations that precede a reblockage; St. Luke's is experimenting with "hotwire" stents that use tiny doses of radioactivity to kill the arterial cells that produce blockage debris. Although the number of cardiac patients is rising rapidly, the number of bypasses is dropping for the first time in the hospital's history. Few hospitals can match St. Luke's record on cost control, but the same efficiency-consciousness is spreading throughout the industry. A careful analysis by a Medicare commission of inpatient hospital spending showed that from 1992 through 1996 per-patient hospital costs fell by 2.7 percent per year after inflation, owing to greater efficiency of service and reduced lengths of stay.

Costs vs. Spending in Health Care

COLLECTING cost information was a major challenge for David Cutler's study, illustrating how difficult it is to get good data on health-care costs. The major payers, Medicare and managed-care plans, have long since switched to a variety of quasi-flat-rate payment schemes that have only an indirect relation to costs, but government data still often report official "list" prices—which are mostly fictions and bear

almost no relation to costs. The official data also typically mix up input costs and units produced. Until last year, for instance, the medical consumer price index tracked only hospital per diem rates, without taking into account shorter average stays or the substantial shift of procedures to an outpatient basis. Then there are substitution effects. Bypasses and stents are treated as different products, even though stents are often bypass substitutes. In the same way, the use of thrombolytic drugs after heart attacks raises the national pharmaceutical bill but dramatically reduces the rate of rehospitalization for follow-on attacks. The government has embarked on a major effort to upgrade its health-care-expenditure data, but it will be the work of years.

The few empirical studies that have been completed tend to show a steady reduction in real costs. A study of four large employer health plans, for instance, showed that the cost of treating depression, which is one of the most expensive of all chronic illnesses, fell at an annual rate of more than five percent, before inflation, during the early 1990s, owing to the availability of Prozac and similar medications and the development of a range of successful short-term psychotherapies. (The depression study included only patients who were treated in accordance with federally recommended guidelines, although most patients receive much lower levels of care.) Similarly, although the raw cost-index data on cataract surgery suggest annual cost increases of about four percent after inflation, correcting for the number of patients treated produces a long-term real annual unit-cost reduction of about one percent, without attributing any value to the vast improvements in surgical outcomes. Jack Triplett, an economist at the Brookings Institution, who has edited a collection of the most recent research, says, "Too many people simply equate the increase in spending with runaway costs—that was an important motivator for the Clinton health-care program. If that were an accurate view, you could fix the problem just by rolling back prices, and nobody would get hurt except maybe doctors and drug companies. This recent research suggests that that is too simple a view."

Only a small number of cost studies have been completed, and researchers naturally picked fields in which they were likely to see the results of rising productivity. But although there may be little hope of savings in, say, nursing-home care, productivity improvements are obvious in other areas. Take orthopedics. About 250,000 Americans get new hips each year, and about as many get new knees. Joint implants are beautifully engineered assemblages of bars and ball joints that embody a continuous stream of improvements, such as cementless bonding and new high-tech materials, including bioactive substances that fuse readily with natural bone, all designed to improve implant reliability and life expectancy. Over the past five years, according to Ned Lipes, a group president at Howmedica Osteonics, a major implant manufacturer, competition among equipment companies and aggressive buying tactics by the biggest users have driven down the price

of implants by about a fourth. Hospital stays for implants are being cut in half, and rehab times have decreased too, while improved mobility has kept a lot of seniors out of nursing homes. Advances in medical imaging show similar progress, replacing invasive and sometimes dangerous procedures—for example, myelography, which requires injecting x-ray-reflective fluid into the spinal column.

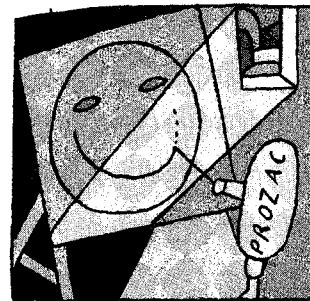
At a recent “summit” on health-care costs the Secretary of Health and Human Services, Donna Shalala, said that health care is the only industry in which technology increases, rather than decreases, costs. But the Secretary has it backward. New technology has the same effect on health care that it had on John D. Rockefeller’s oil industry, on Henry Ford’s Model T, and on today’s cell phones: it decreases costs and expands markets. Until a decade or so ago gall-bladder surgery was an open-abdomen procedure, and many patients put up with chronic pain and discomfort rather than risk the operation. Now gall bladders are almost always removed laparoscopically. The surgeon makes four small incisions in the abdomen, inserts a tiny camera and a light, clips off the gall bladder with a mini-tool, and pulls it out through one of the incisions. The patient goes home the same day, and usually misses only a day or two of work. Arthur Leibowitz, the chief medical officer of Aetna U.S. Healthcare, says that fees for gall-bladder surgery are about half what they used to be, and inpatient hospital costs have been virtually eliminated, but the company’s total gall-bladder bill has risen, because surgeons are now more likely to recommend the procedure and patients are more willing to undergo it.

Cancer is one of the few major diseases that have been resistant to breakthroughs, in part because it subsumes such a bewildering variety of cellular malfunctions. But since 1991, for the first time ever, cancer-mortality rates have begun to edge down. David Golde, the medical director of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center, in New York, says, “We have been making steady gains, but we haven’t made a dramatic step in the most common cancers. In lung cancer, which is the biggest killer, chemotherapies sometimes let us shrink tumors

to the point where they are surgically accessible—so there’s progress, but it’s incremental. On the other hand, we now expect to cure the great majority of cases of testicular cancer, which was uniformly fatal, although it’s rare. The effect of new combinations of drugs has been dramatic. The survival rate in childhood leukemia used to be a couple of months, but now we expect to cure most patients. Hodgkin’s disease is another great success, and we’ve made substantial progress in the other lymphomas.”

“Overall,” Golde says, “I think we’re seeing a real accelera-

tion in advances. Our pharmaceutical industry is superb. It’s hard to make heroes out of them, but after all, who *really* figured out the AIDS drugs? Most of the companies now have big cancer programs, and there are enough advances in basic science to provide the substrate of knowledge



to bring huge resources to bear on analyzing disease pathways and genes from a drug-development perspective.”

If Golde is right, progress against cancer portends considerable new spending on anti-cancer pharmaceuticals. The difficult truth is that almost all improvements in health care increase spending over the long term. From the perspective of a cost-cutting reformer, the single greatest catastrophe of recent years has been the success of the drive against smoking. Smokers tend to die early and quickly. But someone who stops smoking in time can make it onto the Medicare rolls in good shape and burn up health-care dollars for decades. The rate of heart attacks has fallen slowly over the past twenty years, but the death rate from heart attacks has been cut by more than half. Thus the pool of people who have survived heart attacks, and consequently need careful medical management, is now very large and growing, driving up medical spending. The astonishing increase in the longevity and the vitality of the very old is perhaps the purest demonstration of the effectiveness of modern health care—but that success, coupled with the aging of Baby Boomers, promises equally astonishing increases in spending on health.

Can We Afford Modern Medicine?

THE primary accusation against modern medicine is not that it doesn’t work but that it’s an unproductive drain on the economy. If we “were able through health reform to achieve a level of spending comparable to other countries,” according to a Commerce Department report of several years ago, “the United States could save about 4 percent of GDP. Those savings could be reallocated to investments in other areas . . . thus enhancing the U.S. competitive position.”

TECHNOLOGY

HAS THE SAME EFFECT ON

HEALTH CARE THAT IT HAD ON

HENRY FORD’S MODEL T:

IT DECREASES COSTS AND

EXPANDS MARKETS.

THE POOL OF POTENTIAL

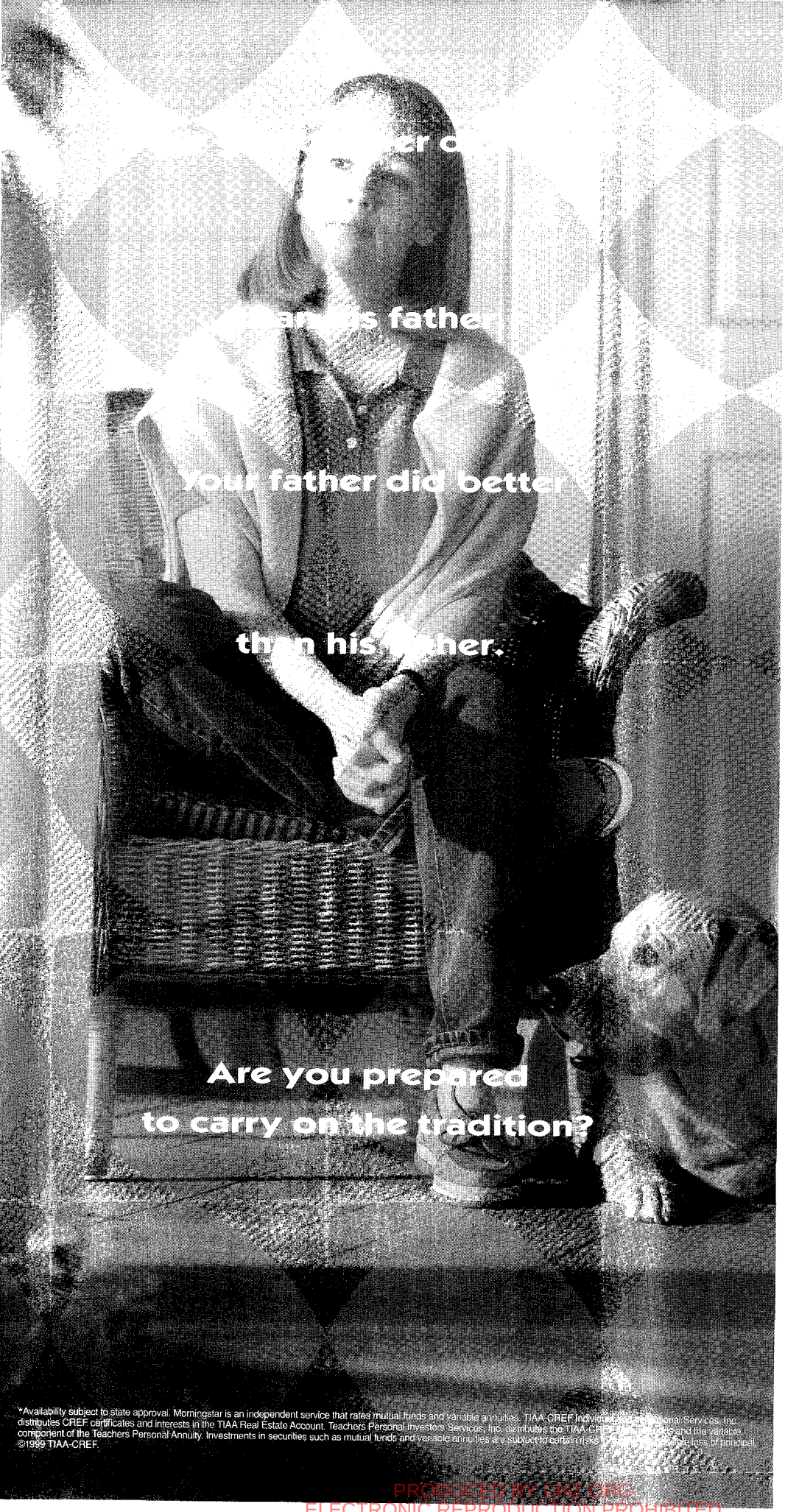
CUSTOMERS GROWS LARGER.

IN OTHER INDUSTRIES

THIS IS HAILED AS A

TRIUMPH; IN HEALTH CARE IT

SETS OFF ALARM BELLS.



**...er of
...an's father
Your father did better
than his father.
Are you prepared
to carry on the tradition?**

Upward mobility used to be a fact of life. But life has changed. Today, more than ever, prosperity requires long-range planning and innovative thinking. That's why TIAA-CREF has become the largest retirement system in the world, based on assets under management. Our mutual funds, personal annuities,* and other products are available to everyone. To find out about who Morningstar** says "sets the standard in the financial services industry," call 1 800 226-0147. We'll send you more complete information about TIAA-CREF's products and services, including charges and expenses, or you can request our mutual fund and personal annuity prospectuses. Please read them carefully before you invest or send money.

www.tiaa-cref.org



**Ensuring the future
for those who shape it.™**

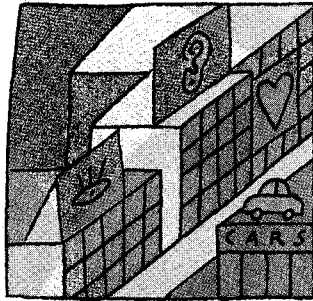
*Availability subject to state approval. Morningstar is an independent service that rates mutual funds and variable annuities. TIAA-CREF Individual and Personal Services, Inc. distributes CREF certificates and interests in the TIAA Real Estate Account. Teachers Personal Investors Services, Inc. distributes the TIAA-CREF Mutual Funds and the Variable component of the Teachers Personal Annuity. Investments in securities such as mutual funds and variable annuities are subject to certain risks, including the possible loss of principal.
©1999 TIAA-CREF.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sherry Glied, a young economist at Columbia University, argues that this conventional view is mostly nonsense. "What do they want us to spend it *on*?" she asks. Certainly, it's hard to argue that America is an underconsuming nation. This is a country in which new houses are half again as big as they were twenty years ago, and bursting with gadgets; where citizens drag their sagging bellies from VCRs to \$30,000 four-wheel-drive sport-utility vehicles; and where a book like Juliet Schor's *The Overspent American: Why We Want What We Don't Need* is a best seller. There are plenty of poor people in America, but that is mostly a problem of distribution, not of resources. A scandalously high number of Americans are without health insurance because of a lack of political will, not of economic capacity.

Worries over a shift of resources from the "productive" economy into health care also ignore the world-beating competitiveness of America's pharmaceutical and medical-equipment sectors. For instance, the profile of Medtronic, a leading manufacturer of medical devices, looks very much like Intel's ten years ago. Medtronic's sales are about the same as Intel's were then and are rising about as fast, and the company spends about the same percentage of revenues on research and development. The cardiac pacemaker, one of its core products, has evolved from a clunky contraption the size of a small soup bowl which imposed a rigid, metronome-based beat on the patient's heart to an intelligent pocket-watch-sized device that adapts its rhythm to the patient's breathing. Paul Citron, Medtronic's vice-president for science and technology, says the company maintains active research-and-development programs in microelectronics, physiology and physiological algorithms, biomaterials, implantable power sources, and biomedical engineering. About 40 percent of Medtronic's sales are to overseas markets, which is about average in the medical-equipment industry.

In any case, the "squeezing out" argument is grossly overstated. Glied points out that the share of national income devoted to food and health care combined hasn't changed for fifty years. But we spend a lot less than we used to on food and a lot more on health care—just as we spend a lot less on clothing and a lot more on housing. Meanwhile, overall income growth has freed up mega-resources for Arnold Schwarzenegger movies, stealth bombers, and interactive pornography. Careful projections by government researchers in 1992 showed that absent "reform," the twin forces of technology and demographics would drive health-care spending to about 27 percent of GDP by 2020, and to about 32 percent by 2030. The projections assumed a very modest economic growth rate of 1.1 percent a year through 2030—a much lower rate than we've actually achieved in the 1990s. Remarkably, though, even un-



der this assumption of slow growth, the projections show the non-health-care sectors of the economy *continuing to grow*, at a rate of 0.8 percent a year. In other words, since health care is still a relatively minor fraction of the economy, it can grow very fast for a long time and yet leave plenty of income for even more VCRs and behemoth cars.

Glied also challenges the notion that health care is unusually inefficient. "Relative to what?" she asks. "Universities are pretty inefficient, and so are banks. Everyone complains about health-care overhead, but it's about the same as in most other

industries, maybe even lower. There is this notion that health care should be only doctors and nurses, but nobody thinks that General Motors is just the guys on the production line." She continues, "We could really reduce the cost of a flight on the New York–Washington shuttle if we didn't let a plane take off until every seat was full—which would be ridiculous. But if an MRI machine is unused part of the time, we call it waste, as though convenience didn't count for anything. In England they make people wait until the machines are ready; in America we tend to think that machines should do the waiting." Although there's plenty of waste and fraud, Glied says, it's not a large percentage of the total, and the cost of root-

THE BAD

REPUTATION OF HEALTH

CARE REFLECTS ECONOMIC

SYSTEMS THAT TRACK

WHAT'S EASIEST TO COUNT.

NEW HIPs THAT ALLOW

PEOPLE TO WALK, IMPLANTS

THAT RESTORE THEIR

VISION, ARE CLASSIFIED

AS NONPRODUCTIVE "SER-

VICES" THAT SOMEHOW

MAKE US POORER.

ing it out might be almost as great as the savings.

Another favorite nostrum, reducing medical spending in the last year of a person's life, is probably a blind alley as well. Michael Lesch, the St. Luke's–Roosevelt cardiologist, says, "If I *knew* which patients were in their last year of life, maybe I would treat them differently." Bruce Vladeck, who ran the Medicare program during much of the Clinton Administration, says that 27 percent of Medicare dollars are spent on people in their last year of life, but only a small fraction of that amount is spent on people whom medical professionals *expect* to die. In fact, recent data suggest that people with slow-acting terminal cancers or degenerative heart disease are now much more likely than they once would have been to die in hospices or at home, but such "palliative" care is also surprisingly expensive, especially if it involves round-the-clock nursing. Vladeck says, "We should do a much better

Why Ms. Chance got her kids talking trash.

As part of her lesson plan for Earth Month, Gale Chance taught her special education students to respect their planet by cleaning up trash and collecting aluminum cans for recycling. Word of their conservation efforts spread and soon other students, and even parents, were bringing in cans. Within a few weeks, \$1,000 was raised which was used to beautify the school grounds. But Ms. Chance's class picked up a lot more than just litter. Keeping track of their cans and recycling money improved their math skills.

Ms. Chance also introduced students to the principles of personal finance by teaching them how to make purchases, deposits, and withdrawals from their class bank. More importantly, Ms. Chance's students picked up a wealth of self-esteem. Kids who were once on the sidelines because they were treated differently now lead a project involving mainstream students. For turning aluminum into gold, State Farm is pleased to present Gale Chance of Cussetta

Road Elementary in Columbus, Georgia with our Good Neighbor Award® and to donate \$5,000 to her school. It's amazing what kids pick up when given a chance.



**Good
Neighbor
Award®**

STATE FARM INSURANCE COMPANIES
Home Offices: Bloomington, Illinois

www.statefarm.com

The Good Neighbor Award was developed
in cooperation with The Council for
Exceptional Children.



job than we do in managing end-of-life treatment, but it won't be a big money-saver."

To a great extent the bad reputation of health care stems from economic scoring systems that track what's easiest to count. Gouging coal out of mountains to run power plants so that we can waft cool air over the brows of investment bankers is totted up as "industrial production"—an unambiguous increase in national wealth, like jet-skis and video games. But new hips that allow people to walk, intra-ocular implants that restore their vision, stents that put them back to work, are classified as nonproductive "services" that somehow make us poorer. The economist William Baumol, a leading authority on productivity measurement, says, "Quality is very difficult to measure and translate into money terms. It's nobody's fault; it's just the nature of the beast." Certainly, the work by David Cutler, Jack Triplett, and their colleagues suggests that there's a lot of room for improving the data, but wealth and productivity are necessarily more ambiguous in today's world than when we measured progress in bars of iron and ears of corn.

At the end of the day the problem with health-care spending is not that it's inefficient but that it's *redistributive*. Each year the small fraction of people who are very sick account for the lion's share of health-care spending. They are different people, of course, from year to year, and the odds are that all of us, once or twice in our lives, will take our turns as

mega-medical consumers. Since none but the very wealthiest families can sustain the cost of big-ticket medical episodes, the risk has to be partially socialized, either privately through insurance or publicly through the tax system. I may not want to help pay for your heart attack, but I'll need you to kick in, one way or another, for the cost of my cancer.

Whatever minimally adequate health-care-financing system we eventually muddle toward will inevitably contain leveling components. Families on the lower third or so of the economic ladder simply can't afford the full cost of adequate private medical insurance, and neither can most marginal employers. Americans don't like statist solutions, usually with good reason, so we will maintain our commitment to the current mixed public-private framework, with all its ideological messiness. But even if most providers are private companies, the public sector will inevitably play a larger role in paying for an ever-expanding range of "basic" health-care services.

Politicians don't like facing up to issues like these—better to pretend that the financing issues will disappear if we just crack down on "waste and fraud." But it's wrong to assume that tax-financed health care is inherently less productive or socially beneficial than private-sector spending—indeed, in our Jerry Springer, consumer-binge culture, the opposite may well be true. Moreover, a growing health-care sector may carry positive benefits for the American job market.

The Career Machine

A DECADE ago Robert Reich, the Secretary of Labor in the first Clinton Administration, sounded the alarm over a bifurcating American job market, foreseeing a spreading income gap between knowledge workers with one or more degrees from top universities and the great mass of workers stuck in dead-end jobs. Health care is a refreshing exception to Reich's paradigm. St. Luke's—Roosevelt operates a huge outpatient-surgery center on New York's West Side that—to a visitor with expectations tuned by *The Hospital* and similar movies—seems impressively efficient. Service is brisk, queues are short, and a scoreboardlike electronic screen allows friends and relatives to track patients' progress through prep, surgery, and recovery. The majority of the workers I saw were young people of color, handling millions of dollars' worth of high-tech equipment with competence and professionalism.

The city's public community colleges have long since adapted their curricula to the burgeoning opportunities in the health-care sector for medical-records assistants, nuclear-medicine technicians, laboratory assistants, physical and occupational therapists, dental hygienists, paramedics, geriatric and dietetic assistants, and many more. Catherine Farrell, a professor and the former associate dean for cooperative education at LaGuardia Community College, says, "Most of our students are minorities or immigrants who have to work. Health care, in their eyes, is a very hot, very high-status field. They like the precision

FOG

My son has built a tent-cabin
in the front room and invited in the dog.

He has constructed an imaginary machine
with an invisible lever, for catching the fog.

Fallen clouds drifting through the valley
along the river bottom, up and over the lines

and folds and contours of the hills, coulees
and benches, combed by cottonwoods and pines,

break softly against the windows
like thought or breath, then pass on.

The fog got in the house,
he says. I am catching it with this.

—GREG PAPE

of health care—they know they have to master the science courses—and the service ideal is very appealing. The students with the basic skills and the perseverance to get through a two-year program all get snapped up on the job market, and I'd say about two thirds eventually finish a four-year degree so that they can keep moving up the career ladder. I walked through a big hospital a little while ago, and former students were just coming out of the woodwork. It was very exciting for me, because they were getting good salaries, and were thrilled with their jobs."

Health care was once a low-wage, dead-end field, with doctors roosting comfortably at the top of a job pyramid filled out with underpaid nurses, orderlies, and aides. In 1950 health-care workers earned about two thirds of the average wage. By the mid-1990s, however, with rising capital investment per worker, health-care wages had risen to about 109 percent of the economy-wide average. In addition, U.S. pharmaceutical and medical-equipment companies, with annual sales of about \$170 billion, pay better than the average manufacturer, because of medicine's demanding quality requirements. Health-care spending, moreover, unlike spending for cars, television sets, clothing, and oil, tends to stay home. The alarm over rising health-care spending suggests that the money is somehow dribbling away into outer space rather than being recycled into the pockets of a growing new class of professional workers.

Turbulence and Transition

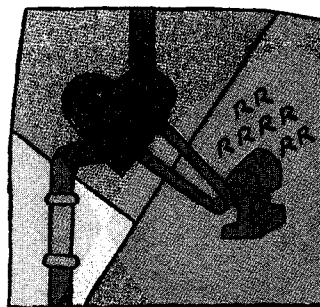
THESE are turbulent times for health care. Price pressures have left doctors feeling rushed, harried, and second-guessed. Tens of thousands of articles are published in medical journals each year. Drug companies flog their products in "Ask your doctor" television ads. Boomers surf the Web for the latest treatments for their aging moms. Medical practices jostle with fast-food chains for space in Florida's strip malls. Even as they orchestrate round after round of Medicare cutbacks, both political parties are moving toward adding a very expensive pharmaceutical benefit to the basic Medicare package.

HEALTH CARE

**IS A HIGH-PRODUCTIVITY
INDUSTRY THAT PAYS ABOVE-
AVERAGE WAGES. THE
WARNINGS ABOUT RISING
HEALTH-CARE SPENDING
SUGGEST THAT THE MONEY
IS DRIBBLING AWAY INTO
OUTER SPACE RATHER THAN
BEING RECYCLED TO A
GROWING NEW CLASS OF
PROFESSIONAL WORKERS.**

Health care is undergoing a fundamental transition. The old pattern of solo-practitioner medicine has been irrevocably destroyed by the burgeoning of medical technology, but a workable new model has yet to emerge. Michael Lesch asks, "How do you keep the benefits of the marketplace—innovation, competition, lower prices, patient choice—without its drawbacks? Do you think Ford cares whether you really need three cars? And do you think drug companies really care if you need the medicine? They just want you to buy it. How do we stay a profession with some market elements, and not

become a business that's just out for profits?"



One response has been the "evidence-based medicine" movement. Scott Weingarten, M.D., is the president of Zynx, a research and consulting firm that specializes in establishing evidence-based health-care-management practices.

"There are things that the science shows work, and work well," Weingarten says. "But there are big gaps between what we actually do and what we ought to be doing—and that includes in the finest academic medical centers in the land. Technologies that don't work, or are actually harmful, are being used throughout the United States." Anti-arrhythmic drugs are a prime exhibit for evidence-based medicine. Disruptions in cardiac rhythm often accompany heart attacks, and when certain compounds were found to be effective in smoothing out arrhythmias, they were widely prescribed. It all seemed very sensible, until clinical studies showed that some of the leading anti-arrhythmics actually *increased* death rates significantly. The drugs remain on the market, because they are useful in specialized cases, but some analysts worry that they are still being prescribed much more often than they ought to be.

A core problem, according to David Eddy, a guru of the evidence-based-medicine movement, is that the profession doesn't think quantitatively. Only about 10 to 20 percent of standard medical practices have ever been subjected to random clinical trials, and physician surveys show an extraordinary range of opinion on the effectiveness of common procedures—sometimes zero to 100 percent! Consensus guidelines, Eddy says, like those for cholesterol screening, seem almost perversely designed to waste money and miss the high-priority patients at the same time.

The case for evidence-based medicine seems irrefutable, though it is too often promoted just as a way to cut spending. But there is no intrinsic reason why good medicine should cost less: for every improper practice eliminated, there may well be another useful intervention from which patients will benefit. The vast majority of people with major depression, for example, get no treatment at all. Washington's Group Health has rigorously implemented evidence-based principles and vetoes

any new technology not supported by high-quality data. Although Group Health rejects far more candidate technologies than it accepts, its medical arsenal still constantly expands. A new Medtronic implant that can be startlingly effective against Parkinsonian and other tremors, a radioactive "seed" implant for certain prostate cancers, a prosthetic device to improve female urinary incontinence, stomach surgery in cases of morbid obesity, a neural stimulator for intractable epilepsy—all have recently made the cut. Although the organization can legitimately claim that its medical spending is unusually intelligent, costs and premiums are about the same as its peers'.

Delivering high-quality science-based medicine to an aging population will grow ever more complex. Patients with multiple chronic disorders won't match the "pure" cases selected for clinical trials, and the growing list of plausible pharmaceutical interventions greatly increases the risk of dangerous drug interactions. Effective management of an older, sicker population will require vast new investments in information technology just to begin.

Once again, glimmers of the future can be seen at Group Health. The great majority of spending goes for a relatively small number of patients with chronic conditions—cardiovascular disease, diabetes, and depression are among the most expensive. Group Health has therefore built a chronic-disease management system that uses electronically linked prescription records, test results, and best-practice treatment pathways to alert doctors when patients may be heading for trouble, and to track whether they're getting proper care. On standard federal quality measures—for example, keeping heart-attack patients on beta-blockers to prevent follow-on attacks—the organization scores around 90 percent, or about double the national average. Dorothy Teeter, Group Health's vice-president for quality and information systems, says, "Our belief when we started was that you could improve quality and decrease costs—that it wasn't an either-or kind of thing. What we found with our chronic diseases was that in fact we stabilized the costs, and they're starting to go down just a touch, which is fairly unusual when you think about chronic disease." Computer-assisted prescription-monitoring systems (which warn a doctor that, say, the stimulant she prescribed for her patient's asthma will counteract the beta-blocker he's taking for his heart) are also becoming standard among the larger health plans.

There are no panaceas. It will take many years and hundreds of billions of dollars to build the information infrastructure needed for quality disease-management systems. Efforts to improve the patient-information base may also run afoul of privacy laws and a growing clamor for free choice of providers, even in managed-care plans. Prescription-monitoring systems can work only if they encompass all the pharmacies a patient might use, and Group Health's chronic-disease system is effective only for people receiving care within its clinics,

where access to the entire case record is possible. In short, although the vague outlines of the evidence-based and information-linked health-care system of the future may be taking shape, there are huge gaps, and no obvious ways to bridge them. The only certainty is that the ride will be bumpy—and very expensive.

Embracing the Inevitable

ALMOST half a century ago the oldest Baby Boomers entered first grade; from 1950 through 1970 the school-age population (five to nineteen) nearly doubled, and school spending after inflation quadrupled. And those Boomers didn't vote.

Ever since the end of the Second World War the national economy has been defined by the life passages of the Baby Boomers. Only compare the smooth seas of the nineties—when Boomers settled into placid, productive middle age—with the turmoil of the 1970s, when unskilled Boomers poured into the job market. Yet policy wonks still treasure the delusion that we as a nation will somehow *decide* what share of resources should be claimed by health care, when the demographic facts have already decided it for us.

Good planning may help around the edges, but the shift to a health-care-based economy will inevitably be a messy one, complicated by the inevitable shift of resources toward the public and nonprofit sectors. One consolation is that almost all our international competitors will be undergoing the same kinds of demographic upheaval, often more severe than ours.

Where will the health-care dollars come from? Some will come from the Boomers' own pockets. Expect a more sharply tiered medical system, with basic coverage for all seniors and elite care for those who can afford it. Boomers will find the money by retiring later, working harder, liquidating assets, and borrowing against their houses. Much of the money will come from steeper payroll taxes (and a lot of the people paying them will be working in health care, or selling things to people who do). And some of it will come from holding down fees paid to doctors and hospitals. The medical establishment got a huge windfall when Medicare was first passed, and part of that will be clawed back in the decades ahead. It's too bad that different doctors got the windfall, but there's nothing in the Constitution about generational equity. Paying off the national debt would help a lot too. Then the government could start borrowing again when Boomer medical spending peaks, spreading the costs over a couple of generations.

A leading medical analyst recently wrote that "doubling or tripling health care expenditures would be intolerable." But in fact the doubling or tripling of health-care spending is a virtual certainty. As Gen-Xers would say, "Get over it!" Let's start thinking about how to make the transition no more traumatic than it has to be. ☘

Assistance

by ROXANA ROBINSON

Going back to her parents' small house was like entering a foreign force field, where the normal rules of transaction—logic and reason and predictability—seemed suspended

ADELE had not had a good night. She had finally gone to sleep around midnight, but had waked up again at two-fifteen. This was not a surprise: she always had trouble sleeping at her parents' house.

Adele was forty-eight years old, and lived alone. She had been divorced for twelve years, and her son, Philip, was at college in California. She lived on the top floor of a brick house on West Fourth Street, in Greenwich Village, overlooking other people's gardens. Her apartment was small but sunny, and in the mornings she watched the neighborhood cats parade slowly along the walls dividing the gardens. Her life was quiet, and she worked at home, translating novels from the French.

Adele liked all of this. She liked her solitary life, with her view over the back gardens, and she liked the silence and rigor of translating. She liked the notion that she was effecting a linguistic transition, making something possible that was otherwise impossible, creating a useful channel of understanding between two vast and powerful oceans.

Adele had driven down to Chestertown, on the Eastern Shore, where her parents lived. Her father, Sam Bolton, had been a hand surgeon at Johns Hopkins for nearly forty years. He was now ninety, and her mother, Bess, was eighty-seven. They were both still mentally vigorous, but physically they were becoming rather frail. Sam had had his second hip-replacement operation two months earlier, and Bess's trouble with her knees was getting worse. Since Sam's operation Adele had been coming down every few weeks to help out.

Beforehand Adele envisioned each of these visits as orderly and productive. She saw herself as helping to translate her parents' old life into a new, still unlearned one. But that

was not the way the visits turned out. Going back to her parents' small house was like entering a foreign force field, where the normal rules of transaction—logic and reason and predictability—seemed suspended. It was a strange, disorienting, gravity-free realm where the air sang and jangled with dysfunction, where her own competence somehow evaporated, and giddy chaos threatened.

From two-fifteen until four-thirty Adele lay awake, reading, in the blond-wood contemporary bed her uncle had

given her mother when he got rid of all his Swedish modern, in the 1970s. The austere bed looked out of place: the room had lavender walls and white ruffled curtains, and was full of dark Victorian furniture from Adele's grandparents. The mahogany sleigh bed had gone to Adele's older sister, in San Diego, when the Swedish bed arrived. Adele's mother had draped a length of thin lavender cloth over the

wooden headboard in an effort to make the new bed blend with the room. Her effort was unsuccessful. The angular bed, with its loose lavender hood, looked merely bizarre, as though it had been set there among the ruffles and mahogany according to some alternate-universe theory of decoration inaccessible to ordinary mortals.

At four-thirty Adele gave up and took a sleeping pill, so when she woke again, past nine, she was groggy. She could hear her parents, who had been up since eight, keeping their voices down for her sake but already started in on the day's arguments. Sam was downstairs in the kitchen, and Bess was about to follow him down again. The guest-room door was next to the stairs. Adele heard her mother carefully maneuvering herself into the electric chair that shuttled majestically up and down the staircase.



"I've *already* called him," Bess said in a low, strained voice, trying to make her words carry to the floor below without waking Adele in the next room. "I just think we should *see* if there's too much in it."

"What do you want me to do?" Sam called from the kitchen. His voice was loud and antagonistic. At the hospital he had been the head of his department for nearly twenty years, and he did not take direction well. Adele could hear the stair-chair arms thudding into place as Bess settled herself in the seat.

"What do you want me to do?" Sam shouted again, still louder and now impatient. Adele heard the click of the switch and then the low hum of the stair-chair as her mother began to descend.

"What do you want me to *do*?" Sam called for the third time, his voice raised and irritable.

There was another click as the stair-chair stopped at the bottom, and the heavy arms clunked up and then thudded down again as Bess climbed out. Bess began walking toward the kitchen. She spoke when she got so close that she didn't have to yell, but her voice registered her exasperation. She spoke to Sam so slowly as to be almost insulting.

"I *told* you," Bess said. "I think there's too much food in the refrigerator, and that's why it's making that *noise*. I've called the *repairman*, but before he makes a special trip, I want to take some of the things *out* to see if that's what's causing it."

Adele sat up in bed. Since her father had come home after his operation, friends and neighbors had taken turns bringing dinners to her parents. A list was stuck up on the refrigerator door, with names and dates, so that Sam and Bess would know who was bringing the meal that night. The friends took considerable trouble with the meals, fixing things that were interesting and often exotic, but neither Sam nor Bess ate very much, and they didn't like fancy food. By now the refrigerator was crammed with half-full plastic containers half-covered with foil, bowls of limp vegetables in pale sauces, pans with small, hard tracts of curried chicken or baked lasagna, their surfaces darkened and desiccated in the bleak interior chill of the refrigerator.

When Adele came downstairs, her mother was sitting by the telephone in an ankle-length pink bathrobe. Her salt-and-pepper gray hair stood out around her head in a fine, pale mist. Sam was standing at the refrigerator. Six cartons of milk stood on the table. He was holding up a jar of mayonnaise and frowning.

"Let's just see what happens," Bess said to him.

Already annoyed, Adele said as she came into the room, "Mother, the refrigerator doesn't get overstrained because you have a lot of leftover food in it." Neither of her parents answered. "The refrigerator just keeps a particular space cold," she went on. "A certain cubic area." She was proud of coming up with "cubic." "It doesn't matter how much stuff is in it." She said this with certainty, wondering as she spoke if she was right. But surely she was. "The refrigerator doesn't care. Well—unless you put hot things in it, a casserole right from the oven or something."

"Putting things in the refrigerator from the oven?" Sam turned around and stared challengingly at Adele. His white hair stood straight up at the crown of his head. He wore wrinkled cotton pajamas and a handsome Black Watch plaid bathrobe that Adele had given him for Christmas.

"If you did," Adele said, aware that she had allowed a dangerous digression into her argument.

"Why would we put things into the refrigerator straight from the oven?" Sam asked. He sounded disgusted and cross, as though Adele had accused him of doing it. "What would be the point of that?"

"I mean," Adele said doggedly, "that your refrigerator isn't making a noise because of what's in it." She paused. The refrigerator was not, so far as she could tell, making any unusual noise at all. It was humming innocuously. They all listened.

"Just put them on the table," Bess said to Sam.

Sam put the mayonnaise jar next to the milk cartons. Adele leaned over and looked at the dates on the milk cartons, which were in varying states of fullness.

"Mother, half of these are already outdated," she said. "Do you want me to throw them out for you? That way—"

"Now, you just let me take care of the milk cartons," Sam said in a patronizing way. He was the one who drank milk. "I keep pretty close track of these things."

Adele looked at Bess, who rocked slightly in her chair and said nothing. "So the repairman is coming?" Adele asked.

Bess nodded uncertainly. "I called him. I don't know when he's coming, but I called him. But the problem may be all those milk cartons, you see."

"But what's the noise?" Adele asked. "I don't hear any noise."

"Well, it *was* making a loud noise earlier," Bess said defensively. "That's when I called the repairman, to see if he'd come and take a look at it. He's the one who fixed the heater in your father's study."

"Wasn't broken," Sam said in a triumphant undertone. He lifted out a casserole.

"Well, made it work again," Bess said.

The kitchen was small and square, with yellow walls and white metal cabinets over the sink and counters. Most of the room was taken up by a long pine table. The end near the sink and the door to the dining room was where they ate. Three dark-blue woven place mats were always on it. The other end of the table was near the telephone and the back door, and it was covered with piles of mail. Now the end with the place mats was crowded with half-full milk cartons. In the middle of Adele's place mat was a large mayonnaise jar.

"Well, I'm going to have some breakfast," Adele said. "Can I fix anything for either of you?"

"I've already made my breakfast," Sam said. "Your mother's not hungry. Like some toast?"

"Don't you want anything, Mother?" Adele asked. Bess shook her head. She had always been thin, and lately she seemed to have begun to slip deliberately toward insub-

stantiality, her skin paler and paler, now almost translucent.

"I'd love some toast, thanks, Daddy," Adele said. "Do you have any decaf coffee, Mother?"

"I think so," Bess said. "I try to keep everything my children want. I think it's in there."

They stored their food in a narrow standing metal cupboard, painted pale yellow to match the walls. On the top shelf of this cupboard Adele found a small, ancient jar with several spoonfuls of instant decaffeinated coffee inside. The grains had begun to liquefy into a deep-brown sludge, and she had to scrape to get them out.

Adele moved the mayonnaise jar and set her place at the table, putting a flowered plate, an orange-juice glass, a napkin, and silverware next to the giant stand of milk cartons. The toaster gave a resentful whir and smartly popped up two slices of toast that were nearly black. The toaster always did this, no matter where the control lever was set. Sam took them out and put them, unbuttered, on Adele's plate.

"There you are," he said. Sam's place was unthreatened by the cartons, and he sat down to his boiled egg. He cracked the shell with a knife.

"Don't you want a piece, Mother?" Adele asked. "I'll butter it for you."

"Well, maybe I'll have a half," Bess said.

She made her way cautiously from the rocking chair by the telephone to the table and sat down with the others. Adele buttered a piece of toast and handed it to her.

"If you want me to," Adele said, "I'll go through all those things in the refrigerator with you. I'm sure we'll find stuff we can throw out."

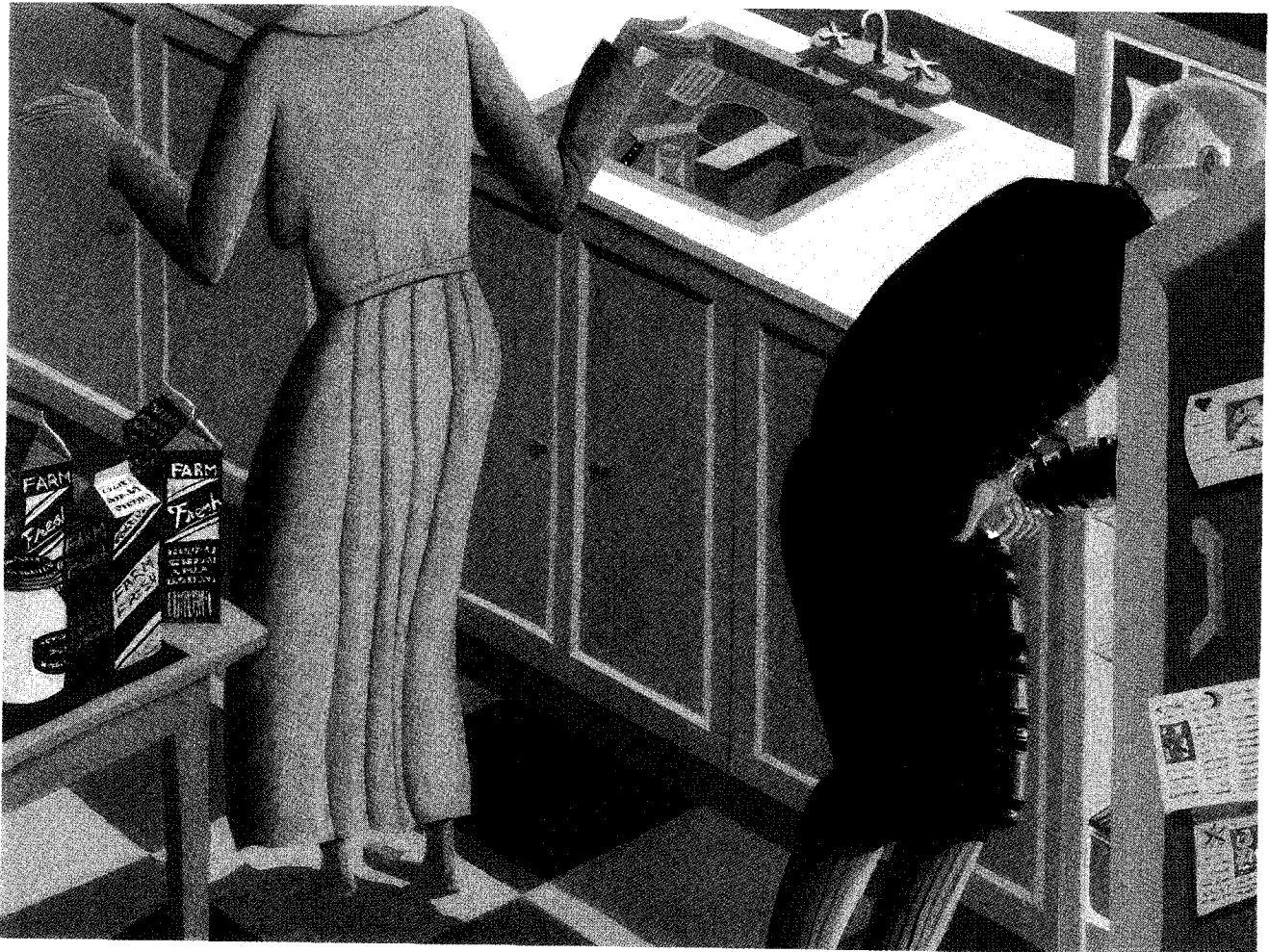
"The trouble with those meals is they had too much seasoning," Sam said. He scooped the soft innards of the egg into a bowl, where they collapsed, loosing a dense orange tide. "Too spicy. Kept me awake."

"Couldn't you ask the people not to use spices?" Adele asked reasonably.

"They don't listen," Sam said with a thin, intolerant smile.

"There," Bess said loudly. They looked at her. She held her index finger up, her head high and tilted. "Listen. There it is again."

All three of them looked at the refrigerator. Its door was covered with yellowed and fraying newspaper clippings about various family members. "LOCAL RESIDENT FINDS GIANT MUSHROOM" was the biggest headline. They sat and listened. The refrigerator was definitely making a loud noise. Things had changed internally, and it had moved into some new and interfering gear. A hostile rattling sound came from the motor.



"You see?" Bess said.

"It's not the milk," Adele pointed out.

"Maybe you should take some more things out," Bess said to Sam. Sam rose from his chair and shuffled to the refrigerator.

"The problem isn't the things in it," Adele said, exasperated. "If it were, taking them out would have helped."

"What?" Sam asked, turning to look at her.

"If it had been the milk, then since the milk is all on the table, the noise wouldn't be coming again now," Adele said. She was aware that she sounded unclear.

"But it is coming again now," Sam said. He was frowning.

"Right," Adele said, "but that means—"

"Take some more things out," Bess said to Sam. Containers topped with aluminum foil, small plates of three or four shriveled carrots, pots with their lids on, began to cover the table top.

"But don't you want some of these things thrown out, Mother?" Adele asked. "I looked at them yesterday, and they're really mostly inedible."

"Oh, I don't know about that," Bess said firmly. She picked up her toast and took a small bite.

"I think your mother knows what she wants to keep and what she doesn't," Sam said. The table was now completely covered with old food. He sat down again and began to tear bits of crust from his toast, sprinkling them onto the orange-and-white sea. The three were silent while they ate.

"I think I'm going to write another letter to the town board," Sam said, frowning. He spoke loudly, over the rattling roar from the refrigerator.

"What about?" Adele asked. Her father was fond of writing letters in which he told people what to do.

"About that stop sign at the intersection of Beech Tree Lane and Route Thirty-five. I've written them before, but they still don't seem to realize how badly designed that intersection is."

"Did they answer your letter from before?" Adele asked.

"They answered it, but I don't think they gave it the serious consideration that it deserves," Sam said. "I don't think they were really paying any attention to it." His toast was now crust-free, and he began to stir the torn-off bits into his egg.

"You did write them twice," Bess pointed out.

Sam looked up at her. "But they haven't properly responded," he explained.

"But they did answer you," Bess said.

"I've *told* you," Sam said, "I don't think they understand the situation."

"Well, you did tell them," Bess said.

"I *know* that," Sam said fiercely. "You just told me that."

"I know I told you that," Bess said. "I'm just saying—"

"I know what you're saying," Sam said.

The telephone rang, and Adele sprang up to answer it. Bess watched Adele as she talked, waiting to be handed the phone.

"Yes," Adele said, not looking at her mother, "yes, it is. This is her daughter."

"Tell him about the noise," Bess said.

"The town board meets on Tuesday," Sam said. He took a bite of his egg-and-toast mixture. "I'd like to get my letter to them before that."

YOUNG APPLE TREE, DECEMBER

What you want for it you'd want
for a child: that she take hold;
that her roots find home in stony

winter soil; that she take seasons
in stride, seasons that shape and
reshape her; that like a dancer's,

her limbs grow pliant, graceful
and surprising; that she know,
in her branchings, to seek balance;

that she know when to flower, when
to wait for the returns; that she turn
to a giving sun; that she know

fruit as it ripens; that what's lost
to her will be replaced; that early
summer afternoons, a full blossoming

tree, she cast lacy shadows; that change
not frighten her, rather that change
meet her embrace; that remembering

her small history, she find her place
in an orchard; that she be her own
orchard; that she outlast you;

that she prepare for the hungry world
(the fallen world, the loony world)
something shapely, useful, new, delicious.

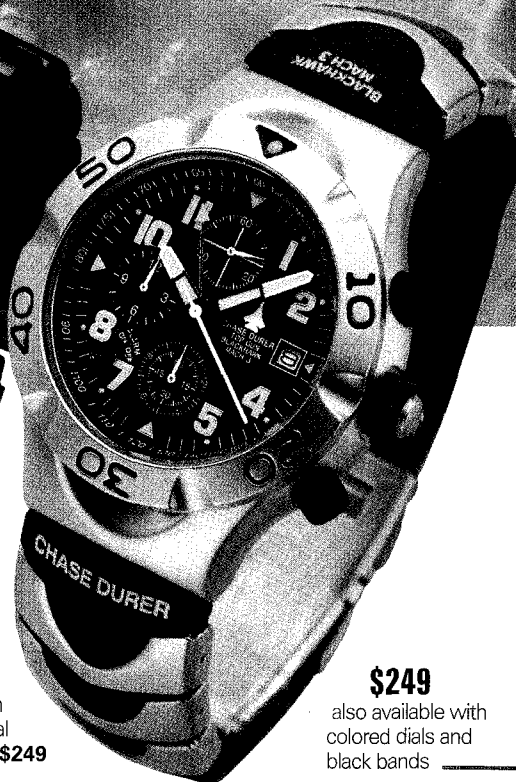
—GAIL MAZUR

MILITARY PILOTS RELY ON THE ACCURACY & DURABILITY OF CHASE-DURER PRECISION INSTRUMENTS

PHOTO: M. KULIK



\$189 w/ nylon strap. With metal band as shown **\$249**



\$249
also available with colored dials and black bands

U.S. SPECIAL FORCES AIR COMBAT TEAM

22 Jewel Precision SWISS ETA 251.272 Quartz Movement, Chronograph: 1/10th Second, 60 Second, 30 Minutes, Case in Black PVD Solid 316L Stainless Steel, Screw-lock Crown & Screw-in back, Revolving Dual Time Zone Bezel, Tritium/SPO Advanced Illumination System on Hands & Numbers, Hardened Mineral Crystal, Calendar Date Window, Water Resistant to 330 Feet, 3 Year Battery, Serial Numbered.

BLACKHAWK MACH 3

Precision Multi-function OS80 Quartz Chronograph, Power Alarm, Stopwatch with 1/20th Second, 60 Minute & 12 Hour Elapsed Time, Tachymetre, Case in Solid 316L Stainless Steel. Revolving 0-60 countdown bezel, Screw-down Crown & Screw-in Back, Tritium/SPO Advanced Illumination System on Hands & Numbers, Mineral Crystal Lens, Calendar Date Window, Water Resistant to 330 feet, 3 Year Battery, Exclusive Rubber & Stainless Steel Strap, Serial Numbered.

Credit Cards Call 1.800.544.4365 Ask for Operator 263

SEE CHASE-DURER WATCHES AT: **ARIZONA** Phoenix: ARGO (602) 997-8595 **CALIFORNIA** Bakersfield CARRIAGE (661) 322-2246 Beverly Hills RAPHAELS (310) 275-6211 Carmel WINGS AMERICA (831) 626-9464 Carlsbad City ARVA (310) 556-1317 Costa Mesa JOSTMAR (714) 966-2661 Glendora GOLD'N'TIME (626) 857-0717 Hermosa Beach SEYMOUR (310) 379-5401 Long Beach MKOTT PICH (562) 433-3530 Los Angeles ASK JEWELERS (323) 512-8812 Monterey GASPERS (831) 375-5332 Palm Desert NEWPORT GALLERY (760) 674-8066 Pasadena VALLI'S (626) 795-5602 Redondo Beach J.V. JEWELERS (310) 791-1566 San Dimas Y2K (909) 592-0666 San Pedro RON'S (310) 832-1272 Studio City VALLEY'S GEM (818) 761-1729 Tarzana DARVA (818) 881-4653 Toluca Lake GENERALES (818) 763-9768 Torrance DEL TIME (310) 214-4985 Visalia JEWELRY CLUB (559) 625-3119 **FLORIDA** Linda DAVID HAYMAN (714) 996-9032 **COLORADO** Denver ATLANTIS GEM (303) 825-3366 Grand Junction PAGE-PAR-SONS (970) 242-3420 **CONNECTICUT** Orange SYKS-LIBBY (203) 799-1334 Stamford R. HOLLANDER (203) 363-2200 **FLORIDA** Boca Raton ALTIER (561) 395-3462 Miami GOLDTIME CORP (305) 534-8898 Orlando AIR ORLANDO ACQ (407) 896-0721 Pinellas Park FLORIDA JWLRY (727) 521-0098 Sarasota St. Petersburg GOLDEN SAILS (727) 381-1414 Tampa ALDO BRIONI (813) 253-2288 KING JEWELRY (813) 287-2599 **GEORGIA** Augusta DORIS DIAMONDS (706) 733-6747 **ILLINOIS** Lake Forest CLOCKWORKS (847) 234-7272 **LOUISIANA** Monroe R&A (318) 323-3401 **MARYLAND** Annapolis U.S. NAVAL ACADEMY (410) 293-2408 **MASSACHUSETTS** S. Orleans CLOCK SHOP AT OPLEASANT BAY (508) 240-0175 **MISSOURI** Liberty THE POLISHED EDGE (816) 781-6360 **NO CAROLINA** Asheville W. GALYEAN (828) 274-9014 Greenville RHODY'S (910) 488-2971 **NEW JERSEY** Elizabeth SALERMO (908) 289-7791 Jersey City TIME SQUARE (201) 656-3326 Ocean City THOMAS (609) 399-0359 Secaucus MAHTANI (201) 348-1557 Whitehouse Station TALL CEDARS (908) 534-1568 **NEVADA** Las Vegas BERGER & SON (702) 737-7118 THE WORLD MERCHANT (702) 383-8333 **NEW YORK** Jackson Heights EMERALD (718) 478-8518 New York VINCENT (212) 732-6400 Rye RYE JEWELERS (914) 967-6633 Schenectady NORTHEASTERN (518) 372-3604 **OHIO** Cincinnati GANGL (513) 621-4199 **OKLAHOMA** Oklahoma City BARKET (405) 722-7485 **PENNSYLVANIA** Butler GOLDEN DREAMS (724) 282-4653 Kennett Square BOYE (610) 444-4525 Philadelphia GOV. BERG (215) 557-1002 WATCHES ETC. INT. (215) 922-4088 **TEXAS** San Antonio K&S WATCH (210) 599-9337 Wimberley JOHN GREER & ASSOC. (512) 847-1046 **UTAH** Sandy TIMPICES (801) 816-7744 **WASHINGTON** Spokane WATCH WORLD (509) 482-0743 **WASHINGTON D.C.** SWISS WATCH WORK (202) 333-

NOW, CHASE-DURER WATCHES AT MARKS & MORGAN JEWELERS

Gainesville, FL The Oaks Mall (352) 331-8396
Jacksonville, FL The Avenues Mall (904) 363-2080
Orlando, FL The Florida Mall (407) 855-5719
Charleston, SC Northwood Mall (843) 572-1171
Savannah, GA Savannah Mall (912) 925-4907

CHASE-DURER: 270 N. Canon Dr, PMB 1402-263, Beverly Hills, CA 90210 **www.CHASE-DURER.com**

"That's right," Adele said. "It's making a loud noise, that's the problem. Kind of a rattle."

"I've told him that," Bess said. Adele turned so that she was sideways to her mother.

"If I mail it today, it will be brought up on Tuesday," Sam said.

"I don't see why you're writing to them again," Bess, now distracted, said to Sam. "You've already told them what you have to say."

"Well, here—listen to it," Adele said. She held the telephone out toward the refrigerator, which had ratcheted up again and was drumming loudly and at high speed. "Can you hear that?"

"I've told you why I'm writing to them again," Sam said irritably.

Adele put the phone back to her ear. "Could you hear it?"

"I still don't see why," Bess said.

"Well, it's very loud," Adele said. "Yes, we'll be here. We'll be here all day."

"Is he coming over?" Sam asked.

"Right away," Adele said.

"All right, I'm getting dressed," Bess said, getting up. Her toast lay on her plate, only one small bite taken from it.

"Don't you want the rest of your toast?" Adele asked. She now felt guilty about not giving the telephone to her mother.

"I'm not really hungry," Bess said.

"What about you, Daddy?" Adele asked, trying to make up. "If you want to go up and get dressed, I'll do the dishes."

"That's not the issue, is it?" Sam said, smiling dangerously at her. "What I'm doing here is eating my breakfast, not washing the dishes."

WHEN the repairman arrived, Sam and Bess were back downstairs, now dressed. Bess was in the kitchen, in the rocker, and Sam was at his desk in the dining room, writing to the town. Adele opened the door for the repairman.

"Come in," she said. "Thank you for coming so quickly. The refrigerator's right here." The refrigerator was humming quietly. Inaudibly, really; it was hard to hear that it was on at all.

"It was making quite a lot of noise before," Adele said, embarrassed. "Could you hear it?"

The repairman was tall, with a pleasant round face and sunburned-looking pink cheeks. He wore a green shirt with JERRY embroidered on the pocket. He put down his toolbox in front of the refrigerator.

"Let's just see what the problem is here," he said, not answering Adele.

Bess leaned forward in the rocking chair. "We've had too much food in there, I know," she said apologetically. "It's because of my husband's hip operation."

Sam appeared in the doorway, a letter in his hand. "Well, I've finished this," he said. "I'd like to take this in to the post office to mail."

The repairman stepped in front of Sam to get at the back of the refrigerator. He wrestled it gently out from the wall.

"Why can't we just put it in the mailbox?" Adele asked. "I have a stamp. I'll take it out to the box for you, if you want."

"No, I want to mail it at the post office," Sam said. He wasn't yet able to drive again, so Bess had taken over. "You about ready?" he asked Bess. She had been watching the repairman, and not listening.

"I said, 'Are you about ready?'" Sam repeated, louder.

"Ready for what?" Bess asked in alarm.

"To take me to the post office to mail this letter," he said.

"Could it wait?" Bess said. "I just want to see about the refrigerator." The refrigerator shuffled farther out from the wall, toward the crammed table.

"What's the matter with the refrigerator?" Sam asked, turning to look at it.

"The noise," Adele said.

"Oh, yes," Sam said. He stood in the doorway for a moment, watching Jerry, and then he moved past the refrigerator and down to the other end of the table. He pulled out a chair. "I think I'll fix this telephone while I'm waiting," he said.

"What's wrong with the telephone?" Adele asked. "I just used it. It seemed fine."

Sam did not answer. He sat down at the table. The repairman emerged from behind the refrigerator and knelt on the floor in front of it with a screwdriver.

Sam picked up the phone and set it down. "It wobbles," he said accusingly. "When you set it down, it wobbles." He demonstrated, setting the phone down on the table again. The phone rocked slightly. He turned the phone upside down, and he and Adele stared at its bottom.

"It's missing a foot," Adele pointed out. "That's why it's uneven."

"I know that," Sam said. He righted the phone and stood up. "I'm going to get something to fix it." He went into the dining room.

"Are you having any luck?" Bess asked the repairman. He was peering into a mysterious opening he had created at the front of the refrigerator.

"Well, we haven't solved the problem yet," Jerry said.

"Got it," Sam said, reappearing in the doorway. He sat down and turned the telephone upside down again. He had a box of binder-hole reinforcers, small white gummed circles. He took one out, licked it, and stuck it carefully on the bottom of the telephone, on the site of the missing foot. He took out another one, licked it, and painstakingly stuck it on top of the first. Layer by layer he built up thickness. Each time he pressed a reinforcer onto the plastic underside, he banged the telephone against the table.

"Well, let's not keep thumping the phone around," Adele said. "I'll unplug it." She found the small square plug on the side and disconnected the cord from the phone.

"Here's the problem," Jerry said, backing away on his knees from the refrigerator.



"Where'd you learn to do that?"

If you've watched *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex*, you wouldn't have to ask that question. The video series, created by Dr. Sandra Scantling, licensed clinical psychologist and certified sex therapist, offers advice on improving

communication between you and your partner, as well as explicit demonstrations of techniques that will ignite even greater passion in your relationship.

So order *Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex* today, and make learning fun.

Dr. Sandra Scantling's
**Ordinary Couples,
Extraordinary Sex**

EXCLUSIVE FREE VIDEO! With your order

SPECIAL OFFER! Regularly \$29.95. Now \$19.95

Guaranteed to improve your sexual pleasure and lovemaking skills.

Plain Packaging Protects Your Privacy • 100% Guaranteed • **CALL TODAY TO ORDER!**

Vol. 1: Discovering Extraordinary Sex (#1050)	\$19.95
Vol. 2: Getting Creative with Sex (#1051)	19.95
Vol. 3: Keeping Sex Extraordinary (#1052)	19.95
BUY THE 3-VOLUME SET / SAVE \$10 (#1053)	49.85
Advanced Oral Sex Techniques (#1521) with order	FREE
postage & handling	4.00
TOTAL	

METHOD OF PAYMENT:

☐ Bank Money Order ☐ Check
☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AMEX ☐ DISCOVER

Card# _____ Exp. _____

Signature _____
(I certify that I am over age 18)

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____ Zip _____

Mail to: Sinclair Intimacy Institute, Dept 8ATL14, PO Box 8865, Chapel Hill, NC 27515 **WARNING:** Ordinary Couples, Extraordinary Sex is highly explicit and is intended for adults over the age of 18 only. • NC orders please add 6% sales tax. Canadian orders add U.S. \$5 shipping • Sorry -- no cash or COD.

800-955-0888 ext. 8ATL14 • bettersex.com

Sinclair Intimacy Institute

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What is it?" Bess asked, smiling at him.

He held up a yellowed newspaper clipping. "SAM BOLTON HITS SEVENTY-FIVE, STILL A HIGH SCORER ON HIS HOCKEY TEAM" was the headline.

"Oh, my goodness," Bess said, holding out her hand. She shook her head. "I guess I wondered where that was. We had it up on the door, stuck on with a magnet. And that's what was making all that noise?"

"Yep," Jerry said. He was back inside the black hole again, replacing everything.

"Look at this, Sam," Bess said.

The telephone rang shrilly in the living room. Sam continued his licking and pasting.

"Excuse me, Daddy," Adele said. She tried to take the telephone from him to answer it, but Sam, who had not heard the ring, looked up at her in irritation and would not release it.

"Excuse me, Daddy," she said again. "The phone is ringing." They tussled briefly.

"*The phone is ringing,*" Bess said loudly to Sam.

Sam relinquished it, and after the second ring Adele picked up the receiver.

"Hello?" she said. The line was dead. The phone in the living room rang for the third time, and Adele remembered that she had unplugged the cord of the kitchen phone. She looked for it, but it was no longer on the table. It must have been knocked to the floor. Rather than scramble for it and try to fit it back into the tiny aperture before the caller hung up, she decided to answer the phone in the living room.

As Adele stood up, Bess said to the room in general, "Would somebody please answer the phone?"

"I'm working on it," Sam said. The phone rang a fourth time, and Adele made for the door, feeling panicky at the insistent summons. As she ran past the refrigerator, Jerry stood up, and Adele made a sudden intimate acquaintance with the flowing script over his pocket.

"Sorry," she said, flustered but still moving.

"It's okay," Jerry said.

"*Do you think someone could answer the phone?*" Bess said loudly.

In the living room Adele reached the phone on the fifth ring and at last lifted the receiver. "Hello?" she said, breathless.

"This is nine-one-one," a man said.

"Nine-one-one?" Adele repeated.

"You called for help," he said, his voice stern.

"No, I don't think so," Adele said.

"Ma'am, I am required to ask you certain questions. You may be forced to say things against your will."

Adele looked around wildly, wondering for a bewildered moment if something had happened that she didn't know about—if she was in fact being held by an armed terrorist, a gun at her head, alien forces in command.

"No," she said. "We're fine."

"Who is it?" Bess called from the kitchen.

"Ma'am," the man said, "I must ask you further questions."

"We didn't call, really," Adele said, trying to sound convincing. "Nothing is wrong. It was a mistake."

"*Who is on the phone?*" Bess called louder.

"It's nine-one-one," Adele shouted.

"If you don't give the appropriate responses to my questions," the man said, "we will send out a car regardless of what you say."

"*Who?*" Bess asked, mystified.

"Nine-one-one," Adele shouted. "Go ahead," she told the man.

"Nine-one-one," Bess said to Sam.

"What do they want?" Sam said to Bess.

"Can you tell me what your mother's maiden name is?" the man asked.

"My mother's maiden name?" Adele repeated. "Hogarth."

The man was silent for a moment. "All right, ma'am," he said quietly. "We're going to send you some assistance."

"No!" Adele said, struggling to think. "It is Hogarth! That's my mother's maiden name. I promise you we're all right. What name do you want?"

"Are you Mrs. Samuel Bolton?" the man asked.

"*What do they want?*" Sam shouted. "*Why are they calling?*"

"They called because you called them," Adele shouted back. To the 911 man she said, "No, I'm her daughter. You want my grandmother's maiden name."

In the kitchen Jerry said, "I'm all through now, Mrs. Bolton. Is there anything else you need?"

"No," Bess said weakly.

"I did not," Sam called in energetically to Adele. "What a ridiculous thing to say."

"You did too," Adele said resentfully, putting her hand over the receiver. "You kept banging at the phone while you were pasting those things on it."

The 911 man said, "We have to be very careful here. If you are Mrs. Bolton's daughter, then will you give me your grandmother's maiden name?"

"*I didn't call nine-one-one,*" Sam said loudly.

"Chase," Adele said triumphantly. "*You did,*" she called back to her father.

After a pause the man said, "Are you sure you're all right?" He sounded reluctant.

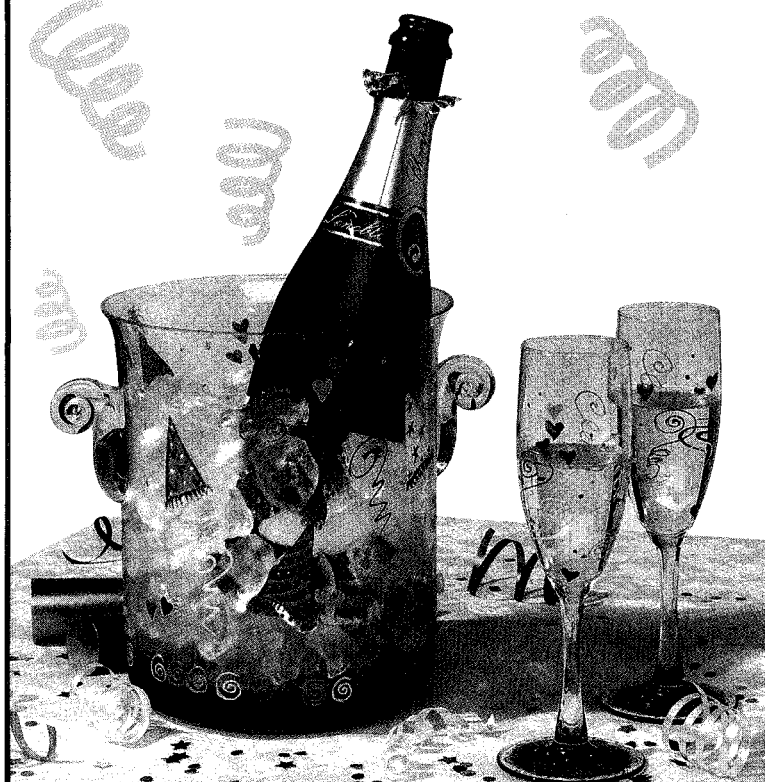
"I can promise you," Adele said in a heartfelt voice.

Around her the air was singing, jingling, alive with disturbance. It was as though two languages were being spoken here, and Adele could not forge a meaningful link between them. She was mute, helpless, impotent, listening to a strange foreign tongue, even speaking it, but utterly unable to transform it into known and useful speech.

She imagined the 911 vehicle arriving, armed men in sunglasses creeping silently from it to surround the house.

"Everything here is *fine*," she said, trying desperately to make herself understood. "It's perfectly fine. Don't send any assistance. Please." ☀

www.SEASONS SHOP.com



Celebrate!

Our ice bucket is large enough for a Champagne bottle or a company-sized batch of popcorn. Wine glasses (5 1/4 oz.) are sold in a pair and are ideal for year round private celebrations. All are made of handpainted glass.

Celebration Ice Bucket #77454...\$89.00 Celebration Flutes #77453...\$66.00

Perfect gifts—for your sister, your daughter, your mother, your best friend. Now you can find them online, at www.SeasonsShop.com. Gifts with attitude, personality, and emotion. Clothing, jewelry, books, keepsakes, ornaments, and more. All in a friendly, easy-to-use, secure online shopping environment created by the people at *Seasons* catalog. Visit today, or call 1-800-368-3252.



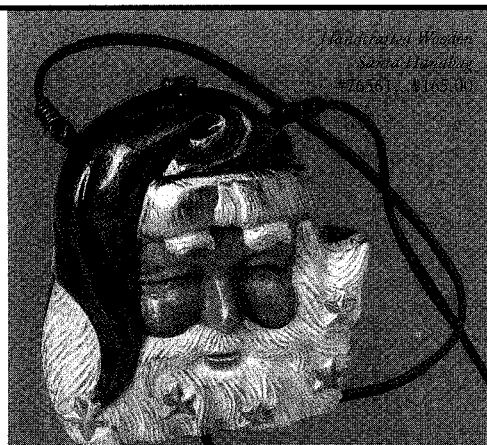
Free with any online purchase:
our exclusive Smile™ accent pillow, handcrafted in wool needlepoint; 8" x 5 1/2".

To receive your free pillow, simply order online from www.SeasonsShop.com by December 31, 1999, and enter source code #SWA02103 when you reach the online shopping basket.

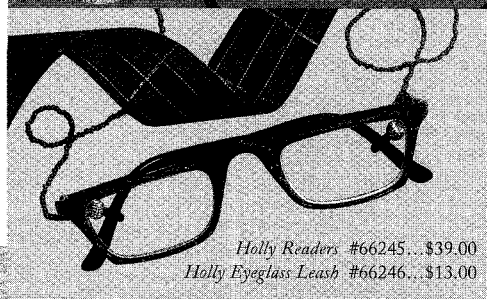
Please note: You must enter this code to receive your pillow. Offer good while supplies last.

Free Gift Offer!
\$15 Value

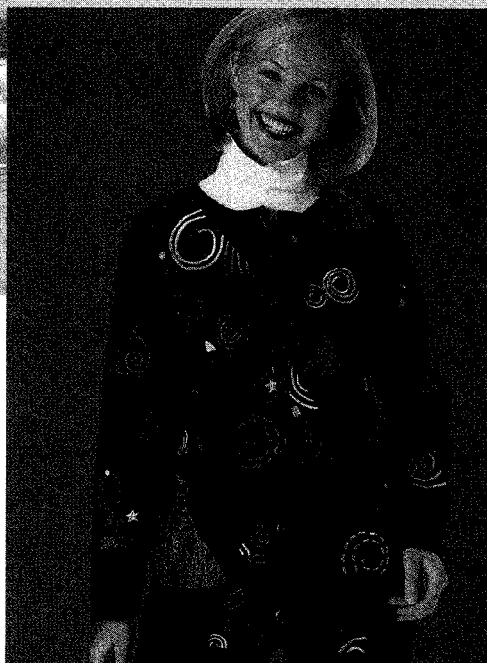
www.SEASONS SHOP.com



Handcrafted Wooden
Santa Claus Head
#76161...\$165.00



Holly Readers #66245...\$39.00
Holly Eyeglass Leash #66246...\$13.00



Courtesy of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences



Gone With the Wind and Hollywood's Racial Politics

Making Gone With the Wind, David O. Selznick discovered, meant dealing with fierce criticism from black newspapers and public officials

THROUGHOUT the late 1920s and early 1930s Margaret Mitchell, an Atlanta newspaperwoman, was writing a Civil War epic that she assumed no one would ever read. It had "precious little obscenity in it," she later told one correspondent, "no adultery and not a single degenerate, and I couldn't

by **Leonard J. Leff**

imagine a publisher being silly enough to buy it." Macmillan acquired the novel, however, and months before its publication, in 1936, the work was under consideration all over Hollywood. Opinion at Selznick International Pictures was divided: the story editor on the West Coast called the book "ponder-

ous trash"; the story editor on the East Coast called it "absolutely magnificent." In the event, David O. Selznick bought *Gone With the Wind* for \$50,000. The book, a commercial and cultural phenomenon, sold a million copies during its first month in print. The motion picture, which opened sixty years ago this month, remains a testament to the Technicolor glory of the Hollywood studio system.

Gone With the Wind had not gone easily to the screen. From the adaptation of the novel and the casting of Scarlett O'Hara to the heated negotiations with censors over small and not-so-small matters in the film, Selznick International faced one problem after another. David Selznick met—and solved—most of them. One persisted, though, and reasserted itself on February 29, 1940. Late in the afternoon of that day Hattie McDaniel was dressing for the Academy Awards banquet. A nominee for Best Supporting Actress, for her role as Mammy, she was apparently the first black actor ever to compete for an Oscar. She may have been uneasy about protocol, for she was to dine at the Coconut Grove with her producer, Selznick, and the white stars of the picture, including Olivia de Havilland, also a nominee for Best Supporting Actress.

"We trust that discrimination and prejudice will be wiped away in the selection of the winner of this award," members of a national black sorority had written to Selznick International some weeks before, "for without Miss McDaniel, there would be no *Gone With the Wind*." Selznick agreed—or so he told his correspondents. He nonetheless saw the letter as evidence that the disheartening, long-running debate on *Gone With the Wind* was not yet over.

Even before 1938, when Selznick International identified what it called a "Negro Problem," black Americans had taken a strong interest in *Gone With the Wind*. The black press was the most consistent and perhaps the most influential of the studio's advisers on racial issues; others included black actors, national

In 1939 Hattie McDaniel became the first African-American to win an Oscar—and the first to dine at an Academy banquet

black organizations, and the movie industry's notorious Hays Office. These people and institutions lacked common goals, and, as the historian Thomas Cripps has written, they rarely spoke with one voice. Some opposed production and release of the picture; others hailed it as a fine showcase for black actors. That lack of consensus not only complicated the production for David Selznick, whose liberal instincts warred with his intention of producing *his* story of the Old South *his* way, but also made *Gone With the Wind* a barometer of American race relations in the 1930s and 1940s.

In the fall of 1936, wringing his hands, Sidney Howard wondered why he had agreed to adapt *Gone With the Wind* for the screen. He had read and reread the novel, he wrote Selznick in early November, "and it is certainly quite a nut to crack." Two weeks later, from his home in rural Massachusetts, he wrote Margaret Mitchell that she had been too generous; her story was far more than he could compress into the two hours' screen time he was permitted. He would soldier on, of course, but he wanted her to read over his outline and to help out, especially with the black characters—"the best written darkies, I do believe, in all literature," he wrote. "They are the only ones I have ever read which seemed to come through uncolored by white patronising."

Like many northern whites, Howard looked to southern whites as authorities on "black psychology." Mitchell wanted to reinforce the notion of southern expertise, because to her, the Hollywood South often looked like a cartoon. In *Wonder Bar* (1934), for instance, Al Jolson had blacked up for a musical number staged in a fantasyland of pork chops and watermelons. Mitchell expected no better in *Gone With the Wind*: "Three hundred massed Negro singers," she wrote in a letter to Kay Brown, Selznick's New York representative, "standing on Miss Pittypat's lawn waving their arms and singing 'Swing low, sweet chariot, comin' for to carry me home,' while Rhett drives up with the wagon."

But some readers had found Mitchell's treatment of race less a cartoon than a nightmare. She had, for example, depicted her leading black characters as content with slavery, uninterested in freedom. They often seemed more like pets than people. When Scarlett and Big Sam were

reunited after the war, "his watermelon-pink tongue lapped out, his whole body wiggled, and his joyful contortions were as ludicrous as the gambolings of a masticiff." The "good" black characters both loved and needed the whites. Though Mammy was one of the strongest characters in the novel, she could not manage Tara after the war without the guidance of her white masters. Her mind was too simple, not yet fully evolved, as readers could infer from a description of her as she looked at the once-grand plantation, her face "sad with the uncomprehending sadness of a monkey's face."

Lacking the protection and moral schooling of whites, the "bad" blacks were an unruly lot. Mammy and Big Sam called them "niggers." Mitchell called them "black apes" who committed "outrages on women." Reconstruction brought out the worst in these characters. Passing through Shantytown one evening, Scarlett was attacked by "a squat black negro with shoulders and chest like a gorilla." He was "so close that she could smell the rank odor of him" as he ripped open her bodice and "fumbled between her breasts." The Ku Klux Klan, according to *Gone With the Wind*, was a "tragic necessity."

In treatments of the screenplay written throughout early 1937, Sidney Howard retained many of the incidents and much of the tone of Mitchell's southern romance. And in general, intent on fidelity to the novels he produced for the screen, Selznick was pleased. "One never knows what chemicals have gone to make up something that has appealed to millions of people," he wrote to Howard, or "how many seeming faults of construction have been part of the whole, and how much the balance would be offset by making changes . . . in our innocence, or even in our ability."

On reflection, though, Selznick knew that he could go too far in his faithfulness to Mitchell's text. "I, for one, have no desire to produce any anti-Negro film," he wrote in an exhaustive, exhausting memorandum to the screenwriter. "In our picture I think we have to be awfully careful that the Negroes come out decidedly on the right side of the ledger, which I do not think should be difficult." The screenplay needed only a deletion here, an elision there, starting, he told Howard, with references to the Ku Klux Klan. "A group of men can go out to 'get' the perpetrators

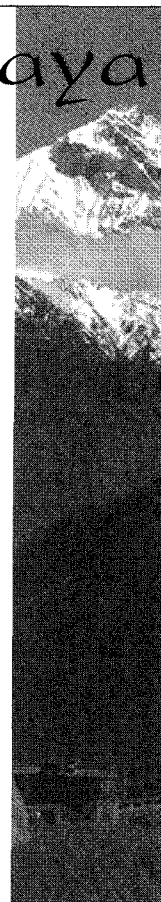
Himalaya

Life on the Edge of the World

BY DAVID ZURICK
AND P. P. KARAN

"I welcome this book and will recommend it to the many people who are looking for an introduction to the complex geography, history, and social landscape of the Himalaya that underlie the patterns and processes we encounter there today . . . Readable and engaging."—BARBARA BROWER, Portland State University, author of *The Sherpa of Khumbu* and editor of *Himalayan Research Bulletin*

\$34.95 hardcover
**THE JOHNS HOPKINS
UNIVERSITY PRESS**
1-800-537-5487
www.press.jhu.edu



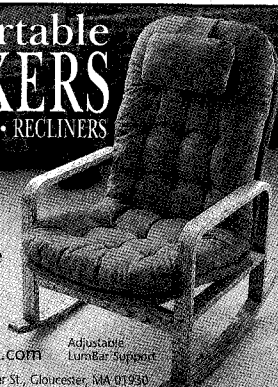
Comfortable ROCKERS

CHAIRS • SOFAS • RECLINERS

Beautiful furniture for spaces you live and work in

Free Catalog
(800) 451-7247
www.kleindesign.com

Klein Design Inc. 99 Sadler St., Gloucester, MA 01930



brigger® FURNITURE MADE TO FIT YOUR BODY

Urgent Stock Market

PREDICTION!
Jim Shepherd's proprietary model predicted 10 major turns from 1982 to date, including the 1987 crash making many of his then clients millionaires. See James A. Shepherd's Market Timing FREE 15 Page Report at www.jasmts.com/marketreport or call for at (509) 483-8000 (Mention Atlantic Monthly)
Past performance does not guarantee future results.

**FREE
Report**

Active Learning Vacations in Alaska's Denali National Park

**CAMP DENALI NORTH FACE
LODGE**

907-683-2290 dnpwild@alaska.net
www.gorp.com/dnpwild

of an attempted rape without having long white sheets over them and without having their membership in a society as a motive," Selznick wrote. About the words "darkies" and "niggers," which also appeared in the screenplay, the producer said nothing.

By the spring of 1937, spurred by memories of racism in *The Birth of a Nation*, black organizations on both coasts had written to Selznick International about *Gone With the Wind*. "We consider this work to be a glorification of the old rotten system of slavery, propaganda for race-hatreds and bigotry, and incitement of lynching," members of a Pittsburgh group wrote in a letter that, like other such correspondence, has rarely been cited, much less discussed, in popular histories of the picture. One studio official called such opinions "ridiculous," yet many blacks were convinced otherwise; they genuinely feared that what they saw as an "anti-Negro" novel would become an "anti-Negro" film. Selznick International meanwhile hastened to assure them that no movie company "intends to offer to the public material that is offensive or conducive to race prejudice."

Cautionary letters continued to arrive at the producer's Culver City offices well into 1938. An associate of the Conference of American Rabbis told Selznick that the novel, though it entertained readers, also excited a latent "anti-Negro antipathy." Selznick, the correspondent said, must not cater to the public's narrow-mindedness, in part because it was wrong and in part because he, David Selznick, like most of his Hollywood peers, was a Jew. Walter White, the secretary of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, also wrote to the producer. He offered to send along a packet of well-researched papers that demonstrated Mitchell's biased presentation of Reconstruction. Better still, he suggested, the studio should employ "a person, preferably a Negro, who is qualified to check on possible errors of fact or interpretation."

Selznick responded warmly. He, too, was a member of a persecuted race, he told White, and was sensitive to minority peoples' opinions. Moreover, he intended to hire "a Negro of high standing to watch the entire treatment of the Negroes, the casting of the actors for these roles, the dialect that they use, etcetera, throughout the picture." Among the candidates, he confided, was Hall Johnson.

Johnson, the leader of the Hall Johnson Choir, had been in and around Hollywood for several years. His music graced *The Green Pastures*, and his singers, chained to oars, had sung and acted in *Slave Ship*. He was precisely what White feared: an insider, likely to endorse whatever portrait of slavery the studio conceived. White wrote Selznick that he hoped for a scholar, perhaps someone from Howard University. There, for the moment, the matter rested.

THE casting of black roles in *Gone With the Wind* took place throughout late 1938. Selznick International scouted some actors by watching their previous films, others by attending their current on-stage performances in Los Angeles. *The Pittsburgh Courier*, a black paper with national circulation, reported that one prominent actor (Clinton Rosamond) had not been considered because he was "too polished" for the parts. Others, according to a *Courier* correspondent, abased themselves during the auditions.

Picture yourselves standing before Producer David O. Selznick, Director George Cukor, and 26 members of the production staff, all white, and reading [a] script which contains the word "Nigger" several times. Well, approximately one hundred Negro actors did just that in competing for coveted roles in the picture while all their years of racial pride [were] being wafted away on the wings of a gust of 'Wind.'

Like Eleanor Roosevelt, though, who engineered a screen test for her cook, most black actors saw *GWTW* as an opportunity for renown. Hattie McDaniel even auditioned in "Mammy rags" that may have been borrowed from the studio wardrobe department; she, Oscar Polk, Butterfly McQueen, and the other black actors chosen for *GWTW* were pleased to have work, especially in what promised to be a major picture.

As the principal photography began, in early 1939, scrutiny by the black press increased. Eight years before, *The Pittsburgh Courier* had acquired thousands of signatures on a petition to bar Amos 'n' Andy from the airwaves. The *Courier* hoped for even wider support on *Gone With the Wind*. Using the screenplay's racial epithets as a battle cry, the paper threatened a letter-writing offensive and, if necessary, a boycott of the finished

picture. Selznick was nonplussed. The movie industry's censors had ruled only that "nigger" "should not be put in the mouth of white people. In this connection you might want to give some consideration to the use of the word 'darkies.'" For once, Selznick agreed with the Hays Office; certainly, he thought, the black characters could use "nigger" among themselves. But the *Courier* was not alone in its outrage.

The more strident *Los Angeles Sentinel* called for a boycott of "every other Selznick picture, present and future." "What's more," the paper continued, "let's start a campaign and find out whether or not some of those who oppose Hitler from a safe distance have courage enough to oppose race prejudice when it may hit them in their careers and in their pocket-books." Again Selznick was baffled. Perhaps, he thought, he should hire a black agent as a public-relations liaison to the black community. Or perhaps he should simply have the legal department send harsh warning letters to reporters and others whose inflammatory comments threatened to injure the production.

Selznick had meanwhile chosen his technical advisers—both white. Aware of the potential for political backlash, he asked Kay Brown to assure Walter White that "the only liberties we have taken with the book have been liberties to improve the Negro position in the picture and that we have the greatest friendship toward them and their cause." Moreover, he promised that his advisers would not allow the studio to "turn out a Hollywood or NY conception of the Negro." Whether Selznick, Brown, or the studio consultants understood the "Negro position" was uncertain. Susan Myrick, a *Macon Telegraph* reporter and a dialect coach for *GWTW*, was convinced that the atmosphere of the picture belonged to the black characters; accordingly, she intended to teach the black actors to speak like "the middle Georgia Negro of befo-de-wah days." However accurate, that accent would connote the poverty and ignorance of black people—both the characters and, as White could easily have imagined, the actors who played them.

Kay Brown soon reported to Culver City on her meeting with Walter White. "Mr. White, honey chile, is a negro who by virtue of being white goes many places as a white," she wrote. "However, he does not sail under false colors and is

well known in New York as a negro and promptly told me he was one during the first five minutes of the interview." Brown was charming, White was affable, and they parted friends; it was so merry a get-together that Brown hated to tell Selznick that White had asked for a copy of the screenplay.

White would have objected strenuously to "nigger," as Brown and Selznick must have known. Butterfly McQueen (Prissy) also apparently objected to the word, at least privately. "I was unhappy because it seemed so authentic," she later told a Georgia newspaper. The antecedents for "it" were presumably the clothes, the accent, the deference to the white characters, and above all the use in the screenplay of "nigger"—a word whose authenticity reminded her of a racial legacy she longed to forget. "I complained so much," she added, that Hattie McDaniel "warned me that Mr. Selznick would never give me another job." In fact McDaniel, too, had complained. According to *The Pittsburgh Courier*, she was "race-proud" and would never say the word "nigger." According to her biographer, Carlton Jackson, she also influenced her peers to make known their feelings about its use. Meanwhile, Joe Breen, the director of the Hays Office, was having second thoughts. A re-release of *The Birth of a Nation* was pending; because of that and reports of theater riots over use of the word "nigger" in a 1934 picture, Breen urged that *Gone With the Wind* delete all racial epithets.

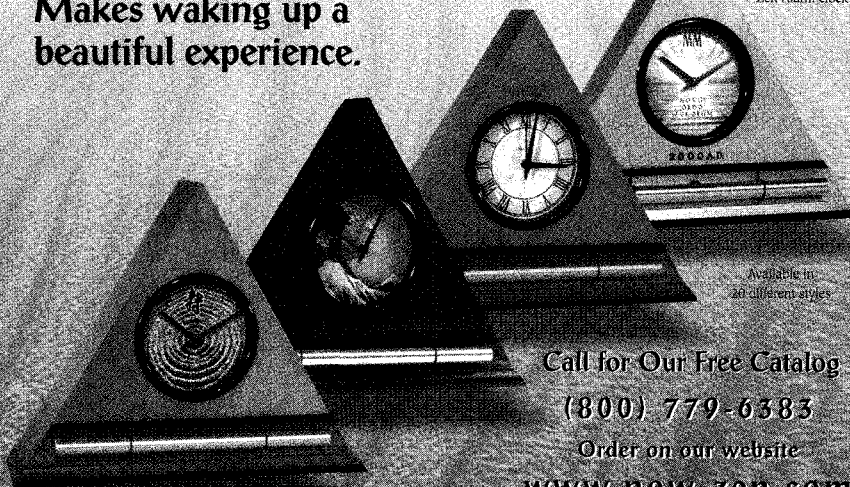
Selznick wanted to retain the "Negro flavor" of the picture—but to use "nigger" he would have to face down White, Breen, the black press, and his black actors. The actors, meeting privately with Victor Shapiro, the studio public-relations director, had expressed their anxiety over racial elements of the production yet agreed to play the slaves more or less as Margaret Mitchell and Sidney Howard had written them. In return, Shapiro vowed that they would not have to say "nigger." Selznick, with mixed feelings, honored Shapiro's promise. The words "darkies" and "inferiors" stayed in the screenplay—but not "nigger."

For some, the elimination of "nigger" temporarily halted the war against *Gone With the Wind*. "This admission marks a victory for the *Pittsburgh Courier*," wrote the columnist Earl Morris, who had led the charge. Victory was sweet,

The Zen Alarm Clock®

Makes waking up a beautiful experience.

The limited edition "Millennial Zen Alarm Clock"



Available in 20 different styles

Call for Our Free Catalog

(800) 779-6383

Order on our website

www.now-zen.com

When the Clock's alarm is triggered, the alloy chime strikes just once, reverberating for nearly a minute. . . . 10 minutes later it strikes again. . . . chime strikes become more frequent over 10 minutes . . . eventually striking every 4 seconds until shut off. During this progressive awakening, you can work on dreams and affirmations in the Alpha State. The Zen Alarm Clock allows you to time and guide meditations, and it's also a gentle way to start or end meetings on time. Each Clock comes with a 40 page book detailing its many uses and its harmonic design. Made in USA. \$99.95.

Wake up gently to the sounds of a gradually increasing Tibetan bell like chime.



POETRY IN HARMONY.

THE BEST OF SIMON & GARFUNKEL

20 NEWLY REMASTERED S&G CLASSICS FROM "THE SOUND OF SILENCE" TO "MY LITTLE TOWN" AND ALL THE HITS IN BETWEEN—INCLUDING "BRIDGE OVER TROUBLED WATER," "THE BOXER," "AT THE ZOO," "MRS. ROBINSON" AND MORE.

LINER NOTES BY
PULITZER PRIZE WINNER
DAVID HALBERSTAM

A BRAND
NEW HITS
COLLECTION
FROM THE
GREATEST
POP
DUO OF
OUR TIME



CKCT 66022

Available at

CIRCUIT CITY

Music Locations Only



WWW.SONYMUSIC.COM/ARTISTS/SIMONANDGARFUNKEL

"COLUMBIA," "LEGACY" AND "REG." U.S. PAT. & TM. OFF.
MARCA REGISTRADA. © 1999 SONY MUSIC ENTERTAINMENT INC.

too, as anyone could tell by the columnist's smile in the photograph taken of him at Selznick International; as a guest of the studio, he was shown looking over the revised script. No less eager to have friends in Hollywood, Walter White lent his name to a Selznick International form letter designed for blacks and others concerned about *GWTW*'s racial agenda. The text not only attributed the deletion of "nigger" to White but also touted the studio's portrayal of the chief black characters as "lovable, faithful, high-typed people—so pictured that they can leave no impression but a very nice one."

THE atmosphere on the set appeared nice, very nice. One afternoon Hattie McDaniel entertained the cast and crew by humming and limp-stepping her way through "Old Folks at Home." As she turned and kicked and rolled her eyes, visitors to the set reportedly "laughed [them]selves sick." Even Butterfly McQueen, who still wanted to distance herself from her role, masked her resentment and occasionally played to white expectations. Watching McQueen take direction early on, Susan Myrick told Margaret Mitchell that the actress was "'nigger' through and through."

Russell Birdwell, a Selznick International publicist, encouraged the "sepia players" (as the black press called them) to turn these cheerful faces to the public. The black actors of *Gone With the Wind*, he told Selznick, "should do by-line stories, which we would plant in their papers throughout the country." The news releases not only would be good for the actors, Birdwell said, but also would help to counter any future attacks on the picture in the black press. Selznick agreed.

Oscar Polk, who played Pork, contributed to Birdwell's campaign. "As a race we should be proud that we have risen so far above the status of our enslaved ancestors," he wrote in a letter to the weekly *Chicago Defender*. Moreover, he and his fellow *GWTW* black actors "should be glad to portray ourselves as we once were because in no other way can we so strikingly demonstrate how far we have come in so few years." The *Defender* (which *The Pittsburgh Courier* once called the "Chicago Surrender, World's Greatest Weakly") printed the letter. The *Courier*, too, was ballyhooing the black actors, and gradually—again, for the mo-



Vivien Leigh and Hattie McDaniel won acclaim, but McDaniel later came under attack for perpetuating the "Mammy" stereotype

ment—acclaim for McDaniel and others eclipsed the admonitions that had been hurled at the production.

By late spring of 1939, as Selznick started watching rough-cuts of important sequences in *Gone With the Wind*, his excitement increased; his accomplishment, he thought, would surpass even that of D. W. Griffith in *The Birth of a Nation*. The yoking of the two films was apposite, as a memorandum from Selznick to his assistant, Val Lewton, made clear.

Increasingly I regret the loss of the better negroes being able to refer to themselves as niggers, and other uses of the word nigger by one negro talking about another. All the uses that I would have liked to have retained do nothing but glorify the negroes, and I can't believe that we were sound in having a blanket rule of this kind, nor can I believe that we would have offended any negroes if we had used the word 'nigger' with care; such as in references by Mammy, Pork, Big Sam, etc.

Lewton responded immediately. Yes, he conceded, the absence of the word "nigger" had cost the picture an ounce of dramatic punch and a pound of comic material. Since the company had promised the "negro societies" that the word would

not be used, however, its restoration to the picture would cost Selznick his integrity. Selznick nonetheless continued to obsess over the question, as over much else in *Gone With the Wind*. He even ordered his script supervisor to comb the screenplay for places where Sidney Howard had used a line from Margaret Mitchell but had elided or employed a euphemism for "nigger."

Politics, not race, settled the question, as an examination of Hollywood archives shows. Selznick expected a tough fight with the censors over the word "damn" in Rhett Butler's curtain line. Concessions on "nigger," a word whose use Breen now adamantly opposed, might soften the Hays Office later on "damn"—or so Selznick apparently reasoned. "About the word, 'niggers,'" the producer wrote his assistant. "Okay, we'll forget it."

BY late fall of 1939 *Gone With the Wind* had been shot, cut, and scored. "Frankly, my dear, I just don't care," Rhett Butler would say in prints of the film screened at previews. At the December 15 premiere in Atlanta, however, and at all screenings that followed, a Hays Office dispensation would allow him to curse. His "damn" would become news, as would the premiere itself; the free publicity it generated would help to build audiences—white and black—throughout the nation.

Black moviegoers' interest was high, as the studio could tell from the black press and even the daily mail. In Novem-

Makes a great gift.
On the other hand, you've been
very, very good this year.



The Bose® Wave® radio/CD is an ideal gift for your favorite music lover. But listen to it once, and you may not want to give it away. After all, the Wave radio/CD can fill any home this holiday season with lifelike, full stereo sound. And yet it's small enough to fit on an end table, on a kitchen counter — just about anywhere.

There really is nothing like the Wave radio/CD. In fact, the *Oregonian* says, "...the system remains one of those little unexplained miracles of acoustic physics...." The miracle is our patented acoustic waveguide speaker technology, and it's what produces such clear, room-filling sound from such a small enclosure. It even won its team of engineers the "Inventor of the Year" award.

The Wave radio/CD is available directly from Bose, the most respected name in sound. Try the Wave radio/CD or Wave radio risk free in your home

for 30 days. If you are not completely satisfied, return it for a full refund, no questions asked. Call today at 1-800-492-2073, ext. T3574, and ask about our interest-free installment payment plan. The Bose Wave radio/CD will make your favorite music lover — who just might be you — very, very happy.

For free shipping,
order within 30 days.

1-800-492-2073, ext. T3574

For information on all our products: www.bose.com/t3574

Please specify color when ordering:

Wave radio/CD: ☐ Platinum White or ☐ Graphite Gray

Wave radio: ☐ Platinum White or ☐ Graphite Gray

Name

Address/City/State/Zip

Day Phone

Evening Phone

Mail to: Bose Corporation,
Dept. DMG-T3574, The Mountain,
Framingham, MA 01701-9168

BOSE®
Better sound through research®

©1999 Bose Corporation. Covered by patent rights issued and/or pending. Installment payment plan and free shipping offers not to be combined with any other offer. Installment payment plan available on credit card orders only and subject to change without notice. *Oregonian*, 3/5/99.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STATEMENT OF OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT AND CIRCULATION

1. Publication Title: The Atlantic Monthly. 2. Publication No.: ISSN 02769077. 3. Filing Date: October 1, 1999. 4. Issue Frequency: Monthly. 5. No. of issues published annually: Twelve. 6. Annual subscription price: \$17.94. 7. Complete mailing address of known office of publication: 77 N. Washington Street, Boston, (Suffolk County) MA 02114-1908. 8. Complete mailing address of the headquarters or general business offices of the publisher: 1501 M Street NW, Suite 300, Washington, DC 20005. 9. Full names and complete mailing addresses of publisher, editor, and managing editor: Publisher: William D. Holiber, 77 N. Washington Street, Boston, (Suffolk County) MA 02114. Editor: Michael Kelly, 77 N. Washington Street, Boston, (Suffolk County) MA 02114. Managing Editor: Cullen Murphy, 77 N. Washington Street, Boston, (Suffolk County) MA 02114. 10. Owner: The Atlantic Monthly Group, Inc., 600 New Hampshire Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20037. David G. Bradley, 600 New Hampshire Ave., NW, Washington, DC 20037. 11. Known bondholders, mortgages, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities: None. 12. Publication Title: The Atlantic Monthly. 13. Issue date for circulation data below: October 1999. 14. Extent and nature of circulation: a. Total No. copies (Net press run): Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 539,814. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 546,080. b. Paid and/or requested circulation: (1) Outside County: Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 430,738. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 430,000. (3) Sales through dealers and carriers, street vendors, and other non-USPS paid distribution: Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 31,609. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 32,000. c. Total paid and/or requested circulation: Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 462,347. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 462,000. d. Free distribution by mail (samples, complimentary, and other free): Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 18,678. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 26,813. e. Free distribution outside the mail (carriers or other means): Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 0. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 0. f. Total free distribution: Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 18,678. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 26,813. g. Total distribution: Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 481,025. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 488,813. h. Copies not distributed: i. No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 58,789. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 57,267. j. Total: Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 539,814. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 546,080. k. Percent paid and/or requested circulation: Average No. copies each issue during preceding 12 months: 96.1%. Actual No. copies of single issue published nearest to filing date: 94.5%. 17. I certify that all information furnished on this form is true and complete.

(signature)

Debra F. Carriere Controller

Atlantic Unbound

www.theatlantic.com

Visit
The Atlantic Monthly's
Web site for new Web-
exclusive features
every week.

Canoe Canada's Arctic

Fly-in canoe trips on the remote tundra rivers of North America's last great wilderness. Herds of caribou & muskoxen, white wolves, moose and grizzlies. Warm, arid summers. Wildlife biologist guide. Operating since 1974.

Brochure: CANOE ARCTIC INC. Box 130AM
Fort Smith, NT, X0E 0P0, Canada (867) 872-2308
www.auroranet.nt.ca/canoe



DISCOUNT SURGICAL STOCKINGS



Sigvaris • Jobst • Juzo • Medi
Great Prices!
Many colors available
MasterCard/Visa/Amex/Discover
www.unzer.com

800-982-0939

ber of 1939 a correspondent from Atlanta University had told Selznick that "your Negro Public" was just as eager as "your White Public" to receive the *GWTW* company. The writer hoped that Selznick would deny the "wholesale talk of forcing us to the back, during the parade so that we may not hinder other people who want to see their favorite Movie People." Among the favorites, perhaps chief among them, was "Hi-Hat Hattie"—McDaniel's nickname on radio's *The Optimistic Do-Nuts Show*.

Selznick had planned to showcase the *GWTW* stars, black and white, who would arrive in Atlanta in style and appear briefly before or after the screening of the picture. He heard from a studio liaison in Georgia, however, that "Southerners would not care to have the Negro members of the cast" present. Selznick was caught. He wanted nothing—and certainly not racial tyranny—to harm the potentially "enormous Negro audience" for the picture. He was nonetheless wary of offending southern whites' racial sensibilities.

Polling studio employees from below the Mason-Dixon line, Selznick learned that southerners were second to none in their affection for Negroes "in what they regard as their proper place." Atlantans would warmly receive Hattie McDaniel and Oscar Polk and the others when they appeared on the stage of the Loew's Grand Theatre—but Atlantans would not dine with them, invite them to the Junior League Ball in honor of the other Hollywood visitors, or sit with them in an auditorium. And since the Grand was a whites-only theater, McDaniel and the other black "guests" would have no proper dressing rooms backstage, no proper places to enter and exit the theater, and no proper places to go to the bathroom. Selznick had lived with *Gone With the Wind* long enough to know a Lost Cause when he saw one. He acknowledged "the very delicate Southern attitude" toward black people and, regretfully, decided to feature only his white cast members in Atlanta.

To the astonishment of almost everyone, particularly Selznick, the interdiction of black actors had one more paragraph, until now a footnote to the history of *Gone With the Wind* and Jim Crow.

The printer's proof of the souvenir program for *Gone With the Wind* contained scene stills along with formal portraits of the stars of the film. On the front cover were pastel illustrations of Rhett Butler

and Scarlett O'Hara, on the back studio portraits of other actors, including Hattie McDaniel, not in character but as themselves. Selznick, who already envisioned an Academy Award nomination for McDaniel, believed that the actor merited a place in the program because she "gives a performance that, if merit alone ruled, would entitle her practically to costarring."

When the Atlanta studio liaison saw the proof, however, he was wary. The program could include Mammy, the actor in costume, he said, but highlighting McDaniel "might cause comment and might be a handle that someone could seize and use as a club." Selznick was initially amused; the man was "nuts concerning use of Negroes" in the program. Southerners on the Culver City lot agreed—he was "completely cockeyed." Then again, Selznick thought, the studio was producing not only a \$4 million epic but "the Greatest World Premiere in History!" Lest the latter harm the former, maybe he should "play it safe" and not, as his liaison had warned, provide "an opportunity for anyone else to make trouble." Less than a month before the premiere he ordered two editions of the program, one with McDaniel, one without. He brooded that the slight was unfair, putting him "on the spot of seeming ungrateful for what I honestly feel is one of the great supporting performances of all times."

THE Atlanta premiere—from the separate telephone switchboard in the Selznicks' hotel suite to the rousing performance of the Ebenezer Baptist Church choir at the whites-only Junior League Ball—was nonpareil. So were the reviews that followed, as *Gone With the Wind* made its way to Los Angeles, New York, and other major cities across America. "Mightiest achievement in the history of the motion picture," the *Hollywood Reporter* concluded, and most metropolitan dailies concurred. Reaction in the black press was often as enthusiastic. Several critics praised Hattie McDaniel for the moral force she brought to the wit, sympathetic character she played; indeed, the portrayal of Mammy's grief on the death of the Butlers' daughter, filmed in an uncut shot as McDaniel climbed the stairs with De Havilland, was at once heartrending and authentic. Other critics thought that Hollywood's *GWTW* had tempered the novel's southern chau-

The Quality Alternative To High Cost Boats



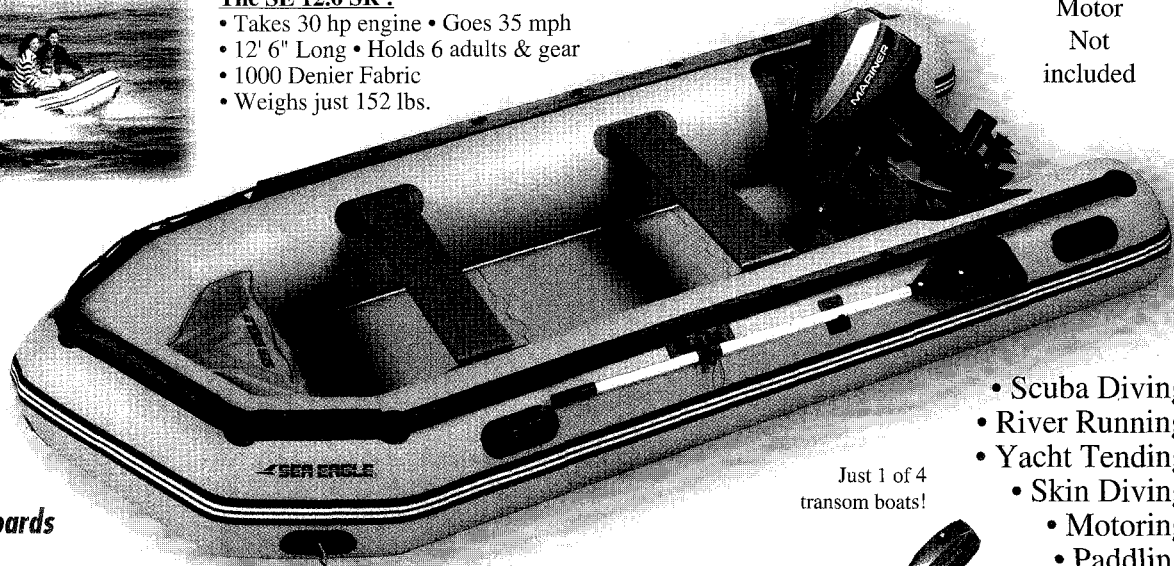
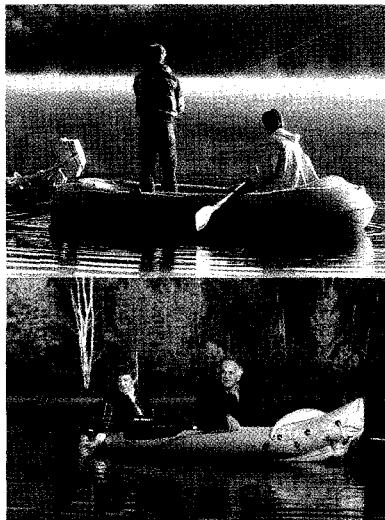
The SE 12.6 SR :

- Takes 30 hp engine • Goes 35 mph
- 12' 6" Long • Holds 6 adults & gear
- 1000 Denier Fabric
- Weighs just 152 lbs.

Motor
Not
included

Our 12' 6"
Sport
Runabout
Features
Revolutionary
Molded
Polyethylene
Plastic Floorboards

order online.
www.seaeagle.com



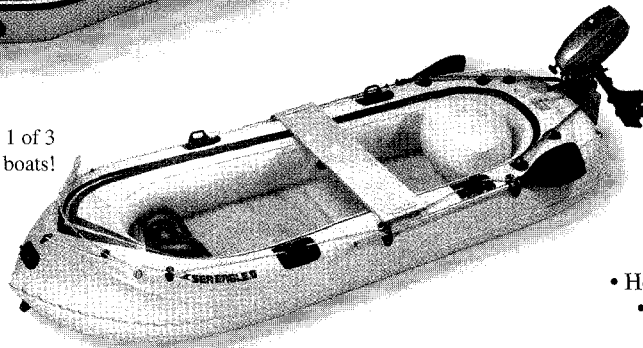
Just 1 of 4
transom boats!

- Scuba Diving
- River Running
- Yacht Tending
- Skin Diving
- Motoring
- Paddling
- Camping
- Rowing
- Fishing

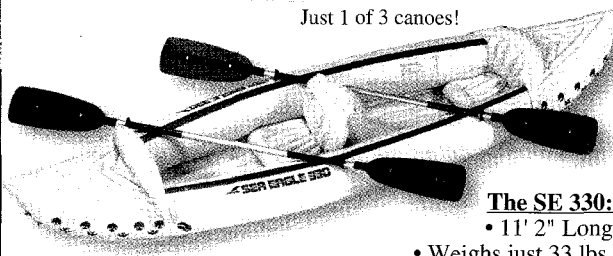
The SE 9:

- 11' long
- Takes 4 hp engine
- Holds 5 adults & gear
- Weighs just 39 lbs.

Just 1 of 3
motormount boats!



Just 1 of 3 canoes!



The SE 330:

- 11' 2" Long
- Weighs just 33 lbs.
- Holds 2 adults & gear

seaeagle.com/motors

your source
for great
deals on
outboard
motors

supplied by
Coty Marine



High Quality, Low Cost Inflatable Boats That You Can Use Wherever There Is Water

Why pay thousands of dollars for a boat? Our quality inflatable canoes, motormount boats and transom boats cost far less than any other boats, yet they are safe, reliable and long-lasting. And because they pack to a fraction of their inflated size, they fit easily in your RV, SUV, minivan or car trunk. They are perfect for fishing, camping, river running, yacht tending, skindiving, paddling, rowing or motoring. Use them in scenic harbors, bays, rivers, bayous, lakes, ponds and oceans. Sea Eagle boat packages range in price from \$299. to \$1999. Visit our website, phone, fax or write for more information!

SEA EAGLE.COM

Call Toll-free for
FREE COLOR BROCHURE:

1-800-944-7496

24 hours a day, 7 days a week.

☐ Rush me your Free Color Catalog

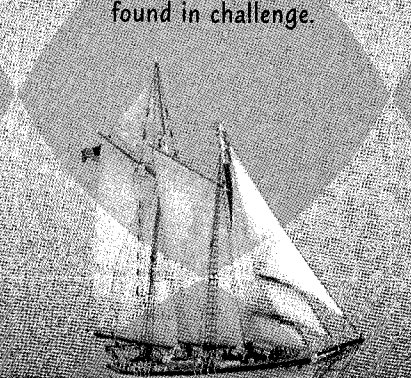
Name _____
Address _____ Apt. _____
City _____
State _____ Zip _____

SEA EAGLE®

19 N. Columbia St., Dept. AT010B
Port Jefferson Station, NY 11776
Fax 516-473-7398

OCEAN CLASSROOM

is for high school student-explorers
who know that learning is
found in challenge.



Ocean Classroom semester-at-sea
combines academic excellence
with seafaring adventure.

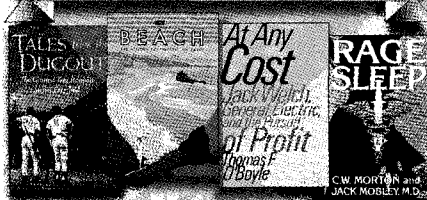
Sailing fall and spring term aboard
the schooner HARVEY GAMAGE

New England to the Caribbean Sea

Fully accredited by Proctor Academy

CALL 1-800-724-SAIL

Unabridged Audiobooks



Over 1,500 Titles
Available for Purchase or Rental by Mail
for a free catalogue, write or call
Dept. A • P.O. Box 969 • Ashland, OR 97520

1-800-729-2665

<http://www.blackstoneaudio.com>

BLACKSTONE AUDIOBOOKS

Unabridged Recordings of Great Books

AFRICA • CHINA • INDIA • JAPAN • NEPAL

Since 1989

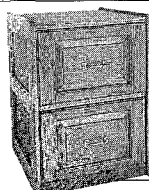
UPTON TEA IMPORTS

Purveyor of the World's Finest Teas

1-800-234-8327 Free catalog listing
over 120 varieties of
garden-fresh, loose tea

P.O. BOX 159-C • UPTON, MA 01568

SRI LANKA • TAIWAN



NEW... Fine oak letter files. Buy direct,
handcrafted in the U.S.A. Files of
smooth contemporary style or time-honored
traditional. —SAVE MONEY— All
merchandise 100% satisfaction guaranteed.
NOVA DESIGNS—16801 Hwy.
88, Dept. AM-1, Jackson, CA 95642.
Visa/M.C. Check or M.O. 888-223-4042.

vinism and, as one prominent black magazine noted, “eliminated practically all the offensive scenes and dialogue.”

Not everyone agreed, and certainly not those who, early on, had hoped for no mention of “darkies,” for slaves in rebellion, for indictments of Ku Klux Klan activity and southern lynch mobs. Carlton Moss, writing in the *Daily Worker*, sternly condemned the picture. “Sugar-smear and blurred by a boresome Hollywood love story,” he told readers, *Gone With the Wind* offered up a motley collection of flat black characters that insulted the black audience. Hattie McDaniel’s Mammy was especially loathsome in her love for a family, the O’Haras, “that has helped to keep her people enchained for centuries.” The reviewer for the *Chicago Defender* called *GWTW* a “weapon of terror against black America.”

Black activists responded with actions as well as words. As *Gone With the Wind* opened in American cities throughout the early 1940s, organized blacks made signs and walked picket lines in front of box offices. “YOU’D BE SWEET TOO UNDER A WHIP!” read one placard outside a Washington theater. “*Gone With the Wind* glorifies slavery” and “Negroes were never docile slaves,” demonstrators shouted in Chicago. The police were on site, but the rally was peaceful. Not so in Brooklyn, where the line at the box office snaked around the Loew’s Metropolitan. When the picketers began to weave in and out of the queue, the police moved them across the street from the theater. From there they continued to annoy the crowd. Eventually they stepped outside the blockade and started to bandy words with the police. According to the *New York Sun*, a seventeen-year-old black “swung like a cyclone” at a patrolman, “who took the gesture on the nose and in bad part.” After the youth was arrested, his companions staged a “sit-down protest” to prolong their noisy demonstration against the picture.

Word of these incidents reached—and touched—David Selznick. “I like to think of myself as being a liberal,” he told his business associate John Wharton in a long memorandum. Now, though, owing to the *Daily Worker* and those black papers whose censure had fostered the demonstrations, he feared that he would endure what D. W. Griffith had. Griffith had spent years trying to prove that he was not racist, and never succeeded. “I think that

by our silence we may be giving the appearance of truth to the slanders,” Selznick ruminated in that memorandum. He considered suing the *Worker*, but finally let Lillian Johnson and other black fans defend him. “I crossed a picket line,” Johnson, a columnist, wrote in the *Gary American*, and “I wasn’t sorry.” Many other blacks followed her lead. By February of 1940, as the Academy Awards ceremony neared, even hostile voices in the black press had joined the rooting section for Hattie McDaniel.

On Oscar night, wearing an ermine stole over a blue gown, McDaniel arrived at the Ambassador Hotel and, like the other stars, entered to the cheers of movie fans black and white. For her and Selznick International the evening would be as radiant as the Oz of *The Wizard of Oz*, so magical that nothing could spoil it, not even a small band of demonstrators outside the hotel, protesting against the racism of *Gone With the Wind*. Inside the Coconut Grove, as McDaniel collected her Oscar, Clark Gable shook her hand and Vivien Leigh kissed her. At the podium, tearfully, she told the audience and newsreel cameras that she hoped to “always be a credit to my race.” Black activists may have cringed.

BY late winter of 1940, when *Gone With the Wind* was in general release, newspapers were teeming with reports of the war and predictions that America would eventually be drawn in. Moviegoers attending *GWTW*, hearing the cannon fire approaching Atlanta, seeing the city burn and the fields go fallow, may have understood Ashley Wilkes’s melancholy. Ashley never recovered from his war. Too much had been lost, he said near the end of the picture—not only lives but a way of life. Moviegoers sensitive to the advancement of the black cause no doubt bristled at Ashley’s nostalgia for the days of “cavaliers and cotton fields” and, as Ashley says wistfully, “high, soft Negro laughter from the quarter.” Soon, though, “Mammyism” would disappear from the screen and black performers like Dooley Wilson (*Casablanca*) and Leigh Whipper (*The Ox-Bow Incident*) would excel. A momentous era of civil-rights advances would follow. In retrospect the dialogue of African-Americans and Selznick International over *Gone With the Wind* seems a notable early landmark. ☼



PHOTOS COURTESY OF BOWMORE DISTILLERIES

Smoky Scotch

*Earth, air, water, fire—the four elements
combine to create a fifth*

I WENT to Islay for the peat and the sea. Seemingly alone among whisky lovers, I was fairly new to single-malt (unblended) Scotch whiskies, having attended a few tastings in this country that left me bewildered by their variety. Nonetheless, I was firm in my preferences: however many whiskies were on a table, I always gravitated toward the smoky, tarry fragrance of peat—the compressed and partly fossilized loam of sphagnum moss and heather—used to roast barley. What I most like is what makes Scotch single-malt most different from other whiskies. Irish almost never uses peat and usually includes unmalted as well as malted barley; rye and bourbon

by Corby Kummer

are based respectively on rye and corn and are also unpeated. Peat is what kept the most distinctive Scotch whiskies from acquiring a wide and appreciative audience until relatively late in this century.

My goal was to connect the land, the sea, and the air to the taste in the bottle.

To do this I wanted to walk through a bog and steep myself in the smoke of a peat fire. Islay, jutting into the Atlantic in the Inner Hebrides, west of the Scottish mainland, had it all, I was told: miles of peat bogs, malted barley hand-raked and roasted on site, and six working distilleries, most of them right on the sea—resulting in the lip-smackingly salty aftertaste I had also come to crave.

Wood is said to account for as much as 50 to 70 percent of a whisky's flavor. Whether or not flavor components can be assigned precise percentages, the estimate is plausible, given that the flavors in most distilled spirits—vanilla; the burnt sugar of caramel and toffee; coffee and chocolate; various spices, including cinnamon and ginger; and fruit, especially citrus—are imparted chiefly by oak, and Scotch whisky must age at least three years in wood. In Scotland today that almost always means bourbon barrels made of American white oak, whose interiors have been charred to give color and strong vanilla and fruit flavors. By U.S. law bourbon barrels may be used only once, so when they arrive in Scotland, the oak has plenty of flavor and honey color left to give to the transparent “new-make” spirit as it ages. In the Scotland of the past century the wood was often European oak in the form of Spanish sherry barrels, which were shipped full and sold off to distillers after their contents had

*Built into the harbor
wall, Bowmore Distillery began
operations in 1779, making
it the oldest distillery on Islay*

been bottled. Today Spanish law requires sherry makers to ship their product in bulk, and sherry barrels have become a rare and expensive prestige item for distillers who want the sweet, citrusy flavor and deep-mahogany color they give.

The flavor that makes me snap to attention seems like distilled smoke that yields to classic vanilla, orange, and toffee and returns to smoke for an aftertaste that can last for hours. I seek the initial slap of what some people call “motor oil” or “iodine”—its technical name is phenol, and it is the chief chemical flavor component of peat smoke—and then savor the more delicate flavors that appear. The shock of the first whiff followed by subtle, lingering pleasure in the mouth is like diving into a cold pond and then deciding you don’t

dried clods of earth I had grabbed for and rubbed against my fingers at tastings in the United States were disappointingly odorless. The fault wasn’t the age of the peat or the overseas shipping. It was the lack of a flame.

What is being smoked is a grain, and in my initial research I assumed that the variety of barley must be very important. Indeed, The Macallan, a distillery on the mainland, is proud to use only Golden Promise, a low-yielding old-fashioned barley that it pays farmers to grow—and to grow only from a seed it has patented. (It may be reviving a nineteenth-century custom, but we are entering the genetically protectionist new millennium.) A heavy peating, as roasting barley over peat is called, will dom-

inate the flavor of any variety—and Islay distillers are the heaviest peaters of all. (The distiller chooses to add determines the presence and level of flowery flavor overtones.) At this point the distiller has made beer; malt whisky is distilled beer, as cognac is distilled wine.

Peat gives barley flavor, and coal and oil do not. Which fuel was used in which region of Scotland was long a question of economics. Soon after a canny liberalization of tax laws in 1823 gave moonshiners incentives to go legal, railroads made coal cheap and easy for most distillers to use in place of peat. Peat was in any case far less abundant than coal in many of the places distillers favored—places chosen mainly for their proximity to good water, which is crucial to flavor and also needed for cooling stills quickly.

Islay had no cheap access to coal but never lacked for peat, which covers a quarter of the island’s 246 square miles; strong and constant sea winds keep the green bluffs mostly barren. The island was never able to meet distillers’ need for barley, and distillers today buy all their barley from other parts of Britain or even from other countries. Both sides of the plumb-straight road leading from the Islay airport to the island’s two main villages—a road that “floats” on peat nearly thirty feet deep—are depopulated save for untended sheep, painted with primary-color blotches on their shoulders to identify their owners, and perhaps one or two of the few people who still earn their living cutting peat.

I never did get to cut peat—a great frustration, given that Neil Wilson, whose *Scotch & Water* is an excellent introductory

guide to whisky-making, told me it was a “disturbingly sensual” experience. But I did hear about it from a forty-one-year-old Islay-born gamekeeper and whisky fancier named Donald James Macphee, whose father cut peat to supplement the coal he was allotted by his employer, the Caol Ila distillery, on the northeast coast of Islay. Macphee himself cut peat at the beginning of his career, because his annual coal allowance of four tons was not enough to keep his two fireplaces burning. Landowners concede the annual use of peat banks virtually free of charge, on condition that the cutter carefully replace the turf over the bottom of



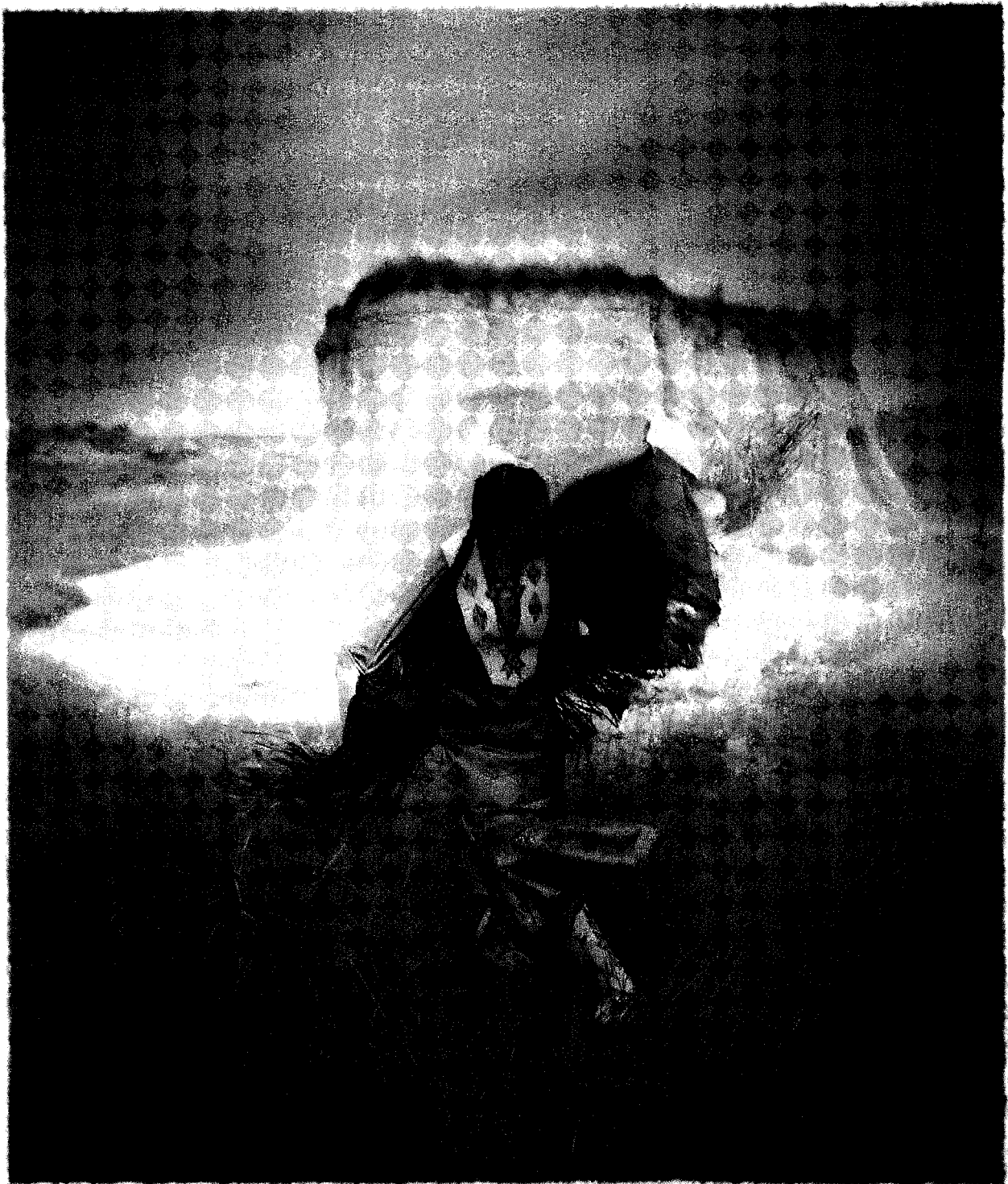
The earthy, seaweedy smoke from peat gives Islay whiskies their signature taste

want to get out. I’ve never joined the quest for ever-hotter chili peppers, but hunting for peat has made me understand the addiction: once you acquire the taste, whisky seems incomplete without it. On Islay I found fire in high-proof “cask-strength” whiskies, and smoke everywhere.

MY bog craving, I learned when I arrived, was misplaced. Like mesquite wood chips, peat briquettes have no aroma until they burn. That’s why the little

inate the flavor of any variety—and Islay distillers are the heaviest peaters of all.

In malting, barley is soaked in water and spread out on “malting floors” to germinate for several days, so that enzymatic action will convert starch to sugar as the seed prepares to sprout. Distillers want to stop the growth before a shoot emerges, so that the shoot won’t get a chance to use any of the sugar they plan to convert to alcohol. Heat kills the germ and hardens the rubbery wet barley, allowing it to be crushed; the grist is mixed with water and cooked like a porridge at a gentle heat that is just right for yeast to ferment the sugar to alcohol. (The type of



*Sunny Walker / Sitting Bull College
Shawl dancer, Student Senate President / Goal: Scholarship*



*American Indian College Fund
Educating the mind and spirit*

Please call 1-800-776-FUND or visit www.collegefund.org.

Special thanks to the U.S. WEST Foundation for underwriting production costs for this advertisement.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

the trench, which is usually two to three feet deep. "I would go and take my wife and the two wee ones, and we'd sleep in the tent," Macphee told me. "The kids would play about, and we'd cut a rope of peat" briquettes, which would air-dry for several months before Macphee took them home. I had noticed brightly colored plastic bags along what looked like strip-mined fields, and had wondered that people would simply leave hard-earned fuel for weeks at a time until they found a convenient moment to carry it home. One explanation came from an Islay character and peat-cutter named Norman Campbell—a small and weatherbeaten white-haired man who is reputed to have introduced disco music to Islay and to have adopted a stage name, Norrie Kimble, for karaoke performances that he gives for Japanese visitors on whisky pilgrimages. "I'd know before the day was out if you were looking around my place," he told me.

Campbell estimates that a dozen or so of Islay's 3,846 people still cut peat for a living, selling it to householders and distilleries. "There's plenty of peat for everybody, but they don't want the work," he told me. Nor do many young people want what little work the island offers. Macphee told me that perhaps 20 percent of his schoolmates have chosen to stay on Islay; distilleries don't provide enough jobs or enough pay to keep most graduates on the island. There is hope that high-tech industries will bring new employment and lower the average age in what is becoming a retirement community.

The scent of a peat fire is exhilarating, especially for those who have not had to cut their own fuel. I did achieve one dream by walking in a room-sized peat fire—over one, to be exact, ankle-deep in germinated barley on a mesh floor that allowed the smoke from the furnace below to waft up through the grain. Kilns are architecturally the most distinctive parts of distilleries, with pagoda roofs whose chimneys encourage the recirculation of peat smoke. The kiln was comfortably warm; fires are kept low, so that the barley will be heated only enough to kill the germ and stop growth but not enough to halt enzymatic action. The peatiness of the barley, and thus of the whisky, depends on how much peat is used in the first twenty-four hours or so of the two days of drying. After a day of being smoked and dried, maltsters say,



Every eight hours barley is raked by hand with wooden "shields" to keep the temperature low

the barley is too hard to absorb any more flavorful smoke, so plain hot air finishes the job. The smell of peat smoke is unforgettable—pungent and uplifting, somewhere between burning leaves and burning wood, with notes of wild heather and moss. After I had spent several minutes walking the length of the cozy chamber and admiring the Chinese-style wooden ceiling, my clothes reeked. "You smell like a kipper," my host said an hour later in the car. I couldn't have asked for a nicer compliment.

THIS immersion in "peatreek" (there's a word for it, as for nearly every aspect of making whisky) took place at the celebrated Laphroaig, one of three improbably beautiful distilleries in hidden coves near Port Ellen, on the southern coast of Islay—perfect for unseen shipments, which explains why illicit distilling occurred there long before 1823. Laphroaig and its two close neighbors, Lagavulin and Ardbeg, all derive their water from sources that pass through peat, and the distilleries also heavily peat their barley. Although technically not the Islay whisky highest in phenols, Laphroaig has the strongest peatreek in the glass, possibly from the three phenols it says its seaweedy peat emits when burned—different, it claims, from those of any other distillery. Whatever the reason, the blast of pure peat is strong, and is best appreciated in Laphroaig's youngest and

least expensive whisky, its ten-year-old.

I fell hard for Lagavulin whisky, which seems to have a unique combination of potent peat and equilibrated smoothness. But I might have been swayed by the beauty of the distillery's low white stucco buildings set against dramatic rocks and the sea, or the simple painted-slat vernacular architecture of its offices, recently fitted into a former malting floor and reminiscent of a turn-of-the-century ship. Ardbeg, just down the road, has recently returned to active production after being periodically closed, and has won praise in the malt-whisky world, especially for its seventeen-year-old. The distillery's ambitious young managers are restoring its buildings with the help of the new parent company, which also owns the mainland single-malt distiller Glenmorangie, and have outfitted a particularly attractive visitors' center and café in the former malting barn. The pagoda is now a decorative roof, as it is at most of the island's distilleries—only two actually use their kilns, and the rest buy barley peated to their specifications from the local Port Ellen malting company.

Ardbeg is lucky to have survived and to be making a name in the malt world: traditionally, more than 95 percent of its whisky was used in blends. Bunnahabhain, on the northeast coast, produces the lightest Islay whisky, and has very likely survived because of its utility in blends—it is a defining component of The Famous Grouse, for years one of the most popular blended whiskies in Scotland. (A blended whisky may include as many as forty whiskies; more than half is usually neutral grain alcohol.) Bruichladdich, another

er lighter-style Islay distillery, has been “mothballed” since 1994, when it came under the control of the company that owns Jim Beam. The Port Ellen distillery, in the center of the busy port, where ferries come and go, many of them bearing barley for the malting company, closed for good in 1983.

This inactivity infuriates my host on Islay, Jim McEwan, a kind of globetrotting teacher and showman for the Bowmore distillery, in the center of Bowmore, the island’s largest village. McEwan began as a cooper at the age of fifteen and has performed virtually every job at the distillery, including running it. He generously arranged for me to tour the plants of his rivals; as whisky men on Islay say, the competition is among the off-island owners, not themselves, and they frequently help one another in small and large ways. He also inculcated in me a taste for Bowmore seventeen-year-old, more delicately balanced in citrus, toffee, and floral notes than most Islay whiskies yet with authoritative peatreek, especially at the finish, and lots of salt. McEwan says that a love of salt is inborn on Islay, and that his mother would accentuate each word of “How was school today?” by shaking salt into the soup.

During my visit McEwan was the master of ceremonies at a tasting held annually to benefit a local group that encourages the handicapped to join in island businesses and activities. The managers of all six operational island distilleries spoke briefly, describing different steps of distillation and aging and always emphasizing the people who performed them. “Remember that when you open a bottle, lots of men come out,” McEwan told the crowd. “The human being is the most important ingredient.”

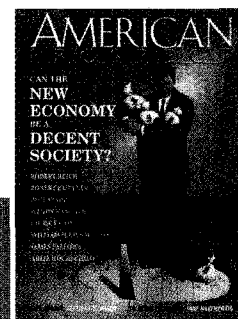
I won’t open a bottle of Bowmore without thinking of McEwan’s passion for the product he grew up learning to make, or of the sunny, maternal Christine Logan, who runs the Bowmore visitors’ center and knows seemingly every Islay inhabitant. I won’t sample a shot of Caol Ila without remembering Donald Macphree’s description of how he and his friends would sneak into the distillery at night when they were ten, seeking the warmth of the kilns, the lights of the parking lot (the village streets were unlit), and also empty lemonade bottles, which they would exchange for penny candy—or his melancholy acceptance of the fact that

he is one of the few of his generation to remain on the island.

Most distilleries have Web sites that offer further information; “The Edinburgh Malt Whisky Tour” (www.dcs.ed.ac.uk/home/jhb/whisky/), not company-sponsored, is an especially complete site. In addition to Wilson’s *Scotch & Water*, Michael Jackson has written several fine guides to single-malts. The best gift for a single-malt lover is membership in the Scotch Malt Whisky Society, whose American branch can be reached in Sunrise, Florida, at 800-990-1991. The society, headquartered in Edinburgh (www.smws.com), publishes marvelous newsletters that offer its exclusive bottlings of whiskies taken from single casks, left at their original proof of about 60 percent rather than being watered down to the standard 40 percent, and not filtered; this means that they cloud when water is added but, many people say, have more flavor. A \$149 first-time membership fee includes a bottle, which usually sells for \$85 and up. At its well-conducted tastings, held regularly in Edinburgh and occasionally in various locales in this country, you can quickly and clearly learn the differences between the four major whisky-producing regions of Scotland—and also get the invaluable advice to dilute whisky with room-temperature mineral water to make flavors bloom, in the ratio of one third its volume for normal bottled whisky and one half its volume for cask-strength. The personnel at headquarters share my love of peat, and directed me to superb non-Island smoky whiskies: Talisker, from the Isle of Skye; Brora, from the usually lightly peated Highlands; and Longrow, a special and marvelous whisky from the area around Campbeltown, rich in coal and traditionally a producer of lightly peated whisky.

But I don’t have to open one of the bottles I brought home, or browse through the latest witty newsletter from the Scotch Malt Whisky Society, to be reminded of Islay. I can just open the big cookie tin I keep in my office—something I do regularly during the afternoon. On my return I put in it a small bag of barley roasted at Laphroaig, together with the oatcakes and digestive biscuits and “tablet” (something like chalky fudge, and wholly delicious) I had brought back. After two days the tin and everything in it smelled strongly of peat. I removed the bag. Weeks later the tin still reeks. I open it fondly. ☘

NO ONE’S EVER PLAYED LEFT FIELD BETTER.



The *American Prospect* is a must-read for devoted fans of the national pastime of politics. But now it’s a whole new ballgame. America’s best progressive magazine is now publishing every other week, with more big-league articles on politics, policy, and culture. To subscribe, call 1-888-MUST-READ.



Poetry



Politics



Technology

Atlantic Unbound
www.theatlantic.com

The Plight of the High-Status Woman

Recent fiction, essays, and self-help books (Dumped!, for one) suggest that a harsh new mating system is emerging

by Barbara Dafoe Whitehead

WOMEN'S tastes in popular reading have long favored two kinds of romances. One is the romance of falling in love and making a brilliant marriage. This centuries-old staple traces the progress of true love from wooing to wedding, through all the confusions and complications along the way. The other is more contemporary and appears prominently in women's magazines, especially those aimed at educated women in the Baby Boom generation. It is the romance of finding a job and making a brilliant career. Here the progress is from first job to first six-figure salary. Complications arise in this narrative as well, but it ends happily with the acquisition of an executive title, a great wardrobe, and a bicoastal social life. What the two romances have in common is the optimistic and essentially liberal faith that a young woman can get what she wants through the shrewd exercise of her own intelligence, talents, and discerning judgment.

Now, however, a vastly different kind of popular literature is emerging. It is written for and about the privileged members of a new generation. These young women, the highly educated daughters of educated Baby Boomers, are in their twenties and thirties, liv-

ing and working on their own. Compared with earlier generations, they spend a long time in the mating market, and thus face prolonged exposure to the vicissitudes of love, including multiple breakups, fears of sexually transmitted disease, and infertility anxieties. They must also go through a prolonged period of higher education and career apprenticeship in order to establish themselves in a demanding job market. During these years they may be laid off, downsized, or fired at least once or twice.

Neither their love life nor their work life is settled or secure.

The new literature reflects these dual realities. Like traditional women's stories, it deals with themes of love and work, often interweaving the two, but it breaks sharply with the romantic view of both. The defining theme in this literature isn't finding the dream guy or landing the great job but precisely the opposite. It's getting dumped—by a boyfriend or a boss or both. What's more, these books challenge the idea that

a young woman blessed with talent and education, and filled with desire and ambition, can get what she wants.

THE purest statement of the signature theme in this literature can be found in a batch of self-help books published over the past few years, with titles such as *Dumped!*; *He Loved Me, He Loves Me Not*; *The Heartbreak Handbook*; *Getting Over Him*; *Exorcising Your Ex*; *How to Heal the Hurt by Hating*; and *The Woman's Book of Revenge*. There is also a *Complete Idiot's Guide to Handling a Breakup*. But this theme is not limited to self-help literature. It crosses over into other genres. Suzanne Yalof's *Getting Over John Doe* is a mini-memoir. Candace Bushnell's *Sex and the City* is a collection of her col-



Illustrations by Jerry Montoya

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



**> I FOUND THE PERFECT HOLIDAY GIFT
SHOPPING ONLINE AT BN.COM. IT'S SO
SAFE, SIMPLE AND SENSIBLE.**

- > MILLIONS OF BOOKS, CD AND SOFTWARE TITLES
- > OUR SAFE SHOPPING GUARANTEE
- > ONLINE GIFT CENTER
- > COLLECTOR'S EDITIONS
- > SPECIALTY STORE OF UNIQUE GIFTS FOR BOOK LOVERS
- > STARBUCKS® COFFEE AND MUGS
- > GIFT CERTIFICATES

When you shop at bn.com, you can be confident your transaction is secure. And with millions of items, you'll find something for everyone. But if you need more ideas, e-mail our "gift guru" and she'll send you a few suggestions. We'll even gift wrap. Finally, holiday shopping that makes sense.

TO GET **\$10 OFF** JUST TYPE **www.bn.com/shop**

* Any online purchase of \$40 or more. © barnesandnoble.com 1999

bn.com
BARNES & NOBLE
aol keyword: bn

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

umns in the *New York Observer*. Perhaps the most thorough treatment of the theme is found in recent coming-of-age fiction such as Melissa Bank's critically acclaimed *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing*, Amy Sohn's *Run Catch Kiss*, Kate Christensen's *In the Drink*, and Laura Zigman's *Animal Husbandry*.

Like Jane Austen's Emma, the young women in these four books are handsome, clever, and rich in educational advantage (a good education is the contemporary equivalent of propertied wealth). After graduating from elite colleges they move to Manhattan, find minuscule apartments, and seek their fortunes. Eventually they land jobs in the glamorous media or entertainment industry. But their jobs are low-level and short-term; they are temps, part-timers, and freelancers. What's more, their employment prospects don't improve as time goes on: instead of moving up the career ladder, they get stuck at the level of the temp job. Far from making brilliant careers, they forever remain Girl Fridays.

Their love lives aren't much more successful. They go out with attractive, high-profile men, but these men are not looking for a lifelong mate—they're already encumbered by a wife or a live-in girlfriend, or they have weird habits (wearing mouse slippers to bed) or "multiple substance issues." Far from making brilliant marriages, these smart, funny, talented women forever remain girlfriends or ex-girlfriends.

Consider Claudia Steiner, the twenty-nine-year-old protagonist of *In the Drink*. A Swarthmore graduate, she has spent nine post-college years in New York City in low-level jobs (receptionist, dog walker, phone-sex scriptwriter, temp, waitress, housecleaner, and temp again) when she lands an \$18-an-hour position as a personal assistant to and ghostwriter for a celebrity author of mystery romances. Her boss, Jackie del Castellano, turns out to be egotistical and tyrannical; she insists on pretending that Claudia, who is turning Jackie's literary straw into best-selling gold, is merely providing a fresh insight or two. What's more, Jackie routinely yells at, humiliates, and mistreats Claudia, and finally dumps her.

Claudia's home life isn't much better. She lives alone in a "rathole on an air-shaft," eats takeout, and drinks too much. She says, "I was like a tiny version of the city itself: all my systems were a welter of corruption and neglect." And her love life

is a mess. Although she is desperately in love with William, her childhood friend, she can't find the "bridge between friendship and romance." Instead she falls into and out of relationships that follow a predictable course: "bantering dive-bar pickup, drunken sex, a rushed exchange of phone numbers afterwards on a subway platform, then other nights with more dive-bar bantering and drunken sex."

Bosses and boyfriends behave a lot alike in the novels. They make nice to you (ever so briefly). Then they dump you. The bosses are invariably vain, capricious, self-centered, and hard-shelled women, not mentors but tormentors. In *The Girls' Guide to Hunting and Fishing*, Jane Rosenal is a rising star in her publishing company until Mimi Howlett, her new boss, arrives. Mimi demotes Jane from the promising position of associate book editor to de facto personal assistant. She also relentlessly criticizes Jane's professional work while generously offering her tips on how to improve her appearance.

Jobs go from bad to worse following a firing. After Ariel Steiner, the protagonist in *Run Catch Kiss*, is dumped from her freelance job as a sex columnist and from her temp job in a Manhattan publishing company, she slides from a temp job in a bank in Queens to a part-time job in Brooklyn before hitting bottom with a waitressing job at a twelve-table restaurant in the Village. (Her salary plummets from a high of \$18 an hour to a low of \$5.50 an hour plus tips.) Jane Rosenal languishes as a temp worker in a bank.

Boyfriends look good on paper—they're a mostly upscale crowd of writers, publishers, artists, fund managers, and investment bankers—but they turn out to be cruel, careless, self-absorbed, socially clueless, and sexually inept. What's more, as prospective mates they're virtually indistinguishable.

In the traditional romance there was one special guy for every special girl. The special girl found her special guy by administering a set of means and morals tests and then using her powers of discernment to pick him out of the pack. Dump literature rejects this premise. It takes the opposing view—that men are all the same. "I've gone out with the short, fat, and ugly," says a woman journalist in *Sex and the City*, "and it doesn't make any difference. They're just as unappreciative and self-centered as the good-

looking ones." In short, the existence of many men doesn't guarantee the existence of many choices. There's just One Guy. Take him or leave him. More precisely, take him and he'll leave you.

WHEN it comes to ending a relationship, male behavior is entirely predictable. According to dump literature, it's over when he says (pick one): a) "I think maybe we should cool things for a while," b) "I've been doing a lot of thinking," c) "God, this week is going to be terrible. . . I'm completely swamped," or d) "It's not you, it's me."

Once dumped, however, the ex-girlfriends and ex-Girl Fridays don't get downhearted. They get even. In these books the functional equivalent of romantic passion is revenge, served up fast and hot. The self-help books reject the therapeutic approach of grieving over a loss, which was popular in an earlier generation of books aimed mainly at divorcing couples. The best therapy, many of them advise, is to work through your grief on his property. Since many contemporary breakups involve a household as well as a relationship, the revenge schemes focus on destroying or defacing his stuff, including his car and clothing. Some of this is intended as mere fantasy, or played for laughs. But some scenarios recur so frequently—obsessively calling his answering machine and driving past his place, shredding his pictures or clothes, getting mutual friends to spy on him—that it is hard not to assume that they have been battle-tested.

For the characters in the novels, writing is the best revenge. As one observes, "It's the ultimate revenge fantasy. You get rich and famous writing about something you're already obsessed with." In *Run Catch Kiss*, Ariel Steiner takes revenge on the disgusting men she goes out with by lampooning them in her popular sex column. After her boyfriend dumps her, Jane Goodall, the protagonist in *Animal Husbandry*, turns to animal research for evidence on why men flee. She invents a theory based on the observation that a bull will ditch an old cow as soon as a new cow appears, and then gets a job writing about her "Old-Cow-New-Cow" theory as a pseudonymous science columnist for a men's magazine. Bosses are likewise targets for revenge. In a twist on the writing-as-revenge tactic, Claudia Steiner strikes back by unwriting: she

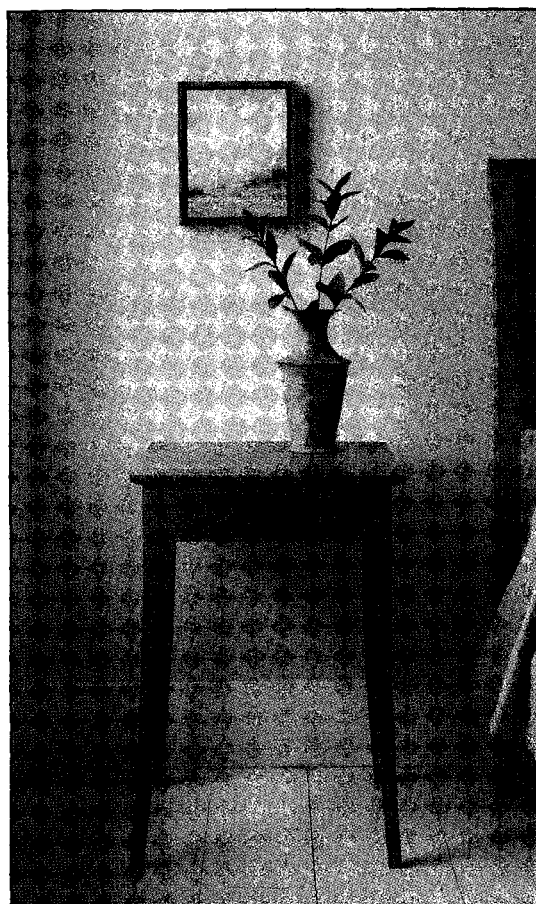
erases the disk containing the text of her boss's nearly completed book.

Revenge is psychologically expedient, but it does not accomplish lasting personal transformation, much less social change. What is striking is how little this literature protests the cycle of temping and dumping and how little hope it holds out for an end to it. This is all the more surprising because these books are about young women blessed by all the advantages that education, fond parents, and a good therapist can provide. Nevertheless, the challenge for these women is not to avoid, let alone alter, the bleak disjunctions of life but merely to survive them—to get over them and move on.

In a world so blindly indifferent to individual merit and mettle a woman's chief psychological resource is humor, and her only form of activism is to laugh it off and get back in the game. Despite its resignation, this literature is hardly weary or despondent. It is full of riffs, spoofs, quips, and mordant observations about men, women, and their mating and relating problems. The most appealing element of this humor is not its acidulous portrait of men and bosses but its unsparing view of women's weaknesses and self-deceptions. "I couldn't get enough of the most unsuitable men," one character says. Another explains why she and her female boss were attracted to each other: "She was desperate, and I was available."

However, an undercurrent of anxiety runs through the hilarity. After all, what is funny at twenty-five might be less so at thirty-five. Some of the characters are haunted by a vision of themselves in the future, living alone in a dark studio apartment, eating out of an open refrigerator, and earning a meager wage stuffing envelopes at home. And although the fiction resorts to the expedient of the happy ending, the girl-gets-guy resolutions that some employ are thoroughly unconvincing and entirely at odds with everything that has come before.

Of course, no one believes that dump literature offers a documentary portrait of today's educated young women. In its depiction of work it draws heavily on the experience of the authors (themselves young), who, like aspiring actors, may have taken part-time or temp jobs in order to devote themselves more fully to their craft. Theirs is a very narrow slice of work life, hardly representative of the experience of the many post-college single



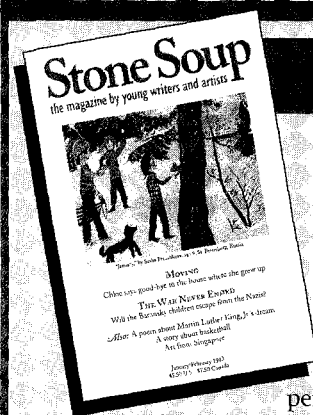
*Elegance.
Simplicity.
Attention to detail.*

Call for our free catalog:
1-800-708-9703

THOS. MOSER
CABINETMAKERS

Freeport, Maine
New York, NY
San Francisco, CA
www.thosmoser.com

THE LITERARY MAGAZINE BY CHILDREN



"The New Yorker of the 8-to-13 set."

MS. MAGAZINE

"If Stone Soup had been around in the Brontë sisters' early days, they surely would have gotten their start within its pages."

PARENTING MAGAZINE

STONE SOUP, now in its 27th year, is the perfect magazine for 8- to 13-year-olds. Young people love reading the extraordinary stories, poems, and book reviews by their peers published in this handsome magazine. Colorful international children's art is featured in every issue. Budding writers and artists are inspired to create and submit their own work. **Stone Soup** makes a great holiday gift!

Stone Soup is published six times a year: January, March, May, July, September, November

☐ 1 yr. \$32 ☐ 2 yrs. \$54 ☐ 3 yrs. \$74

Canada and Mexico add \$6/year. Other countries add \$12/year.

☐ Check enclosed ☐ VISA ☐ MC ☐ AmEx

Card # _____

Exp. date _____ Phone _____

Cardholder _____

Name _____

Address _____

City, State, Zip _____

Gift card: ☐ Xmas ☐ Hanukkah ☐ B'day

Gift from _____

P.O. Box 83, Santa Cruz, CA 95063 • 800 447-4569

Visit our Web site at www.stonesoup.com

women who enjoy far greater success in their careers than these fictional characters. Nor can the sex lives of these women be taken as typical. Few young women spend every night at clubs or have sex, drunken or otherwise, with a string of partners. What does ring true, however, is the depiction of what might be called the plight of the high-status woman.

GIVEN the high divorce rate, today's young women cannot rely on marriage for economic security. Even if they aspire to marriage (and according to survey research, most do), they have to be ready and able to support themselves with their own earnings. This has meant ever-increasing education beyond high school. For women pursuing high-status professions the schooling can extend several years beyond college, well into their twenties. Then, for as much as another decade, such women must invest heavily in developing their careers. Indeed, women on the make adopt the same priorities as men on the make. Work is in the foreground, love in the middle distance or the background. Neither men nor women have the time or a pressing desire for marriage, especially when they can get some mariagelike benefits without it. So they put it off and enter into relationships that offer some combination of sex, companionship, convenience, and economies of scale.

By the time high-status single men and women reach their early thirties, however, their marriage prospects begin to diverge. Men's educational and career achievements enhance their marriageability and increase the pool of prospective mates, because men tend to marry women of similar or lesser education, and the supply at or below their achievement level is large. For women of the same age and education the opposite is the case: high-status women tend to seek husbands of higher levels of education and achievement, and their lofty status decreases the pool of eligible mates. For men, age is no barrier to attracting women. A few gray hairs can be sexy. For women, age is no asset. A few gray hairs can send a woman racing to the colorist.

Moreover, intragender competition can be fierce. High-status women find themselves in competition not only with other high-status women but also with younger women of lesser education, in lower occupations. The classic example is thirty-ish female physicians who, having fin-

ished their rigorous training, are ready for marriage. They find themselves up against slightly younger residents and interns along with a large pool of twenty-something nurses and other health professionals. Since the nurses and the physical therapists are in careers that can be disrupted and then picked up again, they may be more willing than the female physicians to stay home and raise children while their husbands pursue careers. This, too, can be a source of competitive disadvantage for the female physicians.

By this stage in life single women of talent and accomplishment begin to grasp the principle that life is unfair in at least one key domain. Men may be able to pursue their careers singlemindedly during their twenties and postpone marriage until their thirties without compromising their fertility or opportunities to find a suitable mate, but women cannot. Just at the moment when they are ready to slow down and share the pleasures of life with similarly successful mates, they look around and find that many of the most desirable men are already taken. What is left is an odd assortment: married men who want a girlfriend on the side; divorced men with serious financial, child-custody, or ex-wife problems; and single men who invite suspicion simply because they're still single. These mating patterns lead to a plaint familiar among upscale single women in their thirties: "There are no good men left."

Thus the career strategy now favored by well-educated young women, in part to establish their own economic viability as a cushion against the likelihood of an eventual divorce, exacts a maddening cost of its own: it makes it less likely that they will marry in the first place. This is a classic case of what is known as goods in conflict.

Taken separately, most of the dump books can be read as entertainments; taken together, however, they suggest that an important and recent change is occurring in the lives of educated young women. The romance of love and marriage took its inspiration from a long-standing mating system, but the defining institutions of the old system are breaking down. Courtship is dead. Marriage is in decline. A new mating system is emerging, with its own complications and confusions, including the conflict that faces high-status women. These books are field reports on the new rules of engagement—and disengagement. ☞

A Third Way for the Third World

by Akash Kapur

DEVELOPMENT AS FREEDOM

by Amartya Sen.
Knopf, 366 pages,
\$27.50.

LAST year, shortly after he was awarded the Nobel Prize for economics, Amartya Sen returned to his native India for a visit. One December morning, just outside Calcutta, at Santiniketan, the school where Sen had studied as a child, he was made to climb a dais and sit on a makeshift throne. News reports say that he looked tired, but he found the energy to address the assembled crowd. He reminisced about his childhood, and spoke of the influence exerted on his work by the school's founder—Rabindranath Tagore, who in 1913 became the first Asian Nobel laureate when he won the prize for literature, and who, as Sen's teacher, named him Amartya (Bengali for "immortal").

Tagore is the most famous in a distinguished school of Bengali thinkers who have left a lasting mark on the Indian social and intellectual landscape. Known as the Bengali *bhadralok* (or "gentlemen"), they include the filmmaker Satyajit Ray, the freedom fighter Aurobindo Ghose, the author Nirad Chaudhuri, and now, as the standard-bearer in the dying days of that tradition, Sen himself. From the nineteenth century onward *bhadralok* have been India's version of public intellectuals—engaged with social life, battling against such evils as untouchability and suttee (the practice of widow-burning). They have been adamantly outward-looking, eager to absorb the best of competing traditions and methods. Tagore was proud to be an Indian, and he was in many ways a traditionalist; but he was not, as Sen wrote in an article for *The New York Review of Books*, "a prisoner of the past." His method was akin to what the anthropologist Claude Levi-Strauss called "bri-

colage”—the drawing together of diverse traditions and ideas into a new reality. Sen called attention to this method that day at Santiniketan. Paraphrasing his teacher, he reminded the assembled crowd that in Tagore’s view, “all that is best in the world is also ours.”

In *Development as Freedom*, Sen, who discusses the virtues of the Buddhist “middle path,” applies this view to the topic of economic development. It is a needed, if daunting, endeavor. Since development’s emergence as the great hope of the postwar era, the debate over Third World poverty has been polarized.

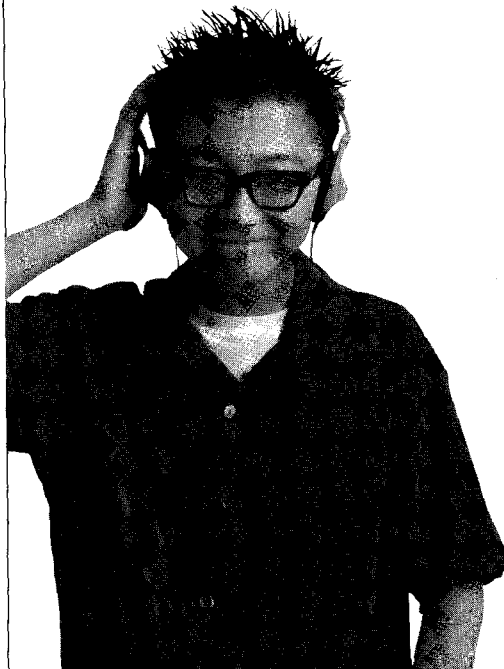
On one side of the divide are the forces of the development establishment—Western policymakers, and economists at the World Bank and other aid institutions. For them, development is a form of tough love. “Rapid economic progress is impossible without painful adjustments,” proclaims a 1951 United Nations document that was recently cited by the anthropologist Arturo Escobar as an example of development’s cold economic calculus.

Ancient philosophies have to be scrapped; old social institutions have to disintegrate; bonds of caste, creed and race have to burst; and large numbers of people who cannot keep up with progress have to have their expectations of a comfortable life frustrated.

Pitted against this view of development—which Sen calls the “fierce” or “hard knocks” approach—has been an equally uncompromising critique voiced by grassroots activists and nongovernmental organizations around the world. We see it in the Chipko movement, in the Himalayan foothills, where peasants symbolically hugged trees to stop the logging that was destroying their traditional forest-based economy; in the Zapatista movement, in the impoverished Chiapas region of Mexico, whose enigmatic leader, Subcomandante Marcos, railed against globalization as a “hemorrhage that fattens the powerful”; and in the British-based Jubilee 2000 Coalition, which is calling for a cancellation of the stifling debt (\$400 per person in the Third World) imposed in the name of development. In these movements there is a growing sense not only that the UN document has proved all too prescient but also that much of the “painful adjustment” has been exacted without the promised recompense: the income of the wealthiest quintile to-



► Wholesale Music Sounds Better



Call us toll free at 1-800-EVERY-CD* or visit us at www.everycd.com and register for your FREE 30 day trial membership. At EveryCD, we're committed to giving our members the best combination of value, selection and service.

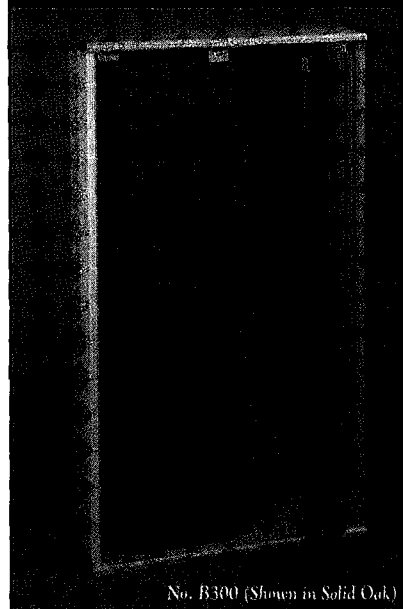
Cheaper than a mall outlet. Bigger than a music club. Better than a web store. What more could a music lover ask for? We sell every CD at wholesale, which means you can buy more of the music you love. If you can't find what you're looking for in our comprehensive catalog, our Search Team is professionally trained to hunt down obscure and out-of-print recordings. And unlike most web stores, we offer the same friendly, professional help online or on the phone.

Begin enjoying the full benefits of EveryCD membership today. When you join, you'll get our airline voucher. It's good for \$100 off airfare on most major airlines.

1-800-EVERY-CD
www.everycd.com

*Outside the US, call (203) 363-0519. © 1999 EveryCD, Inc.

CD STORAGE+™



No. B300 (Shown in Solid Oak)

SORICÉ SYSTEMS Include... Video, DVD, Tape, LP, Laserdisc and Component Storage Units.

- ❖ Our B300 Model shown stores 300 CDs.
- ❖ Impeccably crafted in these Premium Solid Hardwoods: Oak, Walnut, or Cherry.
- ❖ Adjustable Shelves store any combination of CDs, Videos & Cassettes -- all in One cabinet.
- ❖ Adjustable Solid Brass Bookends keep Discs & Tapes upright and in place.
- ❖ Cabinets can be stacked, wall mounted or left free standing.
- ❖ Optional Wood or Glass Doors are available.
- ❖ Enclosed back provides dust protection.
- ❖ Compact size: 39 1/2" H x 22 1/2" W x 7 1/2" D. Cabinet comes assembled.



PO Box 301-40, Perkasi, PA 18944
e-mail: info@sorice.com
<http://www.sorice.com>

For FREE Color Literature & Prices
on our Full Line of Quality Products
Call: 1-800-432-8005
Fax: 1-215-258-1241

Quality Computer Furniture
DELIVERED DIRECT TO YOU

Mission Collection
Mission Cherry Finish on Quarter Sawn Oak Solids and Veneers

Contemporary Collection
Medium Finish on Oak Solids and Veneers

Shaker Collection
Cherry and Black Finish on Hard Rock Maple Solids and Veneers

Traditional Collection
Walnut or Cherry Finish on Oak Solids and Veneers

Classic Maple Collection
Cherry and Honey Finish on Hard Rock Maple Solids and Veneers

Shown with 21" monitor

Find just the style you want from one of two distinctive collections offered by Computer Furniture Direct. Enjoy the natural beauty of real wood for over thirty computer savvy designs. We deliver and set up in your home or office. See all our collections online at www.cf-direct.com or call today for your free catalog.

1-800-555-6126 • www.cf-direct.com
Please refer to ad code: Am1299

day is seventy-four times that of the poorest quintile; more than 850 million adults remain illiterate, and 840 million people are malnourished. Clearly, development's critics say, the orthodoxy needs a dose of the same harsh medicine it has so long prescribed; the single-minded focus on GNP and free markets must be replaced by a similarly unyielding concern for local cultures, ecology, and social issues such as health and education. Recent literature speaks of a "rejection of the entire paradigm" of growth; what's needed, according to one anthology, which brings together many leading critics of development, is a "post-development" era.

INTO this ideological minefield steps Sen, whose book exudes a refreshing reasonableness and a willingness to acknowledge rival points of view. Like development's critics, Sen, the master of Trinity College, Cambridge, decries the narrowness of the standard model. With the inexplicable omission of ecology, Sen takes up all the familiar battle cries: democracy, culture, human rights, gender rights, education, health care—these matter to people, he says, and cannot be sacrificed at the altar of what Gandhi called "the monster god of materialism." Though sometimes portrayed as such, Sen is not a leftist radical. He includes material wealth on his list of things that matter, and acknowledges that "it is hard to think that any process of substantial development can do without very extensive use of markets." Markets, in Sen's view, need to be supplemented with social safety nets; economic growth must co-exist with local cultures, which cannot be swept away like "old and discarded machinery." For Sen, the "overarching objective" of development is to maximize what he calls people's "capabilities"—their freedom to "lead the kind of lives they value, and have reason to value." He is concerned with the entire gamut of human experience. In his own characterization, the book represents a return to the "integrated approach" of economics practiced by Adam Smith.

In other words, *Development as Freedom*, which is billed as "a new general theory of development economics," is not so much a repudiation of the standard theory as an attempt to synthesize it with a competing one. More than any other of Sen's books, this one is steeped in the ethos of bricolage. It's not just a matter of integrating competing approaches to develop-

The Sound Bite Society

Television and the American Mind
by Jeffrey Scheuer

"...brilliant...explores the various consequences of television's inherent propensity to simplify complex ideas."

—MARIE WINN, *The Plug-In Drug*

"Scheuer emerges as not only a first-rank scholar of the media, but a philosopher of the media."

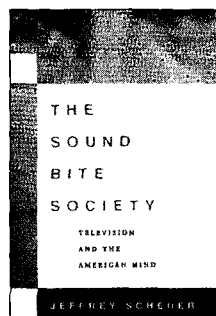
—DANIEL SCHORR, *National Public Radio*

"Part polemic...part rainbow of dazzling insights, no student of the media can afford not to read this book..."

—VICTOR NAVASKY, publisher, *The Nation*

"...beautifully written and powerfully argued... social criticism of the best kind..."

—MICHAEL WALZER,
Institute for Advanced Study, Princeton



Order online at
www.thesoundbitesociety.com



Four Walls Eight Windows

Order by phone M-F, 9 to 5:30 Pacific Time: **1.800.788.3123, ext. 4**
Professors, order your examination copy for \$5 through gharper@interport.net

ment. At a time when intellectual labor is increasingly specialized, Sen—who contemplated a career as a Sanskrit scholar before settling on economics—is a polymath, discussing mortality rates among African-Americans one moment, Confucius' views on liberty the next. Straddling the cultural gap that so often pits Western "development experts" against Third World "development subjects," Sen quotes as readily from John Stuart Mill as from the ancient Indian Upanishads.

This approach, more than the specific conclusions it supports, is the most significant aspect of *Development as Freedom*. Indeed, many of Sen's conclusions have a certain repetitiveness to them. Sen says that "Western discussion of non-Western societies is often too respectful of authority," and suggests that "development cannot really be so centered only on those in power." That has long been the demand of development's critics, who have called for more grassroots participation. Sen says that the best way to lower fertility is not with coercive birth-control programs (such as the one-child policy that the Chinese for a time rigidly enforced) but by empowering women through education and employment to make their own choices. Much the same point was made three decades ago by Ivan Illich, whose characterization of development as "planned poverty" was one of the earliest and most influential attacks on the establishment. More generally, Sen's exhortation to look beyond just material wealth expresses a fairly conventional discontent with modernity.

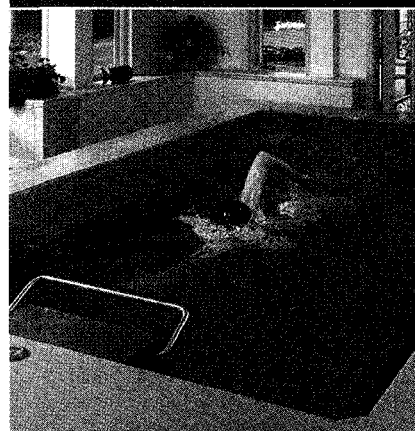
Sen's critics have often charged him with simply repeating the obvious—an accusation that was made most forcefully against his *Poverty and Famines* (1981), one of the two titles cited by the Nobel committee. In that book—whose main points are summarized in *Development as Freedom*—Sen concluded that famines occur not necessarily because of declines in food production but when some social or political upheaval (mass unemployment, say, or government mismanagement) leaves parts of the population too poor to feed themselves. (It was in that book, too, that Sen made his famous assertion that no famine has ever occurred in a democracy—a remarkable fact, which he takes as testimony to the importance of political freedoms in development.) The book is credited with changing the way governments handle food distribution—

for example, by making them focus on public-works programs to boost incomes rather than on direct food replacement. Yet for all the book's importance, Sen's point was quite simple: people's social and economic circumstances dictate what goes onto their plates. It was so simple, in fact, that it led Indian critics to ridicule Sen for arguing something that any "street urchin" or "grandmother" knows. (They were echoed by *The Wall Street Journal* in a blistering attack on Sen soon after he won the Nobel. "Where Mr. Sen's insights have been accurate," opined the newspaper, citing his work on famines, "they have been unremarkable.")

The charge is not so much wrong as misdirected. *Poverty and Famines* was important precisely because Sen was not a street urchin or a grandmother but a highly respected economist, one who had established his credentials with mathematically sophisticated work on poverty measurement and (in *Collective Choice and Social Welfare*, the other title cited by the Nobel committee) social-choice theory. Sen may have been repeating a homily, but the book's effect was akin to that of a clinical drug trial that proves the efficacy of a home remedy. Sen backed up his argument with mathematical models and detailed micro-economic data on regional and occupation-specific income patterns. (He showed, for instance, that during the 1974 famine in Bangladesh, which coincided with a peak year of food availability, those most likely to starve were rural laborers who had lost their jobs—and thus their wages.) In other words, what mattered was not so much what Sen said as how he said it—a point Sen himself seemed to make when, in response to his critics, he denied "claiming any original insight" and told an interviewer that "the purpose of the book was to analyze in a systematic way how that deprivation of purchasing power comes about."

THE significance of this latest book—in many ways a grand summation of Sen's work over the past decade—is much the same. Sen repeatedly takes issues that are dear to development's critics and articulates them in terms that will be reassuringly familiar to the establishment. He defends women's rights (in part) on the grounds that they can contribute to economic growth; he argues for political liberties not only for their "intrinsic" value but also for their "instru-

Swim at Home™



Think Of It As A Treadmill For Swimmers!

Swim or exercise against a smooth current adjustable to any speed in a unique pool measuring only 8' x 15'. Enjoy the fun and convenience of the world's best exercise at home year 'round. Ideal for swimming, water aerobics and rehabilitation. Compact size makes the dream of pool ownership practical in small spaces. The Endless Pool™ is simple to maintain, economical to run, and easy to install inside or outdoors. New system reduces chlorine use by 90%.

Free Video!
Call 800-233-0741,
Ext. 817

Visit our web site at
www.endlesspools.com
or write Endless Pools, Inc.
200 E Dutton Mill Rd
Dept. 817
Aston, PA 19014



Learn Another Language on Your Own!



Learn to speak a foreign language fluently on your own and at your own pace with what are considered the finest in-depth courses available. Many were developed by U.S. Department of State for diplomatic personnel who must learn a language quickly and thoroughly. Emphasis is on learning to speak and to understand the spoken language. A typical course (equivalent to a college semester) includes an album of 10 to 12 audio cassettes (10 to 18 hours), recorded by native-born speakers, plus a 250-page textbook. Some of our courses:

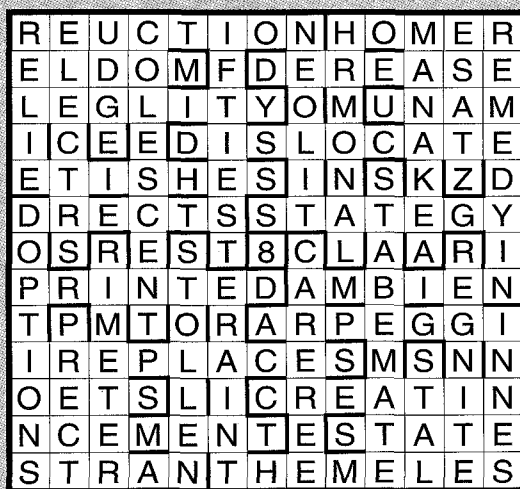
☐ Arabic, Saudi	\$185	☐ Greek	\$185	☐ Norwegian	\$135	Spanish,	
☐ Egyptian	\$185	☐ Haitian		☐ Persian	\$185	☐ European	\$125
☐ Bulgarian	\$265	Creole	\$225	☐ Polish	\$195	☐ Latin American I	\$185
☐ Cantonese	\$225	☐ Hebrew	\$255	Portuguese,		☐ Latin American II	\$165
☐ Catalan	\$225	☐ Hungarian	\$225	☐ Brazilian	\$225	☐ Swahili	\$275
☐ Czech	\$155	☐ Italian	\$185	☐ European	\$155	☐ Swedish	\$225
☐ Danish	\$155	☐ Japanese	\$185	☐ Romanian	\$135	☐ Tagalog	\$325
☐ Dutch	\$155	☐ Korean	\$225	☐ Russian	\$255	☐ Thai	\$225
☐ Estonian	\$295	☐ Lakota	\$185	☐ Sanskrit	\$235	☐ Turkish	\$225
☐ French I	\$185	☐ Latin	\$160	☐ Serbo-		☐ Ukrainian	\$225
☐ French II	\$215	☐ Latvian	\$225	Croatian	\$225	☐ Urdu	\$195
☐ German I	\$185	☐ Lithuanian	\$165	☐ Shona	\$225	☐ Vietnamese	
☐ German II	\$155	☐ Mandarin	\$185	☐ Slovak	\$225	(South)	\$245

You can order now with a full 3-week money-back guarantee. To place order call toll-free 1-800-243-1234, (203) 453-9794, toll-free fax (888) 453-4329, e-mail: R4808@audioforum.com, or mail check or money order. Ask for our free 52-page *Whole World Language Catalog* with courses in 101 languages. Our 28th year.

AUDIO-FORUM®
THE LANGUAGE SOURCE

Room 4808, 96 Broad Street,
Guilford, CT 06437

ANSWERS TO THE NOVEMBER PUZZLER



"Downsizing"

Discard first of pounds for an hourglass figure = (w)EIGHT. Across. 1. REDUCTION (anag.) 7. HOMER 11. SELDOM (anag.) 12. DECREASE (pun) 13. LEG + ALIT + Y 14. UNARM (hidden) 15. DISLOCATED (anag.) 16. F(ET)ISHES 18. DIRE + CTS 19. STRA(TEGY (get rev.) 24. S + PRINTED 26. A + M(BIEN)T 28. ARPEGGIO (anag.) 30. F + I(REPLACE)S 32. P(O)ETS 33. CREATION (anag.) 34. UNCEMENT (hidden) 35. STATE + N 36. STRAND (double def.) 37. THE + M(EL)ESS Down. 1. RE(LI)EF 2. E + LECTORS 3. RUD(GE 4. CO + ALE + SCENT 5. NIFTIEST (hidden) 6. NEOLITH (anag.) 7. HO + RMONAL (Marlon anag.) 8. MA(UNA)KE + A 9. ER'S(A + T) + Z 10. RE + ME + DYING 17. STABLE + MATE 18. AD + OPTIONS 20. RIMESTER (anag.) 21. S(TOLL)EN'S 22. CA + REF(C)REE 23. REIGN + IT + E 25. GERAINT (anag.) 27. PRECUT (anag.) 29. (w)INNER'S 31. S + TEAL

mental" role in promoting economic stability. (The recent Asian financial crisis, Sen points out, was largely the result of a lack of political openness and accountability.) Ultimately, this is the significance of Sen's synthesis: in pairing the orthodoxy with its critique, in using the language of the establishment to challenge the establishment, Sen has stretched the boundaries of development far wider than development's critics have themselves managed to do. Like Tagore, Sen is a reformer of the most effective kind—one from within. His method recalls a piece of advice about conventional economics that he received early in his career, which he recently described this way: "We must learn it, but not use it much."

The wisdom of this advice is today evident. Sen—along with others, notably the late Pakistani economist Mahbub Ul-Haq—has been at the forefront of what can only be described as a paradigm shift. Today the vogue is something called "human" or "social" development—an approach that takes account, precisely, of the social and cultural dimensions to development. The cynosure of this new approach is the United Nations' annual *Human Development Report* (pioneered by Haq, with input from Sen), which assesses countries not just by their GNP but also by their achievements in areas such as health, education, gender equality, and political liberty. (The report includes an index, which is today a widely cited alternative to the World Bank's more narrowly conceived ranking of economic development; the United States, first in terms of GNP, falls to third place on this index.) The World Bank, long the embodiment of insensitive economic policy, is a changed organization, producing a paper titled "Beyond the Washington Consensus," among others, and (in the resolutely technocratic language of its president, James Wolfensohn) "mainstreaming social issues—including support for the important role of indigenous culture."

Much of this change, it is true, has yet to trickle down to the ground—to the dams and roads and power projects around the world, where the hard-knocks paradigm often persists. In addition, as much as *Development as Freedom* is likely to be seen as something of a manual for this new development, there remain important differences between Sen's philosophical breadth and the narrow—some would say practical—approach of orga-

nizations like the United Nations and the World Bank. Sen, who praises the new attitude as "momentous" and "enriching," nonetheless recently characterized the Human Development Index as "crude"; the Bank, despite its embrace of social concerns, often values them less for their intrinsic than for their instrumental importance. (Take the Bank's recent statement, published after the Asian economic crisis, that "without attention to the social underpinnings of development, it is difficult for economic growth and development to succeed." In Sen's view, the statement would

be not so much wrong as incomplete.)

Yet for all the differences, and for all that remains incomplete, development is today a changed game. The battle that continues to be waged against what Majid Rahnema, an Iranian development expert, calls "the HIV type of invasion" perpetuated on cultures and societies is somewhat anachronistic. Change has come from unexpected quarters, and in an unexpected fashion. And *Development as Freedom*, which showcases the change, is also a tactical manual for how it was achieved. ☼

BRIEF REVIEWS



Wild Fruits

by Henry David Thoreau,
edited by Bradley P. Dean. Norton,
409 pages, \$29.95.

Thoreau did not live to finish the great botanical work of which this material was to have been part. What Mr. Dean has deciphered and edited ranges from very short identifications of plants to long, detailed, elegantly precise descriptions of plants, their blooming and fruiting seasons, their preferred locations, and Thoreau's view of their merits. There is a positive hymn of praise to huckleberries, low, high, and swamp, with regional variations and advice on harvesting the swamp variety—with hands raised high and feet imperfectly balanced on tussocks. There is little transcendental theory in the text, but much love of nature's bounty and beauty. Thoreau's generosity of spirit enabled him to find merit in the skunk cabbage.

The Mistress

by Victoria Griffin.
Bloomsbury/St. Martin's,
320 pages, \$25.95.

Ms. Griffin's study of "the other woman" begins with some provocative ideas about why women become mistresses and

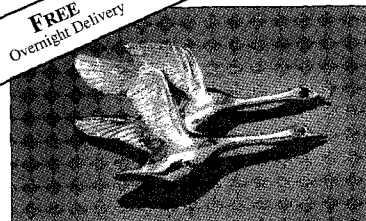
who those women are. She discusses the letters of Heloise (of dubious authenticity), the institution of the royal mistress, and the life of George Eliot. When the author reaches modern times, the text becomes no more than a polished version of check-out-line scandal sheets.

Tournament of Shadows

by Karl E. Meyer and Shareen Blair Brysac.
Counterpoint, 688 pages, \$35.00.

The Great Game, that officially unadmitted Anglo-Russian rivalry for control in Central Asia, began in 1812. The East India Company had hired a horse doctor (the first qualified veterinarian in Britain) to improve the seedy mounts of its cavalry. Finding that impossible in company territory, William Moorcroft headed north in search of better animals. He observed, and reported, Russian agents. The company and the government were alarmed. The Russians, too, were alarmed, because their interest in commercial and political influence was genuine. There ensued almost two centuries of spying, bribery, bullying, disguise, deception, and bloodshed. The people involved, well described in this very active history, were brave men and patriots, wily adventurers and scalawags, and even Theosophists. The unlikelihood

FREE
Overnight Delivery



Geese Mate For Life Symbol of Eternal Love

Eternal love is beautifully symbolized in our Geese Mate for Life pin. Finely crafted in 14K yellow gold, two geese are majestically depicted together in flight. As a gesture of your love, or the special bond between two people, it makes the perfect gift.

Comes beautifully gift wrapped with the sentiments expressed by this piece on a small card tucked inside the box. Shown actual size.

Pin with ruby eyes.....\$345.00

Pendant with ruby eyes.....\$445.00

For diamond eyes add \$100.00

Absolute Satisfaction Guaranteed

1-800-433-2988

Call M-F 9am-4:30pm

Cross Jewelers

Manufacturing Jewelers Since 1908
570A Congress St., Portland, ME 04101 ©92



JIM COPP- ED BROWN RECORDS

As heard on public radio.

These celebrated recordings
"for small fry & sophisticated adults"
are now available directly from

PLAYHOUSE RECORDS.

CD'S, Tapes and some LP's

800-613-6968

www.PlayhouseRecords.com



CLASSIC CAP
Waterproof
Waxed Cotton **\$10**

FLEECE VEST
5 warm colors
Sizes SM-XXL **\$28**

**HOLIDAY SPECIAL
SAVE! 3 vests for \$68**

(all prices USD) Order early: get a
FREE fleece hat & **FREE** gift box!

...this 100% Canadian Company
guarantees complete satisfaction.

FREE shipping
with \$68 USD
Internet Orders

1-800-565-1399
pacifictrekking.com

ORDER NOW FROM OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE ON-LINE!

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY
CLASSIFIED
DECEMBER • 1999

BOOKS/PUBLICATIONS

MANUSCRIPTS WANTED, ALL TYPES. Publisher with 75-year tradition. "Author's Guide To Subsidy Publishing." (800) 695-9599.

DO YOU HAVE A BOOK TO PUBLISH? Established publisher can help. Contact Pentland Press, Dept. AM. (800) 948-2786.

YESTERDAY'S BOOKS LOCATED FOR YOU by professionals. No obligation. Out-of-State Book Service, Box 3253X, San Clemente, CA 92674-3253. (949) 492-2976.

FREE BOOKLETS: Life, death, soul, resurrection, pollution crisis, hell, judgement day, restitution. Bible Standard (AT), P.O. Box 67, Chester Springs, PA 19425-0067.

LOOKING FOR ELEGANT GIFTS? Try personalized leather bookmarks from www.personalizedbookmarks.com/am

SPIRITUAL VISION. Discover the joy of seeing the spiritual purpose of life. Call Eckankar, (800) LOVE-GOD. Ask for free book W249. www.eckankar.org

BOOKSWAPMART.COM FREE OFFER! Trade the books you have read for the books you want to read. The first 100 people to list books for trade receive their first listing (up to 20 books) absolutely free.

COLLECTIONS/HOBBIES

DO YOUR HOBBIES INSPIRE MEMORIES? Consider sharing them via www.prisonerofthepast.com

EDUCATION/INSTRUCTION

DOCTORAL/MASTER'S DEGREES. Accredited, 1 to 2 years; 1 month residency. Business, education, government, int. relations, psych., religion, social work, health services. Write: Berne University, International Graduate School, P.O. Box 1080, Wolfeboro Falls, NH 03896. Telephone: (603) 569-8648, Fax: (603) 569-4052. e-mail: berne@berne.edu Web site: www.berne.edu

SERVICES

EROTIC, INTELLIGENT, IMAGINATIVE telephone conversation. Personal and discreet fee-based service. Please inquire: (617) 661-3849.

SINGLE BOOKLOVERS gets unattached readers acquainted. Nationwide, Box 117, Gradyville, PA 19039. (800) 773-3437. www.singlebooklovers.com

MISTRESS NANCY AVA MILLER, M.Ed. Erotic counseling! Loving, erudite conversation. Free inquiry: (908) 284-8028, (773) 604-1700. www.peplove.com

TRAVEL

FREIGHTER CRUISES—Deluxe, exotic, inexpensive. Travltips Association, P.O. Box 580-218F3, Flushing, NY 11358. (800) 872-8584. www.travltips.com

**FOR ADVERTISING
INFORMATION WRITE:**

P.O. Box 1510, Clearwater, FL 33757

OR CALL:

800-237-9851

of that last group is characteristic of the whole affair. One veteran authority told the authors, "In the light of history, I think the Game really was a game, with scores but no substantive prizes." It makes a fascinating story, however, and the authors do it full justice.

**The Life of
Astolphe de Custine**

by Anka Muhlstein,
translated by Teresa Waugh. *Turtle Point/Helen Marx*, 391 pages, \$16.95.

De Custine (1790–1857) was born into an aristocratic family whose liberal ideas did not save his father and grandfather from the guillotine. Connections and some property survived, however, enabling Astolphe to indulge in a minor literary career. He published *La Russie en 1839* and became temporarily important, only to fall into obscurity except in Russia, where the book remained anathema to the Tsar and the Communists alike. His account of his travels in Russia was personal and subjective, and for that reason describes conditions that can be recognized as still relevant. Ms. Muhlstein's life of this retiring observer cannot make him personally engaging, but it can, and does, provide a revealing picture of the turbulent times in which he lived.

Blue Dog Man

by George Rodrigue.
Stewart, Tabori & Chang,
148 pages, \$50.00.

Blue Dog, once seen, is unforgettable. Mr. Rodrigue describes the origin of the image in his Cajun background and its growth into an obsession that dominated and altered his painting. His earlier paintings, some of which are included in the book, have a slightly eerie cast but none of the power of Blue Dog, whose staring yellow eyes reflect whatever is in the head of the viewer. That is what Mr. Rodrigue hopes they will do.

Mapping Boston

edited by Alex Krieger and David Cobb
with Amy Turner.
MIT, 292 pages, \$50.00.

This handsome book is based on the map collection of Norman B. Leventhal, whose career as a Boston developer and contractor led him to an interest in the city's past. There is much more to the book than old

maps. Seven experts contribute essays on aspects of the town's history, from Revolutionary worthies to ropewalks and a dump. Since the construction of its first wharf Boston has maintained a state of flux, its citizens constantly lowering heights, raising hollows, and digging holes. They are currently engaged in digging an enormous hole to improve traffic flow. Perhaps it is that combination of idealism and practicality that gives Boston its abiding charm.

Einstein's Daughter

by Michele Zackheim.
Riverhead, 301 pages, \$26.95.

Experts on Einstein were surprised by the fairly recent revelation that he and his first wife, Mileva Maric, produced a daughter before they were married. The child, called Lieserl, was left with her maternal grandparents in what is now Serbia, and all mention of her in the surviving correspondence soon disappeared. Ms. Zackheim set out to learn what became of Lieserl. Almost half of her book is devoted, with understandable feminist bias, to the Einsteins' disastrous marriage, but when she gets to the actual investigation, she can report on Serbia in 1995 as professional journalists do not. She saw official corruption, smuggling, military brutality, privation and injustice, and an intimidated population. She did not find Lieserl, but her theory of what happened to the child is plausible.

A Fever in Salem

by Laurie Winn Carlson.
Ivan R. Dee, 197 pages, \$24.95.

Ms. Carlson approaches the Salem witch trials by asking what symptoms the victims complained of and what, realistically, could have caused them. She has found similar cases reported elsewhere in the Colonies and in Europe, and makes a persuasive argument for a disease now known as encephalitis lethargica. It created an epidemic around the time of the better-remembered flu epidemic of 1918. Seventeenth-century doctors, of course, knew nothing about it. Ms. Carlson writes well, at times even humorously. Because she concentrates on medical evidence, she is not obligated to consider the thinking of the Salem judges whose demands for more accusations and acceptance of "spectral evidence" created the murderous aberration.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams



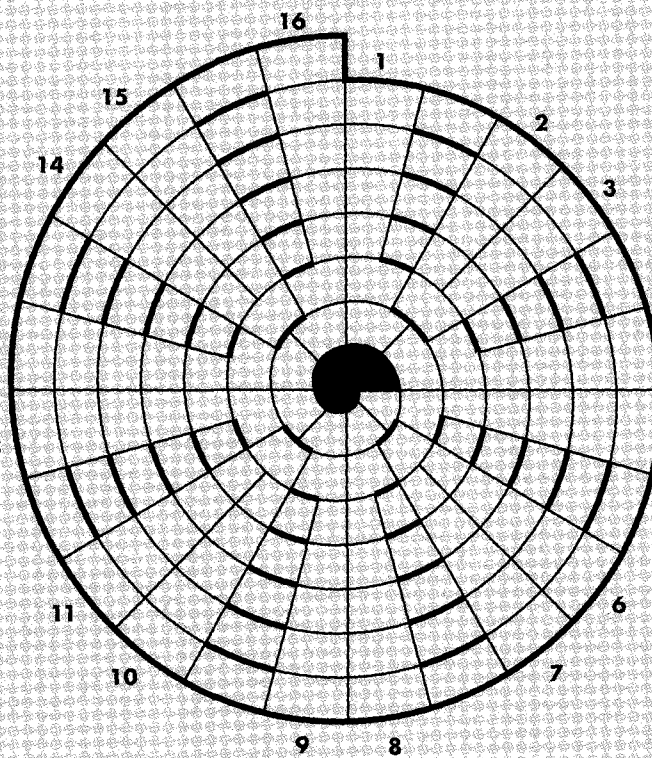
THE PUZZLER

by Emily Cox and Henry Rathvon

Windup

We wind up the year with this puzzle, in which twenty clue answers are strung together on a spiral path that starts at the center and winds outward. This sequence of words is interrupted in thirteen places (always before and/or after a whole answer) by extra letters that, when read in order from the center outward, identify a possibly wound-up set. Solvers may locate the extra letters by entering answers to the Radial clues, which go inward from the border, stopping at the heavy bars or the center. Eight answers are capitalized.

The solution to last month's Puzzler appears on page 128.



Spiral

- a. Keep an eye on time with Windup (4)
- b. Meeting judge at the side of street (5)
- c. A New York tribe's high-rise dwellings (6)
- d. Train marsh bird (4)
- e. Winding down, prepared Big Ben (6)
- f. Grade of metal wrapped in cloth (6)
- g. Bringing in 2000, Seiji arranged opening bars? (7)
- h. Our time's changing, fluid (8)
- i. Take a draft of one New Hampshire brew (6)
- j. Going through with a car, see Greek island (6)
- k. Inches, when turned south, equal centimeters (6)
- l. Defense Department's holding German team in California (7)
- m. Arrive by car, in tow or in reverse (4,2)
- n. Popular getting into Los Angeles, to Hispanic man (6)
- o. Nervous about team's leader not taking sides (7)
- p. Presides over *Coach*'s first and last broadcasts (6)
- q. Restricts the use of second-rate jams (6)
- r. Delved around piece of cake cut fine (6)
- s. This guy is stuck in bank machine, in disbelief (7)
- t. Wrong dose given in prescription for baseball team (3,3)
5. Lab worker's revolutionary spray (7)
6. Represent for 500 grand at start of trial (6)
7. Charge mostly fixed for winter apple (6)
8. Bother butler, agitated about nothing (7)
9. Nomadic raid contained by Chinese dynasty's emperor (7)
10. Pen holding elephant's opening after one long, cold spell (3,3)
11. Hikers disturbed bird (6)
12. Blacken in free man's name (7)
13. Drifting deserter taken in by old explorer (7)
14. Around lake, observed eastern moon goddess (6)
15. Spinning globe, I do a favor (6)
16. Faulty reasoner's true point about what he owns (7)

Radial

1. Exemplar of silence or noise (6)
2. Fuss about a step (5)
3. Silly timer in ceremonial hat (5)
4. Country with no means of passage around river (6)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped long envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 77 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass. 02114.

WORD WATCH

by Anne H. Soukhanov

LURD, also **LURd** acronym, a living, unrelated donor: "It is believed to be the first transplant from a living donor with no prior relationship to the recipient. [The donor] is perhaps the most extreme example of an emerging trend in organ transplants. In transplantation's evolving lingo, he is a *LURD*—a living, unrelated donor" (*Washington Post*).

BACKGROUND: Although most transplanted organs have historically come from cadavers, an increasing number are now being donated by living people. At first living donors were genetically matched members of the recipients' families. The donor pool was then expanded to admit genetically unrelated family members (for example, spouses or in-laws), giving rise as far back as 1976 to the term *living, unrelated donor*. The pool was further enlarged to encompass *emotionally related donors*—friends, neighbors, and colleagues of the recipients—and finally to allow donation involving two strangers. The last is responsible for the current sense of the phrase *living, unrelated donor* (which evolved in medical literature around 1986) and for the acronym *LURD*. Another term that has grown out of changing transplant protocols is *domino transplant*, a procedure usually involving two living people and a cadaver. For

A selection of terms that have newly been coined, that have recently acquired new currency, or that have taken on new meanings, compiled by the U.S. general editor of The Encarta World English Dictionary (1999).

example, because it is less complicated to transplant a heart and a lung as a unit than to transplant a lung on its own, a patient who needs a new lung might donate a healthy heart to another patient, receiving a heart and a lung from a cadaver in return.

murder board noun, slang, a rehearsal during which a politician or other public figure about to give a press conference is peppered with difficult questions by staff members playing the roles of journalists: "[Former White House press secretary Mike McCurry] told reporters: 'You have to be board certified' to be press secretary. 'You have to be murder board certified'" (Associated Press).

BACKGROUND: Print references to *murder board* in its journalistic sense date back at least to the early 1980s, but it has appeared infrequently. It surfaced most recently last fall, in connection with McCurry's resignation. The term originated in the military as early as 1944, where it was used for a selection, examination, or review board. *Murder board* is part of an argot that has been dubbed

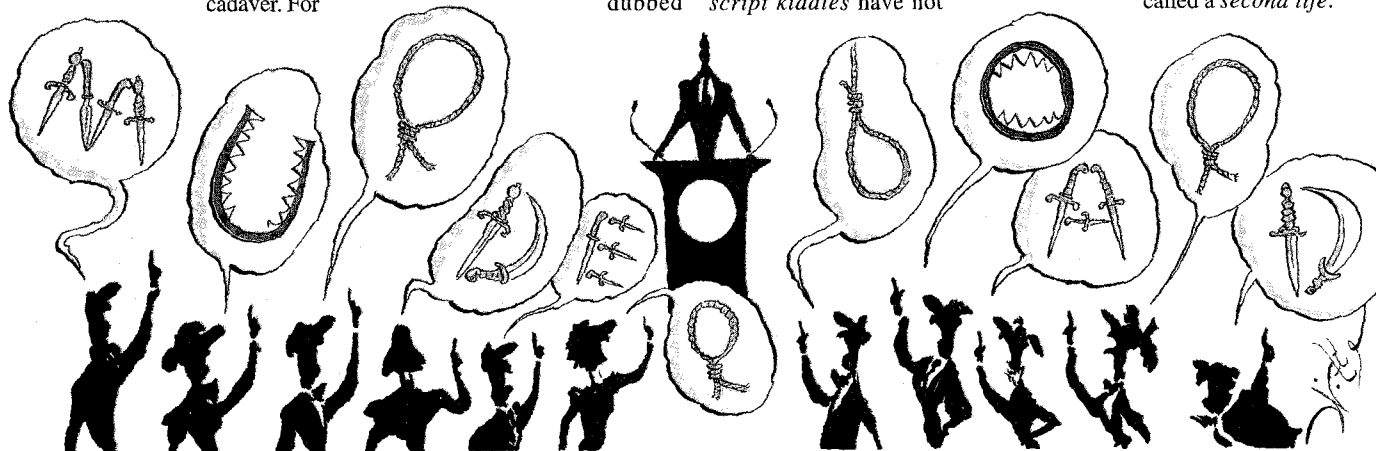
Federish, from "Federal" plus "gibberish"—the lingua franca of the government, filled with compounds, acronyms, and code words that are generally meaningless to outsiders.

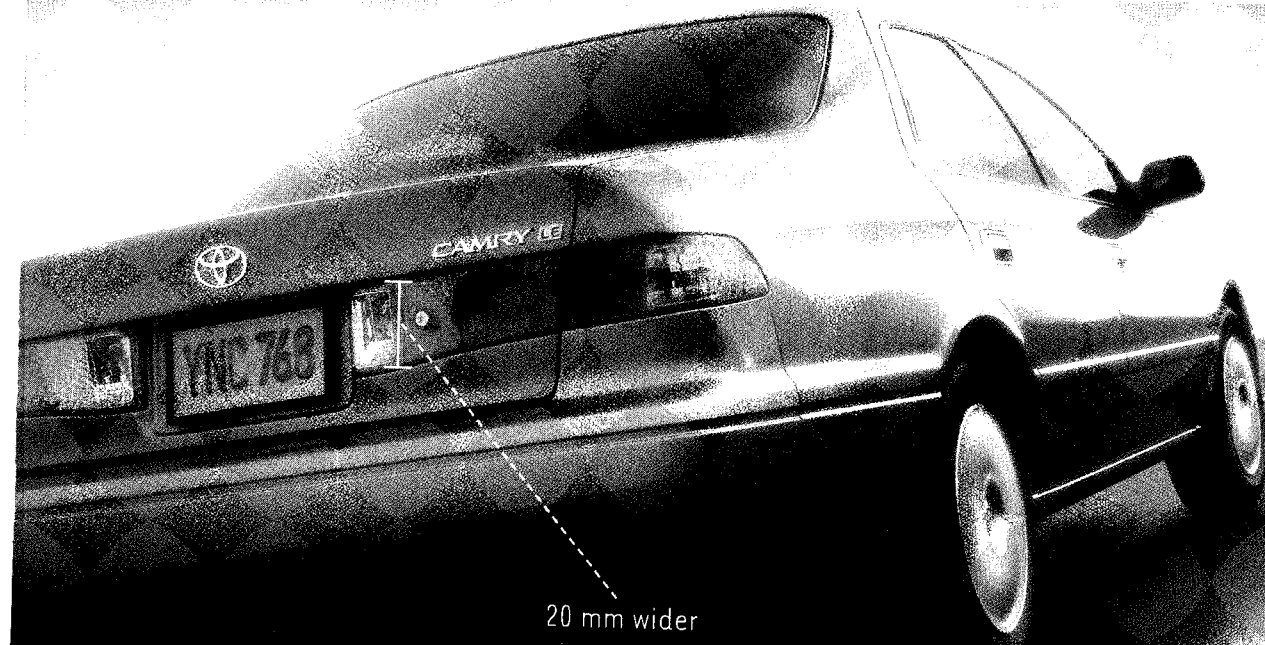
script kiddie noun, slang, an adolescent computer vandal who, lacking an understanding of code writing, copies pre-packaged virus code obtained on the Internet, often using the result to damage Web sites for the fun of it. Also called *script kid*; *scripter*. "Nobody can say for sure how large the hacking community has become or how much of it is made up of *script kiddies*. But no one doubts that the number of *script kiddies* is growing, to the annoyance of experienced hackers and security experts alike" (*Fort Worth Star-Telegram*).

BACKGROUND: *Script kiddies* are part of a group called *crackers*, who infiltrate and sometimes deface networks and Web sites; sites operated by the FBI, the Departments of Energy and the Interior, the U.S. Senate, and the White House were *cracked* last May. Because their knowledge is limited, *script kiddies* have not

yet, so far as anyone knows, inflicted permanent damage. The software they use is called *malware*, for "malicious software."

**wet leaves phenom-
non** noun, the attitude of some Japanese wives toward their recently retired husbands, who may spend most of their time at home, without anything much to do: "For some men, working [at a new job] is a better option than retiring because it's a way to avoid the so-called '*wet leaves*' phenomenon: The feeling among wives that newly retired husbands are as pesky and hard to get rid of as fallen wet leaves." (*Washington Post*). **BACKGROUND:** According to a Japanese politician quoted in the *Post*, "'the *wet leaves*' phenomenon is no small issue": divorce is on the rise among Japanese retirees. The term is but one indication that attitudes and practices relating to work and retirement are changing in Japan, in large part as a result of that country's economic problems over the past decade. Whereas in the past workers could look forward to a comfortable retirement in what was known as an *extra life*, many retirees are now turning to *silver centers* for placement in jobs totally different from their previous ones—becoming, for example, farmers or store clerks—in what is now called a *second life*.





20 mm wider

IF IT AIN'T BROKE, REDESIGN THE TAIL LIGHTS.

INTRODUCING THE NEWLY UPDATED CAMRY

How do you improve the car that's been America's favorite two years in a row?* Very, very carefully. We've given the Camry extra horsepower,** new multi-

 **TOYOTA**
pushing the envelope.
every day.

reflector headlights and redesigned tail lights. Okay, they're not sweeping changes. But they make this the best Camry ever. Even if it was near perfect already.

www.toyota.com ♦ 1-800-go-toyota

©1999 Toyota Motor Sales, U.S.A., Inc. Buckle Up! Do it for those who love you. *Based on The Polk Company calendar years 1997, 1998 total car registrations. **4-cylinder models.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

But a 20-year policy can't keep you safe for life.
Choose life as the better for life.

Our life and annuity products are among the best and most innovative. They can be potent additions to the financial strategies of all kinds of people: retiring executives, business owners or dot-com millionaires. Ask your financial professional for details or visit us at www.equitable.com

GE-99-212(9/99) The Equitable Life Assurance Society of The United States, New York, NY 10104 (212) 554-1234



EQUITABLE